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THE BARONY.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:
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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE BARONY.

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Let your great name be herald of great deeds:
Else is its sound but like the trumpet's blast;
Which calling eager crowds to meet a prince,
Presents, instead, some wandering mountebank.
MS. Play.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1830.

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TO THE READER.

THE writer of the BARONY wishes to state, that the whole plan of her work was laid, and one volume already written and in the hands of the printer, before the memorable Bill for Catholic Emancipation was even spoken of as in contemplation.

Private circumstances afterwards suspended both the progress and the publication. Meanwhile the story could not be remodelled; so that its narrator saw herself obliged to use much discretion, in the delicate task of arranging her imagined and historical materials.

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After a great national question has been decided by the representatives of a free people, it would be presumptuous in a writer of romances, and most unbecoming in a woman, to publish a work of this class, by way of protest against popular opinion; and nothing but the silliest egotism could lead such a person to fancy her individual opinion of the least consequence to the public. The writer of the BARONY is, however, prompt to own, that the sentiments and principles with which she commenced it went with her throughout the whole composition, and remain unaltered. Yet she hopes, that not even the most zealous supporter of papal Christianity will be able to accuse her of a failure in Christian charity; and that such of her readers as are best acquainted with the histories of the period she treats of, will admit that she has barely glanced at incidents which, had her object been to revive religious disputes, would have afforded her infinite ground for that

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purpose. Of wilful misrepresentation and exaggeration she trusts no one would believe her capable. She begs to refer the reader to that scarce and interesting work, "Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes, ou, de la Guerre des Camisars," for the ingenious stratagem which she has borrowed at page 544. of her last volume; and has to intreat his indulgence for her bold alteration of a single date — the period at which the people of the Cevennes began to resist their oppressors. Those unhappy people bore the cruelty and insults of their persecutors, for a much longer time than it would have suited the writer of this story to have adopted.

ESHER,
April, 1830.

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THE BARONY.

CHAP. I.

UPON the banks of the Camb-alan, in Cornwall, stands an ancient castellated mansion, called Treverderet; still the residence of the family by whose ancestors it was built, and still embosomed in the extensive woods which have been closing round it for centuries.

The ivies of successive ages (surviving many a climbing plant of frailer growth) have slowly crept up to its highest battlements; so entirely covering the gateway, towers, and tall clustered chimneys, as to make them scarcely distinguishable from the dark umbrage on a knoll behind.

The house itself stands on the slope of this rising ground, and would command the finest reach of the river, were it not so em-

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bowered in trees, that only glimpses of the water are to be caught from its windows.

It is a quadrangular stone building; having a long irregular back-front, entered by a ponderous gateway tower, surmounted by a cross of rich stone-work.

The four sides of the first quadrangle, contain, besides accommodations for numerous retainers and servants, a chapel, an almshouse, a tennis-court, and a public banquetting-room.

The dwelling of the lord is in the most ancient part of the edifice, at the termination of the second court; which is not paved like the first, but embellished by a stately fountain, and by numerous flowering shrubs vegetating luxuriantly in the centre and round the walls.

These unchecked wildings, for so they may almost be called, nearly conceal a range of painted windows down one side of the court; leaving only rich gleams of their ruby glass and cinque-foiled tracery to be seen through the dusky foliage.

The opposite side is more cheerful; receiving on its square-headed casements and pierced battlements the southern sun without obstruction.

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The line of building which shuts up the last quadrangle is that occupied by the family, and is distinguished on its park-front by embattled projections in the centre and at each end; exhibiting antique windows of six lights, all down the corner projections; and one large oriel of painted glass, with its pomp of munnions and transoms, and delicate fan-work, in that of the centre.

Much of the original furniture yet remains in this quarter of the old house; though, at the present day, rather as curious specimens of the past, than as articles of use.

Old tapestry in the sleeping chambers, and rich Lyons silks in the entertaining rooms, mark the taste of very different ages,—those of the Plantagenets and the Stuarts.

The hall, which, from its length, should have been styled the gallery, is lined down one side, by the effigies of sundry Trevanions, clad in the armour formerly worn by their living exemplars. Above the heads of these motionless warriors, and affixed to the carved wainscotting, are various memorials of their prowess in the chase and the battle-field.

Enormous horns of the stag and buffalo,

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elephants' and wild boars' tusks, and even the shaggy skin of a lion, are mixed with the prouder trophies of war-won banners, Saracens' swords, Scottish battle-axes, and ladies' gloves.

A range of narrow gothic windows, directly opposite the line of mailed knights, shows them under that "dim religious light," which a melancholy fancy may well liken to the shadowy mists of time.

The gloom, the glow, and the objects, are altogether harmonious, and prepare the mind for musing in the lofty chambers above, to which a wide door-way of elaborately carved oak conducts from the hall by a black marble staircase.

Amongst the state bedrooms are still shown those in which the unhappy lady of Perkin Warbeck, and the yet unhappier Charles Stuart, once slept. The heart lingers in such chambers long after the foot has turned from them, and when even memory has lost the traces of their characteristic features. Only two inhabited rooms, besides the great hall, are under those spacious apartments: one is a library, containing a treasury of MSS. and printed learning. The other a comfortable living-room,

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called the ladies' hall; set out with antique ebony chairs, hangings of needlework on velvet, Indian cabinets of the first age of English traffic, musical instruments of various dates, and several minor articles of curious use and decoration.

Living-rooms of less consequence are found in long suites on the two sides of the quadrangle flanking this division of the residence.

The woods and manors of Treverderet stretch backward as far as the Temple Moors, a tract of waste formerly belonging to the *Knights Templars*; then turning westerly, embraces—as it were takes in its arms—the domain of another great Cornish estate, which lies thus straitened on three sides by the lands of the castle, and on the fourth by the waters of the Camb-alan.

Rohesia, the estate in question, differs widely from its rival Treverderet, the house being a much later structure of the noblest Italian taste,—splendid gates and lodges; a front of gorgeously wrought stone, combining a gigantic verandah, carved into arabesque trellis-work, with a portico pillared like a Venetian palace. The architrave

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above the portico exhibits bas-reliefs of exquisite sculpture; and the stone verandah supports on its massy interlacements, the climbing plants of different continents.

Every embellishment which the taste of travelled progenitors could suggest, or ample fortunes compass, has been lavished upon these gardens and pleasure-grounds. The park may be termed art masking in the dress of nature. For so finely is the ground broken into swells and sweeps, so diversified with majestic groups of the most umbrageous trees, so rich in sylvan prospects, that even the worshipper of wilder scenery must wander with delight amongst its grassy glades and aromatic groves.

The house, standing back from the river upon an ascent of emerald verdure, commands an extensive view over that and the distant country; and being backed by its own blooming gardens and smiling plantations, presents a decided contrast to its neighbour: Rohesia being characterised by splendour and gaiety—Treverderet by stateliness and solemnity.

Even the very soils of the two domains appear to be of opposite qualities: for the

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vegetation which flourishes most in the one, is observed to dwindle and decay in the other.

Dark and spreading trees affect the soil of the Trevanion property; bright and lofty ones that of the Hungerfords.

Thus the Rohesia beeches, and the Treverderet chestnuts, are famed all over the west country.

A century and a half ago the contrast of the two places was yet more striking; and their owners admirably suited the character of their respective mansions.

Treverderet was then the residence of a widowed gentleman, advanced in life, of haughty deportment and unsocial habits. Sir Fulk Trevanion was an awful master, and a rigid parent; yet had he not only the art of inspiring those immediately under his influence, with his own prejudices, but of disseminating them amongst his dependants.

There was not even a day labourer upon the estate of Treverderet, who would not have gone to death upon the assertion that his master was a much grander gentleman than the great lord of Rohesia, though

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the latter was a peer of the realm and a privy counsellor.

Both the peer and the knight had come into possession of their respective inheritances about the same period, directly after the protectorate was proclaimed in the person of Cromwell.

For some years the ordinary intimacy of near neighbourhood was carried on between their families; but every year opened some new source of disgust to Sir Fulk Trevanion, who was not of a character to bend before that of the times. Lord Carraton was: he condescended to creep under what he might not boldly overleap; and finding the public mind yet full of speculations hostile to those classes whom the republicans had stigmatized, the worldly nobleman deemed it the best part of wisdom to court popularity by a seeming adoption of the prevalent sentiments.

Parties in politics and religion even then, and afterwards in the early part of Charles II.'s reign, began to run high both in town and country; and Lord Carraton, trimming between his interest and his indolence, managed to act with the court and

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talk with the country. His professed creed, of course, under king and commonwealth, was liberality of sentiment. Sir Fulk Trevanion hated liberal opinions: he thought there could be but one right path to any important object; and it offended him, therefore, when his titled neighbour either affected to treat some old principle as a prejudice, or advocated the usefulness of dissimulation when employed to promote a prospective good.

Supple-minded men are often enabled, by their very indifference about the means they employ, to attain excellent ends; whilst those of stiffer integrity and less bending truth, let both the credit and the substance of what they wish, escape by them. Thus, Sir Fulk Trevanion, whose father had suffered both in body and estate for his loyal adherence to Charles I. — Sir Fulk, who disdained either to court or deceive the usurper Cromwell, was neglected by Charles II., whilst his neighbour, after playing no secondary part under the protectorate, in virtue of certain secret services rendered the exiled prince, was, at the restoration, immediately advanced in dignity and power.

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Equally disgusted and displeased, Sir Fulk Trevanion felt a growing disinclination towards his time-serving neighbour (against whom, indeed, little could be urged except time-servingness). He abhorred the tolerating spirit which Lord Carraton introduced: and soon declined appearing at public meetings, where tried loyalists and pardoned regicides were met with equal civility; where professors of high-church opinions were seen giving hands to Romanists and schismatics; where vital principles were smiled over by Lord Carraton, as though they had been mere theories; and where adherents were surreptitiously obtained to tyrannical government in fact, by the privy counsellor's well acted air of deference to a demagogue's oratory. During their first years of neighbourhood, Sir Fulk Trevanion had made many remonstrances against the earl's concessions to the growing license of public opinion and public conduct. He afterwards reprehended him for the practice of bribing by smiles and familiarity, the lower orders into respect for their superiors; a respect which he considered the birthright of gentlemen.

In his own person, the knight scorned

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to buy popularity by the sacrifice of a single privilege guaranteed to his descendants; and he equally detested the treachery of filching one of theirs, by any legerdemain, from the humbler class. He had gone on thus, expostulating, and Lord Carraton cajoling, till by degrees Sir Fulk ceased to honour his lordship either with hint or admonition; and at length their intimacy settled into cold and formal civility.

The peer and the knight had reached this state of frigid intercourse, when the apple of downright discord was thrown between them *in the shape of a lapsed title.*

By the mere accident of referring to some very ancient papers in the presence of a quick-sighted lawyer, a barony which had lain dormant nearly four centuries, in consequence of the failure of direct male heirs, was unexpectedly claimed by the possessor of Rohesia, in right of his progenitrix. He undertook to show, from the wording of the papers, that every one of the nobleman's lawful offspring, to whom it was granted, was thereby entitled to bear the title of Chastel Scawen, in succession; and as his lordship was lineally descended from a daughter of the ancient family in question,

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the claim appeared sufficiently well grounded to be made a subject of formal petition.

No sooner, however, was the matter bruited about, than Sir Fulk Trevanion hastened to enter his protest against it; and to discuss the alleged grounds for such a claim with his powerful neighbour. Not that a Trevanion of Treverderet believed any title, of better import than his own inherited name; but in the present case his family honour, as well as its rights, was at issue. The case stood thus: —

During the reign of our first Richard, one Sir Piers de Pomeroy, created Baron of Chastel Scawen in Cornwall, was proved by the Liber Niger, and scutage rolls of that period, to have held all the knight's fees (as so many acres of land were then called) which to this day constitute the estate of Rohesia. He was known to have left two daughters; one born in, the other out of, wedlock. One of these ladies married Sir Richard Trevanion, the immediate ancestor of the present possessor of Treverderet: the other bestowed herself upon Sir Fulbert de Hungerford, a southland gentleman, afterwards a courtier of King John's. Which of these ladies was the lawful issue of his

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great progenitor, had hitherto been a matter of no concernment to Lord Carraton: he was ready enough to take every inheritable honour, whether of substance or sentiment, from those that went before him; but had no idea of volunteering a share in descended disgrace.

Sir Fulk Trevanion, on the contrary, at that time in the meridian of fortune and dignity, and priding himself as much upon the unsullied birth of his predecessors, as upon their recorded actions, was roused to prove his great forefather's wife the legal heiress *of the* barony, and to remove the plague spot from her mother's name.

Unhappily the ancient genealogical tree of the Trevanions had perished during the civil war, when a residence of theirs in Devonshire was burnt by the parliamentary forces. To this, therefore, no appeal could be made. More unfortunate still, the substitute or copy, which had been written down from memory a few years subsequent, and sworn to by several persons thoroughly acquainted with the original, was not sufficiently expressive of some needful particulars: it merely noted the marriage of Sir Richard Trevanion, A. D. 1233, with

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Amabella, daughter of the noble knight Sir Piers de Pomeroy, Baron of Chastel Scawen, without adding the usual formulary of "by his wife, the dame," &c.

Although the Heralds' College had allowed and identified this pedigree, at the time it was presented, their archives could not throw any light upon the legitimacy of the baron's daughters, since the family of Reskeymer, to which other documents proved Sir Piers de Pomeroy's wife belonged, had been long extinct, and their family registers lost to antiquaries. Lord Carraton's well preserved pedigree, when referred to by his rival, was found as inconclusive as Sir Fulk Trevanion's; it simply proved Rohesia de Pomeroy as the offspring of Sir Piers, omitting any mention of her mother's name and quality. Now as this lady's name was the only one in the long list, thus imperfectly given; and as in the Trevanions' abridged line, several of the ladies engrafted on it by marriage were as briefly noticed as the Lady Amabel, her descendant believed himself justified in maintaining the purity of her mother's reputation.

Besides this strong presumptive evidence, Sir Fulk could bring into the field the

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whole force of tradition; and the depositions of one or two old men, who were ready to swear that they had in their youth seen a monument in the church of the Black Canons at Bonaz (now destroyed), purporting to be that of the Lady Clara Reskeymer, wife of Sir Piers de Pomeroy, by whom she had issue Amabel, sole daughter and heiress of the said Sir Piers, Baron of Chastel Scawen. Lord Carraton grounded his polite but determined denial of such testimonials upon the plain fact, that he was in possession of Sir Piers de Pomeroy's Cornish estates in right of the long-deceased Rohesia; and that his opponent could not show a single rood of land derived to him from her sister.

His lordship smiled as he passed over the evidence of two octogenarians, scarcely lettered enough to read an inscription: but civilly professed his readiness to yield cheerful acquiescence, should such evidence be deemed sufficient by the attorney-general.

Sir Fulk Trevanion, too well aware that such testimony might strengthen, but could not of itself establish, so important a right, set every engine to work to discover wills and registers of the extinct Reskeymers.

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Meanwhile he demanded Lord Carraton's candid attention to the following particulars of his family history. : —

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, Sir Richard Trevanion, then a young high-spirited knight, carried off the Lady Amabel de Pomeroy from her father's castle, in defiance of Prince John, who claimed her hand for one of his followers. To secure themselves from future persecution, the lovers, having crossed the Camb-alan during a tempestuous night in a leaky boat, and narrowly escaped drowning, fell upon the expedient of casting off their upper garments into the river, and overturning their little bark.

They fled thence to the coast: where taking ship, they sought shelter abroad; and lived there unmolested, being supposed dead, during the whole of John's subsequent reign.

Meanwhile Rohesia de Pomeroy also married; and, Sir Fulk Trevanion presumed, had been made an heiress in consequence of the legitimate daughter's fancied death. From that period the estate had taken her Christian name; and that of Chascawen, as it was familiarly called, ceased to be used.

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Had the lady been entitled to the barony, which she must have been had the estates descended to her in the usual course of succession, why was she not a baroness?

Sir Fulk Trevanion's question was parried by another from Lord Carraton. "If, as you say, your great ancestors, Sir Richard and Lady Trevanion, returned only after King John's death, and had Treverderet resigned to them by the younger Trevanion, why did not Sir Richard then claim the barony of Chascawen for his wife?"

For this Sir Fulk Trevanion had no authentic solution; he could but rebut his adversary with another query: — "How could the estate and the barony ever have been separated, had the legatee of the one been by law the heiress of the other?"

"By her ignorance that the entail was in favour of females as well as males," was the ready answer.

"That ignorance was ill pleaded by Rohesia," frowningly rejoined Sir Fulk, "since the letters patent, which entail it upon females also, is found now in the hands of her descendants. Does not your lordship see what an argument that circumstance affords to her sister's posterity? May it

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not appear that such a document was carefully concealed by its early inheritors? I beg pardon for my forced discourtesy; concealed, I say, from her who must have lawfully benefited by it, and who most likely was ignorant of the particulars relative to a title that her father received but a short period before her expatriation."

Sir Fulk further put it to the common sense of Lord Carraton, whether the very incidents of the Lady Amabel's marriage did not depone to her legitimacy; unless she were the presumed, the natural heiress, would the disposal of her in marriage have been considered worth a prince's interference?

Lord Carraton gallantly answered, that there was no estimating the force of a lady's charms, or the influence of a court favourite, four centuries back. Sir Fulk Trevanion, disdaining this flippancy, coldly referred to the common traditions concerning their two families. Lord Carraton owned himself too much of a rationalist, for faith in hearsay gossip. Here again the knight was insulted upon his tenderest point; and, unwilling to expose himself to the possible affront of having the very legality of his

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progenitor's stolen marriage doubted, he withdrew at once, and for ever, from private discussion.

Even the most amicable private enquiry could not settle such a matter as that in debate; and a tedious ruinous suit before the House of Peers was the consequence. Sir Fulk Trevanion, bringing previous bitterness and mortified pride to the struggle, came to it with all his passions inflamed; pursuing his object with a distemperature of determination. He chose to believe that his opponent was secretly convinced of all *which* he himself believed from long habit of belief, and more frequent consideration of testimonials, (which were, indeed, more interesting to him than they could be to another); and as such, Sir Fulk permitted himself to think of Lord Carraton as a man equally devoid of honour and honesty.

This injurious way of judging other men's convictions by his own, was his main error, and greatest source of future misery; because, by rendering him impatient of their objections, and indignant at their hesitation, he piqued and irritated many, who, though slow of conviction, would not have been the less zealous in so far serving his cause as to

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have refused their vote to Lord Carraton's suit, and so kept the disputed honour still in abeyance. Lord Carraton meanwhile evinced a sort of amused indifference to the honour itself, which was the more offensive to his antagonist, since it seemed to treat that, as a thing of no moment, for which he was contending as if for life itself. This contempt or disregard, being in direct contrast to the painful importance bestowed upon the object by Sir Fulk Trevanion, not only stung the other, but exposed him to ridicule from the satellites of the adverse party.

The fair dames, whose descendants were now quarrelling about their characters, having lived at such a remote period, the recovery of documents likely to throw a satisfactory light upon their birth, was almost beyond hope; and Sir Piers de Pomeroy having been supposed to have died when all England lay under the sentence of excommunication levelled at its impious king, it was little likely that any register of his death, or monumental stone, should be found, detailing the great facts of his private history. At that period of fearful religious gloom, the dead, of whatever rank,

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were refused Christian burial by the priests; and were therefore huddled into the ground as silently as privily.

Still, however, Sir Fulk Trevanion buoyed himself up with the fallacious idea of finding some hitherto undiscovered tombstone, or baptismal register, or grant to monasteries (the wreck of national churches before the reformation,) which might set the matter beyond doubt in his favour; and praying still for an extension of time from the attorney-general, he went on from month to month, and year to year, wearing away *his heart*, his fortune, and his domestic comfort, in the same fruitless search.

None but those who have shared in, or listened again and again to the history of, such a grievance as the prosecution of a great lawsuit, can understand the thousand nameless miseries, the minute tortures, the unprofitable, embittering, peace-corroding cares, anxieties, hopes, alarms, and deceitful triumphs, of such a contest.

Every family with which the Trevanions were connected were called upon to ransack their hoarded parchments, or to pore amongst the ruins of their old chapels and defaced monuments, till the wearying task

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and continued exaction chilled them towards the exactor. Agents abroad were as actively employed as at home: because the Lady Amabel having borne several children whilst on the Continent, and buried them there, her zealous descendant conjectured he might find their pedigree upon their funereal marbles: but even the marbles themselves had to be hunted for.

Sir Fulk Trevanion's eagerness to vindicate the fame of his progenitrix's mother grew in exact proportion to Lord Carraton's avowed indifference for that part of the question, as it related to his great great grandmother. Perhaps indignation at such an avowal whetted Sir Fulk's desire of rescuing an ancient title from revival in so unworthy a person; and he pursued his obstinate course in the very teeth of his adversary's greatly superior wealth, powerful rank, and more powerful influence at St. James's. This ruinous contest, begun in the very first year of the restoration, was carried on for fifteen years: ruinous, indeed, it was to the owner of Treverderet; not in the least so to Lord Carraton, whose share in the struggle scarcely exceeded looking on, and suffering his rival to exhaust him-

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self in fruitless efforts against a regularly transmitted pedigree, and the strong fact of a large inherited property.

Upon these two points the matter at last anchored: the title was adjudged to Edward Hungerford, Earl Carraton, and to his immediate heirs, male or female; Sir Fulk Trevanion was left to fancy his honour tarnished, and to feel that his fortune was shattered.

Believing himself disgraced, the high-minded, but not right-minded, descendant of spotless dames and loyal knights, at once withdrew *into sullen retirement.* He vacated his seat in parliament, gave up his house in London, declined all public business, and finally closed his doors upon the dutchy.

Sir Fulk was in truth too proud to let it be known that his affairs were in ruinous confusion; and as he could not practise the frugal habits which his necessities required, were he to continue his former course of open house keeping and liberal patronage; as he disdained to lower his smallest topsail before the enemy; he preferred having his changed living attributed to a soured hu-

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mour and a resentful heart, rather than to the hard gripe of poverty.

Hitherto the master of Treverderet had spent large sums annually, not only in relieving want, but in the protection of merit and the prosecution of public works. He loved to foster what he called generous ambition, by bringing young men of talent forward, and sending them to college at his own expense. One of the greatest artists of the day had been for six years his pensioner in Italy; and a plan for uniting the Camb-alan to the Fowey, by a navigable canal, was just on the point of commencement by him, when his pecuniary drain was opened.

The whole of Sir Fulk's saleable mine property was wasted during the first years of the suit (for the fees of the crown law officers and Heralds' College are overwhelming). Heavy mortgages of other land followed; together with annuities, and long leases given for needful fines, injurious to future income. All those burthens might have been reduced, had not the proud knight persisted in keeping his woods unfelled, and his deer park stocked.

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Merely for the sake of disappointing a successful rival's supposed expectation, Sir Fulk Trevanion would not suffer his own ruin to appear outwardly: a ghastly surface of pomp and sufficiency was therefore spread over Treverderet; whilst, in fact, the grim warder there, who excluded all comers from its gates, was rather necessity than misanthropy.

Good men grieved that their respected neighbour should thus stifle the very best propensities of his nature, and part with his dearest, nay, most honouring enjoyments, from so contemptible a motive. Vulgar minds amused themselves by fancying the scant boards and empty cellars of Treverderet; contrasting them with the ill-sorted magnificence of richly-liveried serving-men pacing its halls. Some few individuals there were, who sorrowed to see so many fine qualities as Sir Fulk Trevanion was gifted with, darkened by such excessive pride and selfish sensibility.

Violent resentment against our fellow-creatures is a part of rebellion against our Creator; and whenever calamity inclines us to abandon lesser duties, we may be sure

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that we are preparing for a life of hostility to the highest. Sir Fulk Trevanion owed himself to his country, to his neighbourhood, to his children, and to his God.

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CHAP. II.

THE knight of Treverderet was the father of one son and one daughter: his wife having died in giving birth to the latter, the poor babe was long distasteful to him; and was, consequently, a sort of exile from his arms, even under the same roof.

In process of time the little Aurelia won so far upon his affections, as to make him desirous *of having her mind and manners* accomplished in a cheerfuller place than Treverderet became, after their *signal disgrace*, in 1675: she was sent, therefore, to Holland, where it was then the fashion to send English girls for instruction in a celebrated protestant seminary, under the auspices of the dowager princess of Orange. She remained there four years.

Arundell, the son, had grown into boyhood during the period of the great controversy, and had naturally imbibed much of his father's feeling upon that occasion. He was originally of a romantic, high-spirited cast, keenly susceptible of wrong or disho-

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nour. Long companionship with this only parent made the habit of unquestioning obedience, almost a part of his religious creed; so that he acted upon some of his father's worst prejudices, without thinking to measure them by a holier rule of duty.

Although barely fifteen when the contest ended, Arundell entered so warmly into his father's indignant sentiments, that he magnanimously resisted every temptation to visit at Rohesia, which was thrown out to him by the popular manner and occasional courtesies of Lord Carraton during accidental meetings.

There was, indeed, the merit of sacrifice in this obstinacy of anchoritism; for the neighbouring domain was often a scene of enchantment: if every variety of elegant fancy in the entertainments given there, could bestow on them a claim to such praise.

Lord Carraton, having become a widower at a later period than his joyless neighbour, had placed a widowed sister at the head of his house; who, with her daughter and another niece (an orphan under his guardianship), contributed to surround Rohesia with attractions and gaiety. His sole heir,

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a young man of Arundell's standing, occasionally added to the party when his father and family came into the west for a month or two of rural amusement; but, being entirely devoted to society totally unlike all that was to be found within such atmosphere as Arundell Trevanion daily breathed in, may not be said to have increased the young man's resisted temptations: the latter continued refusing every social party when he was likely to encounter him or his fair cousin; becoming as proudly anxious as the elder Trevanion himself, to shew by his bearing, that neither their spirit nor their fortune would quail before the race of a usurper.

Full of such false dignity, Arundell soon mulcted a small independence (enjoyed from an unrestricted legacy) in the general expenditure; thus sacrificing to mere ostentation of ample means, every personal gratification, and many a benevolent impulse.

The Treverderet woods were at this period amongst the most ancient in Britain: it was the boast of successive Trevanions, that since the last days of Henry VIII. not an oak or elm had been felled there for private benefit. The last cut down, were devoted to

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the wants of the exiled princes, now restored. The deer park also was said to have been the very first formed in the dutchy: how, then, could a Trevanion brook the shame of laying either of them waste? that is, of turning them to profitable uses.

Arundell Trevanion was incapable of what he deemed sacrilege: he was content, therefore, to retire with his father into the fastnesses of their joint pride and secret sacrifices; believing, that so long as they could maintain their stronghold independence and hereditary station where they were, all the rest of the habitable globe would be a matter of indifference to him.

But Arundell, like most other young people, was ignorant of his own character in all its bearings: he had yet to learn, that there were stronger desires and nobler wants within him than any of those which now sought gratification; that a time would come when he would feel that man's noblest privilege is not to enjoy or endure for himself alone, but to suffer and to serve for others; and that when we can look back only to the uncurbed indulgence of our own humours, passions, or prejudices, the retrospect of youth itself becomes distasteful.

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Arundell was full of talent, and had great bodily activity; he was, therefore, able to amuse himself for a long period without foreign assistance: he practised with success the art of etching, then just invented by Prince Rupert, and brought into vogue by its own merit and its brave inventor's worth: he played by ear upon two or three instruments; he read some species of books with avidity; he was fond of exploring the mines to scrutinise nature's secrets; he delighted in promoting the rustic games of the peasantry; and, when struggling *against winds and tides, far out at sea, in a* rude fishing-boat, his whole being was roused.

But there were periods, and they increased in frequency as he grew older, when he wearied of doing all this without a companion of his own condition and age: when he began to think the great sitting-room at Treverderet, with its dull hangings and huge ebony chairs, dismally unfurnished by human beings. His sister was abroad; and, except when a cavalier cousin visited them, he rarely saw any other visions reflected in the sheet of dark Venetian

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glass which covered one end of the saloon, than his own and that of his stately father.

This was very cheerless, and Arundell was constitutionally cheerful: he loved to see, and to feel joyousness; he was, therefore, more cruelly stung by irritating regrets when they forced themselves upon his thoughts.

He cared not that his father and he sat daily down to a table which a hermit would not have envied; that their principal beverage (though duly handed in silver cups) was drawn from the crystal spring that furnished the conduits by the way-side; that he could not follow the merry court of Charles II. to Newmarket, as other young men of condition were wont to do; that he might not run over the continent like them, contracting vices and wasting money;—but he keenly felt the mortification of being suspected of such inability, and he groaned for the indulgence of social affections.

Long before Arundell had reached the age of such reflections, his father had silently withdrawn from their neighbours; using those trifling bitternesses which grew up amongst them, while the lapsed

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barony was in dispute, as an excuse for resentful seclusion. His son, consequently, when he became of an age to act independently, believed himself bound to go on in the same manner: unwilling to bring upon himself the humiliation of mixing in society upon unequal terms, he pleaded Sir Fulk Trevanion's unsettled health and retired habits as the reason of his own reluctance to accept the frank invitations urged upon him during shooting rencontres; ever contriving to soften his refusals with so much kindliness, that no feeling except regret *could be* left in the mind of his inviter.

Some acquaintance with the better part of his nature fell to Arundell's share even before he emerged into active life. His education, under an accomplished private tutor, having been early cut short by that gentleman's death, he saw at once the impossibility of completing the unfinished work by entering at Oxford or Cambridge.

He would not appear at either without the appendages of his birth; and he could not do so, unless some of the exteriors of Treverderet magnificence were abridged. Doubts then began to arise in his mind, as

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to the sanity and justifiableness of sacrificing solid good to a mere point of honour; for so did our young moralist still hide his own weak dread of contumely, under that lofty title.—Nothing, indeed, is so little as pride!

But speculations upon past events did not stop there. As his natural feelings and acquired sympathies made him compassionate to distress, he quickly repented his rash surrender of the personal income which he had sunk in the fund for family parade. He was ashamed to own such repentance: yet, striving to indemnify the poor for their share in its loss, by such acts of helpfulness as might be done without the aid of money, gradually made for himself a character far beyond that title which a breath had made, and then a breath destroyed.

A deserted house on the north coast of Cornwall, in which he managed to find one habitable apartment, afforded the boy (for such he was, when he first conceived a passion for boating,) many opportunities of exercising the energy and enterprise of his character. He had first resorted thither, partly for the purpose of making little voyages with a hale old fisherman, to whom he

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gave the joyous assistance of adventurous youth: but having been more than once the unexpected instrument of preservation to vessels in danger of wreck, (from his knowledge of the coast, and disregard of personal risk,) he grew to consider such risk of life for such an object, a duty, therefore a business, from which he could not excuse himself, so long as no other of equal importance was open to his view.

The old house in which Arundell had lodged himself, being sold for its ground, he was driven to the expedient of erecting another *dwelling* elsewhere; and he pitched upon the area within the wide ruins of Tintagel, one of those cliff castles which, in ages past, were at once the ornament and the defence of the Cornish coast.

Tintagel, well known as the birth-place of King Arthur, is, perhaps, the noblest of such remains, covering, as it does, nearly the whole of the peninsular rock upon which it is built, together with an extent of high ground on the main land opposite. These two elevated portions of ruin, which are now separated by a neck of low land lying between, were, in the days of the castle's strength, united by a valhum or drawbridge,

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which afforded a safe, though dizzy mode of passage, from one division of the fortress to another.

The valhum broken down near a century and a half ago, no obvious mode of entrance remained: but the shagged rock itself offered a rude staircase; and the firm, light foot of youth, found no difficulty in climbing it from the sea; so that after Arundell Trevanion had constructed his little weather shed, like an eagle's nest on Kilda, he was as ready for instant service, as when couching on the level beach.

There, with no other companions than a few books, and two young gulls that he was trying to bring up tame, and no visitors except the old gull coming from her islet home to feed them, he frequently passed the whole severity of winter.

The screaming sea birds and violent seas around those shattered rocks were a lofty music to him, which he would not have exchanged for sprightlier strains in any saloon of Lord Carraton's: and often, after reading in the news of the day, florid accounts of that nobleman's entertainment of the king and court at his house near Newmarket, he rejoiced to find how heartily he could despise such vanities.

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Sir Fulk Trevanion was not sorry that his son had found some interesting pursuit; for though he heard occasionally of his success in saving lives, he guessed not that his passion for boating was mainly grounded upon so perilous a purpose: and as Arundell always returned from these excursions with healthier spirits—for how invigorating is the consciousness of doing good!—the father found his own account in permitting their continuance. He, too, had his passion and his pursuit: he still cherished a hope of regaining his lost honour; and resolute never *to abandon* the attempt of dislodging his rival from the barony, proceeded, in the privacy of his library, to keep up corespondences and ransack old papers, with that aim in vain.

This occupation of his time and his faculculties, certainly kept Sir Fulk from feeling ennui, in the way of life which was then beginning to act like a foggy climate upon the springs of his son's youth: indeed, it occupied him so exclusively, that one faithful domestic took alarm, fearing it was assuming the character which every passion does, when entirely bent upon one denied object.

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Arundell, however, was happily unsuspicious of such a probable consequence to his father's pursuits: he certainly took no share in them; because, believing the barony filched from the Trevanions by the chicanery of Lord Carraton, or rather by that nobleman's influence over many persons concerned in the decision, he took a higher ground, and pronounced the Hungerfords dishonoured. Still jealous, however, of all that was due to his name and station, he never appeared amongst his equals unprovided with every appendage of a gentleman: and so strongly were birth and breeding stamped upon his exterior, that he never presented himself without exciting as much respect as admiration.

His singularly-speaking countenance only required to be seen, in a moment of emotion, to have it printed on the memory: a forehead, at once brilliantly white and strongly intellectual; a sun-burnt cheek; dark, deeply-looking eyes; and a smile of instant light, made the face to which they belonged, eminently handsome.

Arundell's habits of life added picturesque effect to these abiding advantages, giving, too, a freer grace to his actions; so

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that whether he were remembered in his sailor's dress hoisting the slight sail of his skiff, or wrapped in his cloak loitering to talk with a party of miners, it was always with a vivid recollection of manly grace and manly beauty.

With the most complete abandonment to kindness and hilarity, when sharing the holiday sports of his father's tenants, he contrived to preserve their respect to such a degree, that with a single glance he could silence boisterousness and awe rising familiarity: this united kindness and loftiness, made *him absolute master over them.*

In higher society, Arundell's manners were peculiar, indeed, but it was the peculiarity of individual character, modified by good taste. Two contrary impulses contributed to his agreeableness and his singularity: these were, an amiable solicitude to avoid paining even the weaknesses of others; and a dauntless purpose of never compromising his own truth and independence. Early enthusiasm for the days of chivalry, succeeded by sympathy with such men of his own times, as the loyal, open-hearted Ormond and Ossory, tended to make him an exemplar of both periods. For the first

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grace he was indebted to his father; the second was instilled into him by his tutor, who valued the fearless, because virtuous statesman, and idolised the few pure patriots of the Commonwealth.

This gentleman's efforts were all directed to enlarge and accomplish his pupil's mind. Deeper than that Mr. Westerville went not; for he was one of those persons to whom intellect is every thing; and who, though professedly the member of an established church, privately erects his own idol, in the shape of human reason, endowing it with the power to save or to destroy.

Dying before his young charge had reached his seventeenth birth-day, Mr. Westerville left the ground fallow, which better hands would have first tilled; and that he sowed no positively destructive seed there, was a miracle. Humble, indeed, was the hand which did the pious office of scattering, where he had not sown.

In Bossiney, where his first sea-side abode was situated, Arundell had conceived a strong regard for a grandson of the old fisherman, then a youth of his own age. The boy was his companion upon many a rough sea; and, though of a very delicate

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temperament and contemplative habit, was as forward as the ardent and active Arundell himself, to sacrifice sleep and refreshment; nay, to hazard life, for the smallest chance of saving another's.

During their sunny voyages of amusement, he gradually developed an acquaintance with studies familiar to Arundell, but so surprising in one brought up to penury and toil, that the heir of Treverderet blushed at his own small superiority. Enquiring further, he found that Eustace Saulay had been well taught what a village master could *teach; that imbibing a passion for* knowledge from his devotional heart, from a longing desire to understand the wonders of the sea and sky, as he daily saw and hourly pondered upon them, he had betaken himself to patient study, and unassisted by mortal help, had so mastered the difficulties of science, as to be already well acquainted with the great principles of astronomy, the doctrine of winds and tides, and the theory of optics.

A few valuable books, begged or borrowed from less scrupulous persons, who had got them out of wrecks, were his instructors; and as his grandfather cared not

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of what innocent thing he thought while watching their nets on the sand, the boy followed up his readings by many a pregnant observation of his own.

Arundell took a generous pleasure in stimulating the youth's thirst for knowledge, yet grieved at his own incapacity of promoting it: a few years earlier, and he would have asked, and Sir Fulk Trevanion could have granted, the boon of sending the boy to college. To do so now, would be too heavy an expense; and would, besides, be incurring an awful responsibility. Once taken out of his natural sphere, if Eustace failed, he must fall back with a broken spirit upon his patron for support: the vision, therefore, could not be realized. Still, however, the high-born youth and the lowly fisher-boy continued adventuring together on summer and winter tides; sometimes discoursing upon subjects of history or taste, sometimes upon one which Eustace's inward decay made most precious to him.

This subject was religion. The poor fisher-boy had read his Bible with more avidity than any other book; that, indeed, required not to be studied: the blessed truths there, speak at once to every tractable

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or world-wearied spirit; the impress of Divinity is upon them; and no external testimonies can add to the conviction produced by their internal evidence.

Eustace Saulay had not exactly the spirit of a missionary, but he wished for companionship with his friend in every thing; and he felt all the importance of a subject, upon which alone that dear friend was careless and indifferent. Both youths were equally ignorant of controversy; neither of them gave a second thought to any creed differing from that of the church in which they were brought up: and the sum total of Eustace's efforts, therefore, was to make Arundell read the book he prized beyond life,—not formally, but with the wish and expectation of deriving thence, wisdom and joy.

The earnestness of love is not often unsuccessful or distasteful: Arundell yielded; after many good-humoured avowals that he thought he knew quite enough about religion for the present. In after times, he lived to bless the hour that first taught him where to go for strength in trial, support under calamity, and peace for a disturbed conscience.

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In the time then present, the impression made on him, by the only truths that can steadily influence the will, to acts of self-denying virtue, went only so far as to show him a glimpse of his own insufficiency; to prevent his pride from domineering over him; and to increase his zeal for whatever he might believe a duty to his fellow-creatures. It was "the early dew" shed upon his heart: the abundant harvest was left for "the latter rain" to produce.

The death of his humble friend, which took place when Arundell was gone to visit his sister in Holland, perhaps tended to fix these sacred impressions. Eustace died of the consumption with which he was long menaced (inherited from his mother), and died without the earthly comfort of breathing his last in the arms of his friend.

But perhaps no death-bed scene could have affected the young heart of Arundell more deeply, or clung so fast to his memory, as the shock he received upon entering the fisherman's cabin, and hearing that the dear companion he sought, lay buried under the dark mound he had carelessly passed in the churchyard.

At that dismal moment Arundell's heart

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seemed riven in twain. His grief was passionate, as his remembrance of Eustace's devoted affection was vivid and grateful. He accused himself of having urged the poor fellow into a fatal exposure of so delicate a frame, through all weathers, for desperate objects; and, eager to learn by heart every word which his friend had uttered concerning himself, made his sorrowing grandsire tell the story of his death over and over again.

Thus he heard details, which, if they made his tears flow faster, enhanced to him the value of that faith which had brightened the death-bed of one to whom, from his age and aspirations, life could not but be valuable. The old man had no art wherewith to embellish such a narrative: he spoke the artless language of true affection — bereaved, yet not despairing; for the joyful hope in which his young grandson had resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator was his stay now, as it had been when the same complaint carried off Eustace's mother, and when her widowed husband foundered far at sea.

Saulay's only legacy to his friend was the little volume which had supplied the latter's

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place during their separation. A short prayer for that beloved and honoured friend was written by his feeble hand on a blank leaf; and under many of the most consoling texts, deep pencil lines pointed them out as subjects of glad and grateful meditation.

"Why seek ye the living amongst the dead?" was one of them; and O, how joyful was the light in which this hitherto imperfectly noticed text, burst upon the young heart sorrowing for the first time over death! It was full of consolation: it assured Arundell that the friend he mourned was not gone down to dust; that his honoured body, indeed, was laid there awhile; but that his immortal soul was dwelling in the presence, and in the felicity of the sons of God,—that they would meet again!

Arundell Trevanion's sensibility was deep as well as strong: so far from seeking to forget former days, he cherished the image of his departed friend. At night, in his boat on the lonely sea—by his rude shed-fire in Tintagel—beside that of the bereaved old fisherman—oftener at Saulay's grave—he thought on all their conversations and actions, and felt what it is to have had only

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the companionship of virtue, with one early gathered to the dead.

The pure-hearted, humble-minded Eustace rose upon his affections at every renewal of these memories, and with such a halo of christian excellence round him, that idolatrous regret went near to canonize his image. It was, however, better directed: the legacy of Saulay, oftener looked to for his sake than it was likely to be, in the spring days of youth, for its own, gradually substituted sweet thoughts for sad ones; and, sanctified to its solitary reader, at length taught him to forget the grave, or rather to think of it "swallowed up in victory."

In this healthier and happier frame of mind, he grew to see the mercifulness of the dispensation, which had withdrawn the poor and pious Eustace from a world, in which the mere circumstance of his birth must eventually have separated the friends' path through life. Since Arundell was bound to keep within the pale of that rank wherein he was born: and though both Saulay's talents and virtues must have entitled him to the esteem of the good and wise, they could not have justified his young com-

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panion in obtruding him upon a class of persons removed from him by the necessary distinctions of society. Arundell was then forced to own, that whatever Eustace's capacities were, it would not have been in his friend's power (bankrupt as he was of means) to have assisted in developing them to that degree which confers something of nobility upon their possessor.

It seemed, therefore, as if the endowed fisher-boy had existed solely for him: "and perhaps died for me too!" was the inbreathed ejaculation as Arundell once returned from meditation over *his* grave; feeling how deeply the death of that dear associate had fixed a faith, which before fluttered like a wild bird hasting from its rest.

In this mood, at the age of eighteen, we will take leave of him and all at Treverderet and at Rohesia, for six years; from which time, this narrative commences a more minute account of both houses.

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CHAP. III.

"SEE what a lovely evening it is, ma bonne!" exclaimed a light-hearted girl of eighteen, at the close of a Spring day in the year 1685, as stepping out beyond the magnificent verandah at Rohesia, she looked up at the softly-fading sky, and then back upon the bower-walk, as that long stretch of stone treillage was called, which a matting of climbing plants rendered impervious to dews or heat.

"It will be the finest of all nights! Not one cough, or catarrh-fiend out walking! How sweet! how honey-sweet the air! Not a garland waves! How beautiful those long tress-like pendants! so green, so fresh, so fragrant!"

"It is, indeed, a fair eve," returned her companion, from within the verandah; "and that cuckoo at a distance ——"

"Is such a summer cry," interrupted the happy enthusiast. "How I love the cuckoo! Hark! hark! does not that cry sound almost plaintive over those wood

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tops? Listen, as she flies further away! faint—faint—faint,—fainter still. Hush! —no—it is quite done. I marvel now whither that bird is going! to a joyful nest, or to a plundered one! Oh! poor bird!"

"Beware, beware, my child, of yielding to this habit of yours; why should you always conjure up images to excite your own compassion? Tender thought for others, may be carried to as hurtful an excess as selfish sensibility; though I will own it to be the most amiable fault of the two."

The speaker of this little warning was a woman turned of fifty, with something of a foreign look and accent; but so much simplicity in her appearance, that it was impossible to suppose her a Frenchwoman; or to assign a higher rank to her than that of a confidential schoolroom superintendant.

"Oh! I guess whither your caution points!" resumed the young lady, in a half-playful, half-petitioning tone; "but indeed I must go into Treverderet."

"Stay, stay, Miss Hungerford!" exclaimed her monitress: "Can you really mean to give way to Sir Fulk Trevanion's discourtesy, by taking leave from him to enter his domain thus, only at eventide!

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allowing him to dictate such a time solely because he must not have his eye-sight offended by a glimpse of Lord Carraton's niece! — Now own, ma belle, that there is something degrading in this."

"I cannot own it, dear bonne, for I do not think it," was the earnest answer.—"I think nothing degrading, which does not lower me in my own opinion. If I had consented to poor timid Aura Trevanion's wish, that we should meet secretly, as if by chance too, half in, and half out of our different bounds; then, indeed, I might have felt a very ugly consciousness of humiliation: but having held stoutly to my resolution of denying myself the joy of renewing our school-day friendship unless her father would permit it, I cannot see any reason for my blushing because he does a good thing with a bad grace. I neither go to rob his house, eaves-drop on his way of life, nor to steal away his son,—who, thanks to the guardian angel of perverse young gentlewomen, is beyond sea;—I merely long to raise the depressed spirit of poor Aura, to hear what makes her look so very melancholy, and to see Treverderet."

"Now the woman's secret is out!" cried

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her Swiss governess; — "curiosity, after all!"

"A sufficiency of that, I confess," replied the smiling combatant. "I have so longed to dive into those dark abysses, the Treverderet woods! to see those lugubrious gardens — that black park beyond the deer park, of which I remember such stories when I was a child, — before I knew you, ma bonne; — I can recollect when its very name would make my hair stand up, and my flesh creep! — Sir Fulk Trevanion himself, always appeared to my scared little wits as an awful something, haunting his own domain. I must go into every den and depth of that fearful park, and those funereal gardens, or I shall never sleep in peace."

"Yes, but my sweetest!" resumed Madame Kreutzen, in a persuasive tone, "think whether the Earl or Lady Rhoda may not be displeased at your submitting to what they will think lowers their own consequence? To say the least of it, you are stooping, to be obliged by Sir Fulk Trevanion."

"We were the winning party, remember," rejoined the young lady, with a height-

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ened colour. — "Stiffnecked pride suits better with the people who think themselves wronged; (a question I don't pretend to investigate;) so whilst I respect the prejudice which makes Aura Trevanion revolt from crossing our rival boundary even to meet *me*, I can placidly fold my cardinal round me, and walk forth, as you shall see, to meet her on the cedar mount in her father's territory."

"Lord Carraton, my child — Lord Carraton!" repeated Madame Kreutzen.

"Dear bonne, my uncle positively gave me a *carte blanche* for conciliating even the very grooms at Treverderet, that his member may get into parliament without opposition."

"You!—Miss Hungerford!" ejaculated the astonished Swiss.

"Nay, no undervaluing of your child, ma mère! by suspecting her of going further on that commission, than clean-hearted integrity shall warrant. I but mentioned it to set your conscience at rest, when you let me take the reins in my own hand. — Lo you now! there is the civil little evening star trimming his lamp for me! — Monsieur Vesperus, I am yours!"

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So saying, the happy young creature glided away, with a sort of dancing motion, down a shaded slope, diverging sideways from the house; now kissing her hand to the anxious matron she left, now snatching to her lips the vagrant streamers of honeysuckles which floated out from the tall shrubs they embraced; sometimes casting a smiling look back as she did so, as if in playful defiance of as many petitioning calls for her return.

"Happy age!" exclaimed the good Madame Kreutzen, her eyes moistening, and her heart swelling with the recollection of her own youth, or of some other person's.

The object of her present care was meanwhile speeding through the rich labyrinth of her uncle's dressed and perfumed walks, —where even the very grass, by incessant pains, was made to look like the finest moss, and every tree or shrub bore leaves and blossoms scarcely known to untravelled eyes,— towards the ruinous quarters of Sir Fulk Trevanion's domain, which skirted his home park, and where the terrace was situated to which her friend's agitated billet had directed her.

This place of rendezvous was at some dis-

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tance, and even the lightest of youthful feet were long of reaching it; for the path, after once dipping down, ascended again all the way, finishing in a deep skreen of grove on the Rohesia side, where it met the Trevanion boundary.

This consisted of a low balustrade of grey marble, which, running along an extended flat of high ground, level with that of Rohesia, gave token that the cedars within that fence grew in Treverderet.

These fine old trees were planted in a straight line the whole length of the terrace; by the breadth and massiveness of their overgrown boughs offering a sheltered walk, in summer or winter, to the sad and solitary.

Immediately below, and in front of the terrace, the ground sunk, and kept descending to the open park; on one side of which rose the wooded knoll whereon stood the house. Every where else, the view was obstructed by abrupt declivities, or by such impenetrable masses of broken bank overladen with evergreens, that even the black park, and woods climbing up majestic steeps beyond, were shut out from the eye.

Our young adventuress insinuated herself easily through the sarcenet foliage of

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the chesnut trees on her side, then in their first greenness, and, vaulting the broad balusters, jumped lightly down upon the grassy terrace below. The next instant she was in the clasp of her friend.

After a long and silent embrace, during which the youngest and gayest was so much affected that she could not speak, the latter, by a strong effort, raised her head, and repeatedly kissing her friend's wet cheek, exclaimed:

"Nay, now, Aura! you must not welcome me to this place with tears! Smile, sweet heart! and let me see that my presence can make you happier."

"Happy!—to pain!" whispered Miss Trevanion, in that morbid tone indicative of long and injurious suffering,—"I am so agitated!—I feared—I scarcely dare believe my senses even now!—that you are here!—that my father allowed——"

"Heaven bless him for it, and soften his wrath at us still more!" responded her friend. "I know he misjudges some of us. But let that pass. I have a vision that Sir Fulk will stumble upon me some day, in spite of his precaution, and be so exceedingly taken with my fantastic face as to

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come to Rohesia, and ask—my hand, perhaps."

"O that he might ever go to ask it for my brother!" impetuously exclaimed Miss Trevanion; then, in a dejected, humbled tone, —"what a dream! like every happy fancy now!"

"Your brother!" repeated Miss Hungerford, looking hurriedly around; "I hope he is not — I mean, have you heard of him lately?"

"O no!" replied Miss Trevanion, in the same sad tone: "perhaps I may never hear of him more. *I ought to crave your pardon,* dear Miss Hungerford, for my foolish exclamation. It is such an unlikely thing — our fortune so damaged, your prospects so much more brilliant! Can you forgive me for wishing, since I see you again, that Arundell could have seen you too?"

Miss Hungerford interrupted these hesitating sentences by taking her companion's hand, and pressing it affectionately as she drew it through her own, and turned with her down the terrace.

"In pure love, dear Aura," she said, "I admonish you not to pursue any such fancies as that I guess at. The romance of it

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is so natural to come into both our heads! but it must not get into either's heart. No, dearest girl, let us preserve the honest consciousness that no sinister purpose lurks under our unwitnessed meetings. If I were even to amuse my imagination with the idea of playing Juliet to your brother's Romeo, (with a happier catastrophe though!) would it not be tempting some demon to work the fulfilment of one part of my vision, and the destruction of the other? The moment your father permits me to renew my early friendship with his daughter, that moment I am like a prisoner upon parole. No! No! Thought of your brother in the way you wot of, though he were as handsome as his Grace of Monmouth, and so in love with me as to be ready to embrace all my kin, would be impossible."

"You are quite, quite right," rejoined the friend, her lip quivering slightly: "I forgot that Arundell is not master here—and never may be. We will talk then of something else; of that joyful day last week, when we met by such blessed chance at Dame Polhill's. I knew you instantly:—but I am so changed—no wonder."

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"Nay, Aura," resumed her friend, "you must not put me off my errand. I came to exchange full hearts. Although I have presumed to enter my protest against ever being talked of into your brother's affections, and do resolutely, as a point of honour, forbid the entrance of him into mine, by any means whatever, I am not less sincerely desirous of his restoration to every right and comfort belonging to him. In good sooth, I know the causes of his exile so vaguely, that I must pray to hear them amongst the other events you are to tell me of, when we get to a place where we can sit down for an hour. Some other night you must take me about Treverderet." (She looked round on the shadowy park and darker woods beyond, stretching away into perfect blackness under the twilight sky; then resuming,) "This night I will hear all you may kindly tell me, that I may know what to do for my dear patient, and see whether I can not administer 'medicine to a mind diseased.'"

"Come, then, to my favourite solitude, where I have sat for hours in lonely, uncomforted desolation!" exclaimed Aurelia Trevanion, leading her way down a flight

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of steps of the same marble as the balustrade, now so overgrown with weeds as to seem part of the green terrace itself.

Miss Trevanion's eye and cheek betrayed the quick suspiciousness common to imaginative persons, under humbling circumstances. She evidently fancied her friend's attention was caught by the appearance of this weedy staircase, for she said, with a mixture of embarrassment and coldness, "I am fond of any thing wilderness-like, dear Miss Hungerford; and my father does not concern himself about the distant parts of his grounds; he comes so little this way!"

"Miss Hungerford!" repeated the sweeter-conditioned friend she addressed, in a tone that passed into the offender's heart; "for dear love's sake, never let me hear you call me so; it reproves my forwardness."

"Eveleen, then! dear Eveleen!" Miss Trevanion said, with great emotion, conscious that pride had dictated her coldness: she then led on, enrapturing her companion with the wild places she took her through.

Miss Hungerford was a true lover of the picturesque, and thought no paradise of man's making equal to the neglected gar-

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dens of nature. Thus, to her, the huge old trees crowding over these narrow paths, sometimes shooting athwart them a broad canopy of shade, or struggling up into high air, through masses of thicket and weights of ivy, were more romantically beautiful than the perfumed groves of Rohesia.

She stopt continually to exclaim at the magnificent savageness of a domain, extensive enough to allow of so much being left to its dryads. She guessed not how small a portion, comparatively, its mortified possessor could now afford to keep in the form of highly ornamental ground.

Miss Trevanion, who, like many other sensitive mortals, could bear to allow in general terms the fact of her father's diminished fortune, and yet shrunk from every individual proof of it, was well pleased to let Miss Hungerford attribute the lawlessness of their trees and the denseness of their paths, to choice, not necessity.

Sometimes the warble of a solitary nightingale, or the trickling of an unseen rill, detained the delighted Eveleen for a moment, and Miss Trevanion's looks brightened while regarding her friend's pleasure. The way they went, led through intricacies

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of steep and dell, of wood and grotto, which would have puzzled a stranger to have thrid back. In many places the overhanging banks, eat into caverns by the action of water, and thickly overhung by low broad-branched trees (which their ivies rendered as umbrageous as in summer), threw so deep a gloom over them, that only by their perfume, was the presence of unnumbered violets, growing amongst the roots of the trees, made sensible to those that passed.

In these spots the silence was startling; so that even the sullen dash of the river, as they approached that part of the domain nearest the Camb-alan, was cheerful, when compared with the extreme stillness of those shadowy places.

By the time they reached the spot to which they were going, fair evening had given place to darker yet brighter night; and numerous stars were seen glittering above their heads, illuminating the crest of a small elevated building, to which Miss Trevanion was bound.

This was a dilapidated gothic edifice, called the Lady's Chapel, surmounted by a cross, and ascended by several steep, crum-

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bling steps; yet not weedy like those of the terrace. Broken fragments of a wall on the river side, showed that these stairs had formerly been defended from the rude breath of the water, by solid masonry. Now, its ruinous fragments, thickly hung with the tamarisks and sea flax growing on the bank, nursed in their rude clefts little clusters of wild flowers, like infancy smiling and clinging round the neck of age.

The shrine-like windows of this little cell, yet preserved much of their painted glass; and where that had been broken away by violence, or shaken out by storms, the ivy and jessamine spread their mixed foliage, as if to protect them from further injury.

There was much of desolation in the appearance of this lonely place; and the wind keeping up a continued sighing round its angles, would of itself have been sufficiently dismal, but even that depressing effect was heightened, by the wailing of an Eolian harp from the interior of the building. Miss Hungerford silently observed this proof of her friend's disease,—wilful abandonment to melancholy; but her time for remonstrating against it, was not come.

The inside of the chapel proved more

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cheerful than it promised. Books, drawings, and work lay upon a marble slab, that had, perhaps, formerly held the missal of its foundress. A lamp, trimmed and burning, found a resting place on the base of a huge black marble crucifix, before which knelt the effigy of Sir Fulk Trevanion's great ancestress.

"And this is the Lady's Chapel!" exclaimed Miss Hungerford, the easily excited spirit of youth looking out at every awakened feature; "and that figure the Lady Amabel. Penitent or rejoicing, Aura?"

"O, penitent be sure, naughty scoffer," replied Miss Trevanion, regarding the image of her progenitrix with a more reverent eye. "Tradition says, she built this chapel after her return to the house she fled from; and built it to perpetuate the memory of her remorse, for having shortened her father's days by feigning herself drowned. I come the oftener here (Miss Trevanion's voice sunk), because the thoughts the place calls up are best for a creature like me, too much disposed to think her loved brethren less in fault than——. But you shall hear our home history. Do you find a comfortable seat in that niche?"

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"Not exactly a comfortable one," replied the gay-spirited Miss Hungerford, "but one quite to my taste, having a cold stone back and a marble cushion. We lovers of romance hate comfort. O that lancet window opposite me! How beautifully the wild vine has woven itself from one slender munnion to another, where the glass is wanting! And that other open window! See how the wind waves its curtain of pendent ivies! In destruction, as well as production, how matchless is nature! Rohesia has nothing to match this. Our bad *taste* has swept away every memorial of days gone by."

"This was a ruin before my father's time," observed Miss Trevanion, in a cheerfuller tone, as if glad to have the fact to state; "it is his pleasure to keep old things as he found them."

"Sir Fulk Trevanion is quite worthy of his noble possessions and noble descent," ejaculated her companion; we will not say without some purpose of administering to his daughter's infirmity: for seeing that every heedless word went to the quick with her companion, she wished to bestow an equivalent, in tributes like the above.

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"You are the same kind Eveleen Hungerford that nursed me through that frightful fever in Holland!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion. "O blessed fever! but for pleading that, it would have gone hard with me to have overborne my father's unhappy resolution, never to receive a Hungerford at Treverderet. Dearest Eveleen, if it were not for the recollection of all your sisterliness to me then—your night watchings by me when every body else was wearied out—your reading the prayers to me when they told you I was dying——" Here Miss Trevanion's emotion prevented her from proceeding: her friend had stretched out her hand, and taken hers. She said gently,—

"If it was not for all this,—what then dear heart?"

"I should think I was doing wrong," faltered out Miss Trevanion, "in telling even you, any thing that may seem to reflect upon my father. Heaven knows, I honour—I love him,—however a little in fear.—But my heart is solitary, Eveleen; I feel alone in the world!—and I walk about these melancholy parks, thinking of my brother,—not knowing what has become of him, or how to get news of him, till—"

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Here her voice, that had been gradually faltering more and more, was finally choked, so that it was some moments ere she could add, in a suffocated whisper, — "Pouring out my heart to you will be such a relief!"

"Then do it without apprehension, Aura," exclaimed Miss Hungerford; "for though I am two years younger than you, I feel more than ten years older, from having lived among so many different sets of people. I am prepared to ascribe family divisions much more to perplexing circumstances and false impressions, than to real alienation in any *of the* parties; or to a lack of individual worth."

"When shall I commence, then?" asked Miss Trevanion, settling herself at the foot of the lady's effigy. "After we parted, that lovely spring of 1680?—No! perhaps I might as well run over the one or two matters that had happened first at home, and then quit the horrid theme; I will but note them,—at that time I used to weary you with them."

"You slander bravely to the face!" said Miss Hungerford smiling; "try my patience now."

"You cannot forget, I am sure," re-

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sumed Miss Trevanion, "my description of what my dear brother suffered when that poor youth died to whom he had attached himself — I will not say, so strangely, for Eustace Saulay was far above his humble station. Arundell's health was so injured by his deep grief, — to this day, I am convinced, it is not forgotten,—that my father was advised to send him to a warmer climate and new scenes for a few months. You may remember that I had letters from him from the south of France, where he went with a kind, kind cousin of ours.

"He fell in there with some of the people, I think, they call Hugonots, who are cruelly oppressed, I find, on account of their religion, by the French government; and the sight of their injurious treatment, added to the profligate character of the king and priests that ill-treated them, sent him back quite ready for being won over to the cause for which, I fear, he has uselessly sacrificed himself for ever."

"But if it is a right cause?" half-questioned Miss Hungerford, anxious to insinuate some sweetening thought.

"Ah! if it is!" echoed her friend in a tone of despondent doubt; then added,

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"You remember his calling to see me when he returned by way of Holland, though you were not present, unluckily? He went over to England in the same ship with his Grace of Monmouth, and had the good fortue to preserve the vessel from wreck, when their pilot was swept off by a heavy sea and they had got amongst dangerous shoals: his great courage and old passion for boating, served him bravely then. You know what an engaging person the duke is said to be."

"It is a mien and a manner that wins every eye that looks on him!" exclaimed Miss Hungerford. "I can fancy the graceful Monmouth thanking his young preserver, and offering him his friendship!"

"He did offer it certainly," said her friend with a sigh; "and my father, in an evil day, consented to let Arundell visit him in London. Woful indeed was the day on which he left Treverderet; for from that hour, my cousin told me, the family disunion began. After his intimacy with the duke, Arundell began to have views and opinions different from my father upon many important points, or else he had grown bolder in expressing them; for my

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father complained of his being less submissive to his age and authority; yet even then, Arundell gave up many of his chief wishes out of duty. The duke had offered him a commission in his regiment, which he wished to accept, but did not, solely because my father abhorred the idea of a Trevanion being commanded by a spurious prince.

"Arundell certainly believed his grace was not base-born; and considering him as the only active head of the Protestant party, was ready to have shed blood in the cause, if necessary. He could not indeed brook hearing any contemptuous expressions to the duke, and was, I fear, too indiscreet a defender of him, from the foul charge about Lady Harriot Wentworth. But Arundell was so young! something might have been allowed to him on that account; and to his natural dislike of crediting evil tales; — however he was to blame; as it was his father he was contradicting. He thought his Grace of Monmouth slandered: my father had, by some means or other, got information which made him consider the duke artful, profligate, and self-seeking; so he would no longer abide his name. In truth, I suspect my

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dear father was jealous of his Grace, and fancied Arundell's affection borne away by him. Be that as it may, I only know that my brother voluntarily offered to withdraw from the duke's private favour, though, he said, he could not with a quiet conscience separate himself from the party, of which Monmouth was the head, that had vowed to support church and state against innovation by a Roman Catholic prince. Arundell did as he said; he declined visiting the duke again. Was not that a real sacrifice to duty and affection?"

"*Assuredly, Sir Fulk Trevanion must* have been satisfied with this proof of filial obedience?" observed Miss Hungerford.

"In good truth, I heard from Arundell himself, that for a while it knit up their hearts together; but, I know not how it happened, nor could my cousin tell me who witnessed it, the old feuds began to revive; perhaps the main subject was oftener discoursed of in the letters that came to Aruudell or my cousin; for, I fancy, the court and country began to contend with great heat about his majesty's friendliness to popery. A word dropt, generally struck out the fire of their clashing opinions, and

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then controversies upon religion and politics were the consequence.

"You remember with what eagerness I looked forward to my sixteenth birth-day, this time five years; when I was to leave Holland and go home. Poor, short-sighted mortals that we are! little did I guess what a home I was going to!

"It was joy, however, to be there, to see my darling brother. It was then that my early fondness for him, which had heretofore only been gratified by occasional intercourse, was strengthened and fixed. — Oh! it is woven now with every fibre of my heart! I listened to all his complaints; I shared all his vexations; I joined with him in his concern that our parent had lost all interest in public good or evil; I talked with him of Eustace Saulay, whose memory, he used to say, urged him to preserve the ark of every poor man's hopes from being seized upon, and shut up, by bigot rulers. I was often happy enough too, to smother my father's asperity against his zeal; and to curb his own fiery temper. Dear Arundell! hot and hasty as he is, his is the most generous of tempers! Whenever he had failed

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in respect to his father through constitutional vehemency, he would return, after a little struggle with himself, and confess it nobly.

"When politics and religion could be avoided, he would pleasure us by the flow of his lively and rich fancies; he would willingly lend himself to all my father's ways and humours: and to leave him free scope, certainly denied himself much that it was natural for a young man to like having, or doing. But the seed of mutual misunderstanding had been sown between them; or rather, my father's confidence in Arundell's implicit reverence for his opinions, had received a fatal shock.

"Not very long after my return, the Bill of Exclusion was agitated. Another fire lighted up amongst us: my brother espoused the protestant interest with a stirring zealousness which, perhaps, was neither wise nor right at his early age: being only twenty. He was one of the many much older and abler men than he, who fancied our church certain of overthrow, unless the Duke of York, a professed papist you know, were not quite set aside, and the succession secured to the Princess of Orange.

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"It is surprising how much Arundell did for the cause, by his popularity, and the weight of our family name. I crave your pardon, dear Eveleen, for this overrating of ourselves perhaps!"

Miss Hungerford smilingly said, she was not boasting so; and her friend resumed. "Arundell was active in suggesting and forwarding petitions in support of the bill; and I do believe did more towards its going bravely through the lower house, than all the other men of his years, in the realm.

"The more activity my brother displayed in that business, the more it chafed my father; even though Arundell never once compromised him in the matter, but took the whole blame, or loss, if any were to follow, upon his own head.

"Do not however think, Eveleen, that my father is not as good a churchman as his son; but being a firm friend to all inherited rights and settled establishments, he held it treasonable even to propose such a bill. Besides which, he said that the more unkindness he had to resent at the hands of his majesty on the score of the barony, the more he would disdain taking revenge, by opposing his known will. He was, there-

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fore, for the unshackled succession of the Duke of York; relying upon his honour, as a gentleman, to leave the national establishments where he found them.

"I believe, the troubles and dismal catastrophe of the reign before, gave him this horror of every thing like change: and I fear —but I might misjudge him—my dear brother's lingering attachment to the Duke of Monmouth, rendered him more easily alarmed for the church and state, than if there had been no question amongst men, of his eligibility to the throne.

"You know how the bill of exclusion was thrown out, after all. Alas! the only legacy it left us, was increased family miseries, which most likely will never finish." Miss Trevanion once more paused, while her friend pronounced a few encouraging words, in which hope of Heaven's continual blessing upon suffering for conscience sake, was meant to cheer a sister's heart.

The sad narration resumed:—

"Whether long harassment had rendered Arundell captious, I know not, but he became suspicious of ill offices being done him, by a person that he had not suspected before. This was Mr. Becket,

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my father's present librarian, whom he employs in taking care of the books, writing letters for him in foreign tongues, about — some heraldry questions — I don't know what; however, about the time I speak of, he discovered that the man was a papist, and hearing all over the west country that Sir Fulk Trevanion was suspected of favouring that religion, in consequence of his refusal to sign a petition for the exclusion bill, Arundell incautiously prayed for his dismissal.

"You may suppose that such a proud spirit as my father's, took umbrage at the bare idea of parting with a valued servant to please or pacify what he calls the rabble. All my brother's entreaties failed; he, therefore, re-urged his suit as a matter of conscience; maintaining that every protestant of weight in the country, was called upon, to avoid even a shadow of countenance to the bold hopes of the Romanist party. The subject was argued between them with such warmth, that at length Arundell in his heat threw out some expressions, which seemed to hint a fear that Mr. Becket's machinations had been already successful in cooling his father's love

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for the reformed church; and that it was to him, perhaps, he, Arundell, was indebted for being suspected of seeking to promote the Duke of Monmouth's interest, by his ardour about the exclusion bill.

"This my father indignantly denied; but his wrath was so kindled, that it was deemed only proper in my brother to remove awhile till the mood subsided. Do not think hardly of my honoured father, Eveleen—he has never been himself since." Miss Hungerford understood what she meant, and a soft sigh answered the distressed hearer. Miss Trevanion resumed.

"I really think Arundell wronged Mr. Becket: he is a quiet, inoffensive person."

"And was this inoffensive man so quiet as never to endeavour at acting as mediator between father and son?" questioned Eveleen Hungerford, fixing her intelligent eyes upon the fluctuating expression of her friend's.

"My father is not used to brook any subordinate person's interference in such matters," returned Miss Trevanion, "therefore Arundell's fancy offended him highly."

"And so there was no one but a timid, troubled girl like you, dear Aura, to attempt

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the blessed character of peace-maker?" interrupted Miss Hungerford. "Alack the pity!"

"There was our kinsman, Dunbar Trevanion," resumed Miss Trevanion with slight embarrassment; "but he is quite unfit for any thing serious;—he is so thoughtless and unlucky, too, that matters always went worse, I think, whenever he tried to mend them; so all he could do was to divert us into general good humour by his fantastical fooleries. My father used to be entertained by him; and as for Dunbar himself, I think he would have gone to death to have pleased any of us—at that time."

"And would he not do so now?"

Miss Trevanion answered the half-tender half-mischievous tone in which her friend spoke, by lowering her eyes.

"I do not hold it maidenly to tell of suitors we don't encourage; but to you, Eveleen!—Well, then, I will own, that between Dunbar and me, there had been, in days past, some passages of love. When I first came home,—I was but sixteen then, you know, but it was very foolish of me,—I was taken with his court air and sprightly wit. My father was so reserved and

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gloomy just then, — dear Arundell so absorbed in public questions, — and my cousin so kindly at my service for every thing, that, when he talked to me of myself, I confess, I listened.

" But — I know not well how it was — in a little time I got to find that I was not so affectioned towards him, as to let him make suit for me to my father. I was so much fonder of my dear brother, that I was easily vexed at Dunbar, I confess, unjustly; — and when, by over forwardness to make up past quarrels, his interference increased them; or when he blundered upon topics which were sure to bring on others of an irritating nature, I could not brook his company, and punished him for a misfortune, as if it had been a fault.

" I know it was very unjust, and I was to blame; but all this proved my own silliness to myself, for having ever fancied I could incline to be his wife. In truth, I was now and then fain to think him too bold in his advances, when we were together," (the speaker's face crimsoned as she said this,) " so I put an end to his addresses."

" Yet he comes still to Treverderet, does he not? " asked Eveleen Hungerford.

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"What will you stake against me, that he does not prevail on you to hear him on the old suit again?"

"There is small chance of that," was Miss Trevanion's reply, her cheeks crimsoning anew, but with a different sort of blush — that which belongs to a confession of weakness. "Although I regard Dunbar sincerely for many good qualities, and owe him thanks for much forbearance in this business, I own his presence always humbles me in my own eyes; and makes me so uncomfortable, that I keep out of his sight whenever I may do so. I wish I were not so foolish; for I think he must know something of Arundell, and I might catch, perhaps —— after what has passed, I could not commit myself by directly inquiring about my brother. If I would do so, I must first bind him to keep my asking secret; and that would be unmaidenly and rash. Indeed I would not put myself so into the power of any man, — not even for the brother, who is dearer to me than life."

"Is it indeed thus, my poor Aura!" exclaimed her friend in a tone intensely compassionate. "So you are forbidden even to ask about your brother?"

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"No, not forbidden," hastily resumed Miss Trevanion; "yet so sure it would displease my father, that I am alarmed at risking the thing. Dunbar is so thoughtless and volatile, that he is perpetually making discoveries or unlucky allusions, which he is ready to kill himself for, the next moment. — But to my main subject. At the time I speak of, when Arundell wanted to leave home awhile, Dunbar was going to visit his mother's relations in Scotland; and knowing it was always best to let angry people cool by degrees, they went by permission there, together.

"O that Arundell had not gone! — it seemed as if he could not go to any place where he was not courted — I may say compelled, by the very principles he deems sacred — into entering upon courses hostile to my father's later opinions.

"Whilst on their way to Dunbar's friends, an accident happened to Arundell by the explosion of a fowling-piece, which detained him three weeks at the Earl of Argyll's castle; who, hearing of the mischance, caused him to be brought under his roof, and atended by his own surgeon. He was greatly taken with his entertainer's—"

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"And with his entertainer's daughter, I think, was the talk?"

"No, Eveleen; no! — I had my brother's word for that, when his after share in her father's escape, made it a question. Arundell's conversation and manners were so agreeable to the earl, that he invited him to his house in Edinburgh; and when my brother, after a long tour over the Highlands with my cousin, reached the Scotch capital, he found Argyll in the midst of his controversy with the lords commissioners. It was just before the earl's arrest, in consequence of his explanation of the test then imposed by the new commission. I remember, when the printed paper of his explanation was discussed between Mr. Becket and my father, the latter said he saw nothing in it inconsistent with loyalty and honour, although it was evidently to keep the writer's conscience free, if afterwards called upon to acknowledge a popish king. No displeasure, therefore, arose to disturb the kindness which Arundell's dangerous accident had renewed between him and my father, when a letter came from him to say, that arriving at such a juncture in Edinburgh, he believed himself bound,

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from late obligation, not to desert his hospitable entertainer, but stay and make one in the throng of independent gentlemen who were crowding round his person, to show his enemies the disgrace and danger of doing him injury.

"Although even this matter involved the old argument about popery and protestantism, Arundell had sufficient prudence not to make that an additional plea for remaining in Edinburgh; and as the fact of Argyll's brave loyalty was well known to every old loyalist, and the arbitrary proceedings of the Scottish commissioners were openly condemned in England, my father's habitual horror of every thing like faction, was overborne by his natural chivalry of thought, if I may call it so. If events had not soured his temper, it would be his nature still."

"His temper will sweeten again, dear Aura," interrupted Eveleen Hungerford, in a tone of magic sweetness, for the heart's music was in it. "Your father has only one thing stronger in him than his love for your brother, — his pride; but that dagon will fall at last, before better influences; Sir Fulk Trevanion will recal his son, and I

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shall live to see Treverderet lighted up with bonfires and blithe faces, — ay, and all its gates opened to the Hungerfords.

" Dear, dear flatterer ! " exclaimed Miss Trevanion, almost ashamed to show she could be taught to hope, without any new ground for hope having arisen : " I wish I could think so ! — Well, I left Arundell at Edinbro', and Argyll in prison ; the former waiting for his noble friend's trial. Dunbar, as an officer in the king's guards here, could not well remain ; so he rejoined his regiment in London. We were by ourselves in Treverderet, when my brother unexpectedly presented himself.

" He came in such happy spirits, that even a cold reception, I think, would not have chilled him into silence. Almost in one breath he told us that he had assisted in carrying off the Lady Sophy Campbell, whose liberty was threatened ; and that, having done that important service for the earl, he thought he might with honour provide for his own safety by proceeding home, rather than returning merely to be seized and confined for this ordinary act of humanity. He frankly owned that even that rash surrender of himself would have

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better pleased his own humour, had not the love and duty he owed to his father, been paramount to every incitement of honourable romance.

"Had you seen my dear father's face then—how it glowed! — pride, prejudice, all was gone at that moment. He tried to chide, but the words would not come; and instead of speaking, he laid his hand on Arundell's head, with such a smile!" Here Miss Trevanion paused an instant, then resumed: —

"The particulars of the affair, as he related them, were as follows: — After the earl's seizure, there was a rumour that secret orders were issued by the lords commissioners to prevent any of the earl's family from getting beyond sea or entering England. Arundell first heard of this from a page whom he had seen constantly at Argyll's castle, and who now came to him at night, to intreat his good offices for the lady. Her desire was to reach the Prince and Princess of Orange in Holland, for the sake of interesting them in her father's behalf, whose case, properly represented to his majesty in England, would most likely find redress by their interference.

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"Lady Sophy had solicited my brother for this service, because she was taught to rely upon his kindness and generosity; and because, not being a native of Scotland, should their enterprise miscarry, no evil could befal him from the government. Arundell had no hesitation in undertaking the service required: the page was their messenger to and fro, till all was arranged; often at great risk of the poor boy's safety; since he went and came, through the dead of night, and by frightful by-ways. Could a man, therefore, show himself less generously fearless than a poor boy?

"Arundell having previously hired and exercised a little boat at Leith, sometimes alone, sometimes with his servant, stationed it on the fifth evening at a given point, where he was soon hailed by the expected signal from land; he and the trusty Philips pushed for the shore, found there the lady and the page wrapt in cloaks, received them without speaking, and then rowed them as silently as swiftly to a sloop in the offing. With that sloop Arundell had had no previous dealing. The lady's silence all the way, he thought natural to one in such grief, so he asked her no questions;

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for she was leaving her father in jeopardy, and going in search of the protection she might not find. The page he did not think it respectful to question; therefore, fearing they might be unprovided for money, he slipped his purse into the latter's hand as he ascended the sloop's side: and so, with an action of blessing from the unhappy daughter, they parted on the dark sea."

"And your brother did all this for one he cared not for?" asked Miss Hungerford rather incredulously.

"I am sure he cared no further for her than he would have done for any other helpless woman so situated," returned Miss Trevanion resolutely. "He honoured her greatly, and felt bound to her leechcraft when he was in Argyllshire; but no more, on my word — on his word, no more! — Yet what matters it for you, Eveleen. — To go on, then, —

"I may say we had scarcely drawn breath after this story of Arundell's, when the news of Argyll's escape by his heroic daughter's contrivance, with forfeit of her own liberty, reached Treverderet.

"Arundell would not believe it; main-

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taining that the Lady Sophy left the earl in prison when she fled from Scotland. Two hours afterwards the report was confirmed. A dispatch arrived from our kind kinsman, Dunbar, written in the utmost hurry and alarm, begging my father (for he knew not of Arundell's return) to provide for his son's safety, as all the court were in a flame of resentment at him for having aided and abetted Argyll in his escape; beseeching my father, if he knew where he was, to transmit him the enclosed letter by some one who could be relied on for helping him out of the kingdom.

"At this positive assurance of the earl's escape, my impetuous brother exclaimed, 'Now God be praised!' Meaning, I suppose, that he was so glad at the earl's safety, that he was ready to suffer any loss for his sake. The next moment he cheered me, and besought my father to sanction him in going up directly to London, to challenge proof of his intention to do more than assist a respected and unhappy lady.

"He called heaven to witness, that no ambitious views upon Argyll's daughter, much less a tenderer sentiment, had swayed

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him; he defied any one to bring the shadow of a proof that he had held any other correspondence with Argyll than what was open and allowed before his imprisonment; and then, he said, if he had been deceived by the lady in the hazardous affair, he would be the first to call it holy craft in her. He challenged any man, even the gallant Charles Stuart himself, to say how they would have acted in his case; and he made so strong an appeal to the enthusiasm of my father's own youth, that my father was quite overcome.

"Indeed, there was such a stamp of truth on what my brother said, and my father was so penetrated by his noble and manly sentiments, that my foolish heart believed all our private griefs were about to end here; for when he finished by saying, that however his own inclinations might have compelled him to take a share in Argyll's escape, the dread of bringing sorrow to his home by such a step, at once restrained him,—at that moment I saw my honoured father clasp him in his arms and press him to his heart; I saw my brother's face wet with generous and joyful tears; my own

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weeping thanksgivings were almost audible. Ah! had that happy moment staid!

"But it was not to be. We had just settled that Arundell and my father should set out together for the court the next morning, when the second letter enclosed by Dunbar, and lost sight of in the other, was remembered and hurriedly looked at. Never shall I forget the scene that ensued! Happily there were but our three selves in the great velvet chamber when Arundell opened the letter; he made no attempt to conceal its contents, and at first treated the information with contempt. But a word from my father made him take fire, and then, indeed, I saw that Arundell could be terrible.

"Dunbar's was a hasty private adjuration to his cousin, for authority from him to contradict an assertion made directly from the king's confidential circle. They said, that the page whose escape was effected along with his master's, was known by Arundell to be Argyll's mistress: that she was a woman, and not his daughter, the king had full proof.

"This was a charge indeed; it sullied

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the whole transaction. Arundell indignantly proclaimed it a party calumny against Argyll to bring his principles in question with the serious part of the protestants; for though he knew little of the earl's private life from their short acquaintance, he maintained that there is no public virtue which is not grounded upon purity of heart.

"My father, without disputing the opinion, or showing the least doubt of his son's innocence, only insisted upon a satisfactory statement from Argyll of who was his companion; and if that companion were a disgraceful one, a due confession and apology for the affront put upon a man of honour.

"It was determined, therefore, without a moment's hesitation, that Arundell should set out for Holland that very night, to demand an explanation, leaving the less momentous question about his contrivance with Lady Sophy till his return. All then was hurry and agitation. Arundell was hurried away with scarcely a change of apparel, attended but by the faithful servant he had had in Scotland. O that parting! — it was like a frightful dream,

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and yet there was sweetness in it; for my father was his gracious self through it. Never shall I forget Arundell's look, as breaking from that rarely given embrace, he thanked him for his unusual kindness; vowing never to see home again, until he should present himself clear from every imputation, the infamous tale disproved, or his disgrace washed out in Argyll's best blood.

"That long night after he was gone, my father and I spent in talking about Arundell. How often does every thing in the room we sit in, arise before me as they stood then, along with the remembrance of all we said! The neglected wood fire gradually going out till it lay a grey heap of ashes, the tall candles burning down into their sockets, the gleaming of my ancestors' faces seen in flickerings of the fire and the candles, the excessive stillness of the whole house, — O, Eveleen! how well — how painfully do I recollect all this!"

"I thought you were happier that night than you had been for a long time," said Miss Hungerford in a tone of gentle reminder.

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"Yes, in one way; — but there was so much to dread after all. If the Earl of Argyll could not gainsay the shameful report about the page, and my brother be hurried into the wickedness of a duel, who was to foresee the fatal end? My father, however, was wholly wrapt up in the gratification of seeing his son eager to retrieve his honour at any cost; and willingly listened to many interpretations I offered about foregone offences, tending to soften my brother's imputed faults. O how I loved my father that night! but things were destined to change."

Here Miss Trevanion's countenance altered visibly, and such an ashy hue spread over her face as she contemplated the remainder of what she had to say, that her watchful friend entreated her to pause. "Recover yourself, dear Aura," she said kindly; "I will amuse myself by looking out and counting the sparkles on the river. How fine those Spanish chesnuts must be when they are in full leaf! even now they are majestic, though so delicately clothed and so transparently green."

Miss Trevanion obeyed the amiable injunction, and having taken some minutes

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to compose her spirits, once more resumed: —

"Not long after Arundell's departure, my father, having had his son's purpose privately reported to his late majesty, received a private notification that Argyll's magnanimous daughter cleared Mr. Trevanion from all knowledge of her scheme in getting him to convey her (as he supposed) from Scotland. The other part of the charge could not be referred to the Lady Sophy Campbell, since it must be evident that were such a charge true, she had been as much the dupe of the guilty pair as Arundell himself. Thus the foulest stain remained uneffaced.

"At length a letter arrived from my brother, when my father was impatiently expecting himself to accompany him to the royal presence, and produce the testimonials to his honour. I never was allowed to know the contents of that letter. My father, who had been greatly chafed by an interview with a stranger the same morning, fell into a paroxysm of passion, such as I had never witnessed. The only reply he made to my weeping petitions for some light on the unhappy business was, that his

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son had basely falsified his word; left his pledge to his father unredeemed; that he was contented to let the family name lie dishonoured, for the sake of a dishonoured man.

"This dreadful assertion coming from a parent, I knew not what to think, and I did apply then to my good-hearted cousin, who got leave from his regiment, and came down to our distracted house: but he was as ignorant of the business as myself. My father had answered Arundell in the flame of the moment; one or two other letters passed, and then he announced to me and Dunbar, that having forbidden Arundell to return to England without his leave — and never to hope for that, unless he came to say publicly who was the pretended page of Argyll,—he commanded us, upon our duty to himself, never again to hold correspondence with the poor exile.

"I quitted my father's presence that day with a broken heart. I had come to this very place, Eveleen, and was sitting where you now are, when a hand darkened the window, and let something drop. Think of my grief and joy on seeing the writing of my brother!"

Miss Trevanion took from her breast, as

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she spoke, a folded paper, doing it with much apprehensiveness, as if afraid of destroying the smallest part of it; indeed the care was necessary, for it was already greatly worn by readings and tears.

Her eyes flooded while she looked on it, and her lip quivered as she put it into the hand of Miss Hungerford.

Deeply commiserating all parties, and not qualified to decide how far each was to blame, Eveleen read as follows:—

"SWEET SISTER,

"The sun has gone in again, thou knowest by this time, from the sky of thy poor brother's fortune; but be of good cheer; his honour is unsullied. Rest assured of this, whatever thou mayest hear to the contrary.

"It is my misfortune that I cannot say all I would to any one at present, not even to my father. He would have trusted me, I am as sure as that I have a living soul, were he not practised upon by some we, perhaps, wot not of. This being the case, sweet sister, I pray thee take thy brother's good name upon his own word. My father may tell thee in his anger that I have justly

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forfeited it; but I tell thee, he is practised upon, to deny his confidence to the truth of a tried man.

"Some distant day, I hope, in God's providence, that events may set me free from engagements, which if I were to break now, I were indeed a dishonoured man. Then shall all calumnies be refuted, all practisers discovered; and our honoured parent, perchance, brought to think his exiled son less blameworthy than unfortunate.

"Do me not the wrong of thinking I would have thee sit in judgment upon thy father: it behoves thee and me to honour him above all earthly things. Bear in mind that I presume not to blame him, though I tell thee he wrongs me and others unwittingly, through the practices of a knave. Yet still, Aura, my sweet loving sister, think of thy wandering brother, as one who would fain obey his Father in heaven and his father on earth, but has not yet grace enough to know how to do both, under present circumstances.

"Give me thy prayers, Aura. Hold fast to the good old faith and forms in which thou wast nurtured. Obey thy fa-

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ther next to God; and if I am never recalled to our altered house, if I die in foreign countries, cherish whatever memorials may remain of thy loving and sorrowing brother,

"ARUNDELL TREVANION."

There was a passionate plainness in this letter, which appealed strongly in its writer's favour to the heart of the reader. Eveleen Hungerford's moistened cheeks evinced her sympathy: she looked up from the paper to her disconsolate companion, and seeing her dissolved in tears, exclaimed, in a penetrating tone,—

"My poor Aura, how you love this brother!"

Miss Trevanion's tears increased to passion, at this inconsiderate tribute to her affection; and her friend, wisely leaving them free course, had the gradual satisfaction of seeing her oppressed heart relieved.

No love tale could so deeply have moved that compassionate heart. It is true, the sisterly feeling was as much unknown to Eveleen Hungerford, by personal experience, as was that of love; but the chord of natural

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bonds is in every breast, ready to vibrate in unison with all those who are blessed with near and dear relations; and she, who had no brother — no sister, felt as if she found both in a family at variance with her own.

She sat down by her weeping friend, and taking her hand, continued pressing it from time to time with an expressiveness which was beyond words. After awhile, when she saw her friend's heart completely disburthened by that long fit of tears, she enquired who she thought had dropped the letter at her feet?

Miss Trevanion replied, she had always given her cousin Dunbar the credit of such kindness, and she still did so.

"At one time," she said, "I was inclined to fancy it might be old Walter; but that could not be."

"Who is old Walter?"

"The grandfather of poor Eustace Saulay," was the sighing answer. "After that pious youth's death, the old man was glad to quit the sea-side and his hazardous calling, and accept my father's offer, of taking care of him for life: so he lives in the chief one of our almshouses, where he has every comfort still; although my father

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often attributes Arundell's stiffness of principle, to the impression which Eustace's religiousness, made upon him in early days."

"That is noble of your father!" exclaimed Miss Hungerford. "My dear uncle would say, that is Christian in him!"

"I felt it so, dear Eveleen," replied her friend, pleased at the exclamation; "and that made me say, upon second thoughts, that my unknown benefactor could not be old Walter. My brother would neither tempt his integrity, nor expose him to probable dismission; neither would he have acted so ungratefully to my father, whose roof shelters him, as to do a clandestine thing against his known will.

"But shall we go out now into the open air?—my story is ended. I have never heard of my brother since—three long years ago!"

Her voice faltered anew, and she was so near relapsing into another passion of grief, that her companion, anxious to give a different turn to her thoughts, started up from her niche-seat, and proposed wholly discontinuing the painful subject. Miss Trevanion bowed assent, and extinguished the lamp of the cell. The moon was now

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risen, and the long tremulous line of sheeted silver, which her reflection cast along the river, was in harmony with the moods of the two young persons, who, issuing forth under her orb, stood for a few minutes upon the chapel steps to admire the stillness of the woods.

"In this cathedral light," exclaimed Eveleen, in a low toned voice, "how majestic they are! There is something inexpressibly awful, though, in trees and water, by night. Not in such a night, however, as the present; I mean when all is dark in the sky, and woods and waters look of a fearful blackness. Mark how dismal that wailing harp has made me; I petition for its removal: else will you never hear any of the many fooleries from me, which used to make you laugh in days past."

Miss Trevanion, thus cheated into her own good, willingly promised to remove the melancholy instrument; after which her friend proceeded to call back the smiles to their faces, by reverting to several playful incidents of their early companionship.

This amiable artifice succeeded; and bargaining always to break off confidential conversation before it should reach the

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point of completely subduing them, the friends continued for some time walking under the shade of the chesnuts bordering the river, pausing ever and anon to hearken to its soft lavings, which in that still night sounded like another voice, joining the murmurs of theirs.

Young imaginations are roused by the slightest variation in every-day things: the mere sound of the flowing river now suggested supernatural fancies; and very soon, the most painful passages of their past conversation were forgotten, in the profound interest excited by each others recollections of authenticated ghost stories, remarkable dreams, and strange prophecies.

These, indeed, possessed them so strongly, during their narration, that not unfrequently, while tracing their darkened way back towards Rohesia, a glare of moonlight upon the smooth stem of a beech, or the seizure of a bramble upon one of their garments, made Eveleen Hungerford start and look round; but only to laugh, the next moment, at her own folly.

"Now, if you won't beat me, Aura," she said, playfully and affectionately, "I will accuse Sir Fulk of naming nightfall for our

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meeting-time, only to keep me out of his sanctuary. He has rekoned well upon a silly wench's fearfulness. I really do think, that if my life were to depend upon it, I should not have courage to walk through those dark places alone; it distresses me to think you must come for me, or to me, like a child as I am, or we shall never meet."

"I shall be too glad to have you for coming for!" Miss Trevanion answered; "I am used to ramble about, at all hours, through our grounds. Somehow I never think of supernatural appearances, except in a dark room, at dead of night."

They next discussed the subject of their future meetings, agreeing not to make them too frequent, lest, becoming known to the domestics of either family, their scarcely-permitted intimacy might be spoken of in the neighbourhood. This was especially to be avoided; as Sir Fulk Trevanion, in yielding to his daughter's supplication, (perhaps, enjoying the sort of triumph it afforded him over one of the rival house,) had expressly commanded her to be careful that no one knew of his complacency to her foolish wish.

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"But how selfishly careful I am!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, blushing at the thought. "Is there no chance of your uncle and aunt being displeased?"

"None, I do protest to you, Aura: and though you won't believe me, perchance, I will maintain that they are very good kind of people, bating a few peculiarities.

"My uncle loves his ease, and his high offices, with the same passion; but how to love both at once, puzzles him. My aunt lives, I won't say thrives, in a perpetual stir; action, or contriving action, is her element: and though this wears her to the bone, I verily believe she would drop down dead were any one to stop her purpose."

"I don't comprehend what sort of action you mean," observed Miss Trevanion.

"You never will, unless you could pass one month under the same roof with Lady Rhoda," replied Miss Hungerford: "it consists, partly, of a perpetual imagining that first one thing is necessary to be done, and then another; herself always the agent, you will remember: then every new matter is magnified into such importance, that her whole soul is devoted to its pursuit.

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Every body is racked about it, persecuted, haunted, libelled, or lauded for it, till the thing is done or destroyed. You would think my poor aunt were a doomed soul, put into such fussinesses by way of punishment. She rests not day or night; yet, try to expostulate with her upon wearing herself out thus, and she resists the attempt like an injury."

"And what are her particular objects?" asked Miss Trevanion, not without a keen recollection that her father always spoke of Lady Rhoda Hungerford as an active instrument in his family's wrong.

"O, one time it is getting a perfect dancing master for a young gentlewoman; then a perfect cook for an old gentleman: sometimes to win a petty suit, about the right of driving through another person's grounds. Last year, it was to marry Diana suitably; now it is to place her about the Princess of Denmark: to-morrow, it will be to get some Flanders' lace out of the Customs; and the day after, whether to dispose of them upon her daughter's head, or her train. The great fever is in the disposition; the objects themselves have not as much fire in them as would light a

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a match. See Lady Rhoda writing notes, to make up a party for the Mall, you would fancy she was trying to save the life of a state criminal. She will furthermore send as many times to her mantua-maker, and be closeted with her as many hours, about the cut of a new stomacher, as she used to do with every man, woman, and child that could have the smallest share in Diana's marriage.

"O! the goings to and fro at that time! I mean, when my fair cousin's match was making up: the visits to the noble family of Buckingham, and from the noble family! the solemn face of the stately Villiers' set — the anxious ones on our side! the breakings off, and sewing on again! the hitches, the frights, the bickerings, the fetching and carrying of ladies' gentlewomen — the quarrels, the makings-up, the big words and little actions of us all! Truly, my dear cousin, the famous suit between our two families could not have matched the fuss, and, dare I say it? the folly of this single proceeding. Lady Rhoda would have given up the ghost had the thing miscarried."

"Your cousin's affections were of course much engaged!" observed Miss Trevanion.

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"Don't think me a wretch, Aura," returned her airy — spirited companion, "for saying, that I believe Diana cared no more for her future husband than I do for his majesty, heaven bless him! a felicitous illustration that — it suits every way. The noble kinsman of the noble court favourite, was to be the fountain of honour and wealth; so she heartily desired to be his wife: and my aunt toiled like a galley-slave in her service — crept and crawled, and licked the dust, for aught I know to the contrary, under all the haughty Villiers' feet, and so had the boon thrown to her."

It cannot be denied that Miss Trevanion's face glowed with a pleasure unworthy of her amiable nature: she forgot, for a single instant, that the friend she loved so dearly belonged to the family thus self-humbled. Had she been a Roman Catholic, she would have crossed herself, as she fervently thanked heaven for the lofty spirit of her most intractable relation.

Eveleen Hungerford was not offended by the unguarded apostrophe; indeed she had not a right to be so, having herself set the example of perfect frankness: perhaps,

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she did this, less from obedience to her own constitutional character, than out of generous willingness, to let Miss Trevanion see wherein the rival family were inferior to that of Treverderet.

Miss Hungerford, however, was aware that what she had said might seem to point too directly to her aunt's share in the contested Barony; and as, from the remoteness of that event, she knew of it only by hearsay, it seemed her duty to soften its effects upon her quickly-apprehending friend.

"Would you not think now," she resumed, "that my stirring kinswoman would have involved herself in such grave matters as import life and death! such disastrous and disgraceful things as dyed our scaffolds with blood two years ago!

"Not at all: she never disturbs deeper water than that of a duck pool.

"A petty intrigue, about dismissing a dresser of the present queen's, employed her half a year: she splashed the whole court with it, while she dabbled therein; but she gained her point. Heaven send her a succession of less mischievous employments after the coronation (the great

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affair now in hand), or I shall be the next victim!"

"You! how can you, dear Eveleen?" enquired Miss Trevanion, with trepidation.

"O! 'tis but an every-day matter! the telling of it will keep, till we meet another evening," answered Miss Hungerford, her bright aspect shading for a moment's space. "We must not ransack all our hoarded sweets at once, or we shall lack honey for future talk. At present, I would amuse myself and you, by imagining Lady Rhoda in the full pursuit of her own place at the coronation; applying for tickets to give country cousins who have no place; driving from Holywell-street to Ludgate, in search of gold silks, and feather fans; then returning to turn the subject on the anvil before my poor uncle, hammering at it without intermission, till any other man than he would be driven frantic. Fortunately he has got to the pitch of never hearing, much less heeding, what she says; so he pursues his course as pleasantly as possible, reading, or writing, or talking to the dogs, as if only he and they were in the room. I have sometimes been thrown into such immoderate fits of laughter at such

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scenes, as to be absolutely ungovernable by all sense of decorum."

"You have happier spirits than ever, Eveleen!" observed Miss Trevanion, in a dejected tone, obviously contrasting her saddened lot with the cheerful one of her friend. Miss Hungerford's smiles changed instantly to seriousness.

"My uncle Lake has taught me to believe cheerfulness is a pleasing incense to Him that gives no lot, without some blessing, either in hand or in hope: so many are crowded into mine, that I dare not allow myself in thinking too much of some that are withdrawn, and others that were denied me from the first. Since my honoured mother's death, ten years ago, I have not suffered any great sorrow in my own person; nor have I cause for anticipating any: why, then, should I not foster glad and thankful spirits? Is it not my heart's joy at this moment, dearest Aura, that I am permitted to come and try at cheering you?"

"I fear you think me a weak, thankless creature!" returned her too sensitive friend: "but, even with equal spirits, such different destinies —"

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Miss Hungerford tenderly interrupted her:—"Do not misinterpret my poor attempts at comforting or strengthening you. Heaven knows, I meant not to reprove a sadness, which cannot be less than it is, when you think of times past. I feel how sorely you are tried; but I would endeavour to turn your thoughts upon the light in yon dark sky. Remember, you are not utterly bereaved: your beloved brother is not out of the world; your father and he are estranged by misunderstanding, not by inborn misliking of each other. Mr. Trevanion assures you that the family honour is not tarnished by him: in fact, whatever it may be in appearance, all this authorizes you to hope, nay trust, that after a little more suffering (required, perhaps, to make both father and son better, for the best of us want that, Aura,) your brother will be recalled; and you will live to smile over a full cup, and thank the Giver, as I try to do."

With all Miss Hungerford's sprightliness, there was such a ceaseless spring of piety within, that it often rose and sparkled to the eye, even when very different themes than that of religion were the objects of discourse. Her sweet eyes filled with tears

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as she spoke, yet without diminishing the happy expression of her countenance: for they were such, as started by a sense of our own helplessness, are continued by the grateful certainty of being in the hands of an almighty Parent.

"Ah! we are in sight of our parting place!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, in a tone which shewed how dearly she loved the friend she was about to lose there. They were, indeed, near the terrace, which now lay a sheet of light under the tranquil moonshine; save only where the cedars, throwing their far-stretching shadows over the turf, made a line of solemn darkness down the whole length of the walk.

There was something so majestic in the forms and size of those ancient trees, in their stillness, and the light in which they were seen, that Eveleen Hungerford, with a quick return to outward impressions, paused to admire their effect.

"I know not how it is," she exclaimed; "but I feel as if I should lose all my levity if I lived in a place like Treverderet."

"You would grow sad and superstitious, like us!" returned her companion, pensively smiling.

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"Not sad, — nor yet superstitious, I think!" resumed her friend in the same tone; "but better and wiser. Every thing here stirs the imagination and the heart; I can fancy that I see, on that terrace, the loyal knights and pure dames who lived ages ago. Now, in our modern house and Italianized grounds, my thoughts are tethered to a court — such a court as Charles Stuart's! out on such! Your happy ignorance can't tell you how far beyond it is my *beau ideal* of this terrace.

"Who would dare to harbour one little, or malignant, or impure thought, under the shade of these august cedars? To you, Aura, they must be like so many shades of departed Trevanions. At Rohesia, the whole Past, good and bad, seems wilfully swept away, to make room for present rarities, which any one may buy with the same quantity of coin."

"I wish my father heard you!" emphatically exclaimed Miss Trevanion, as they slowly mounted the steps of the terrace. "It gratifies me, Eveleen, that you like our withered home; sad as I am, I love it to passionateness. I will believe what you tell me, that a time will come when I shall

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cease to look at it through tears.—When will you come again? After I recover from the effects of my own painful story, you shall not find me thus dismal. How different we are indeed!" looking sadly but admiringly at her friend.—"You, so like a young rose!—I, a faded leaf,—such a leaf as is trodden under foot in autumn."

"Good sooth! if you are not somewhat poetically melancholy after all I have said!" exclaimed her companion, in a tone of sweet chiding; "this jaundiced humour of yours shall be dealt with! I will have no courting of dark thoughts, by appointing wicked imagination to the task of wooer. Now own to me, silly tormentor, that you have deepened a momentary feeling, by adding this sentimental image to it?—A leaf withering, as you choose to think you yourself wither! I see at a glance the whole train of saddening associations;—leaf-strewn paths,—shivering woods,—dark ways,—weeping skies,—sighing winds! Now, I charge you, dismiss them all as you go back; exchange them for the image of a true friend, who, once regaining her hold upon your affections, is determined never to be shaken off again."

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Miss Trevanion sunk into her friend's opened arms, in silent but sweet emotion: her first audible words were, an enquiry when they should meet again. "I seem to have left so many things unsaid," she added: — "I meant to have had your advice how to act; — whether I ought to try at hearing something of my brother."

"To-morrow is Sunday, — next day Monday, — let me see, —" repeated Miss Hungerford; — "shall it be the evening after? I must not pretend to give hasty counsel. Be sure I shall think of you all to-night."

Miss Trevanion eagerly accepted the offered meeting; another and another adieu was exchanged between them, and a few words of benediction whispered with their last parting kiss. The melancholy Aurelia stood to see her friend spring down from the balustrade into the Rohesian grounds, and to hear her musical voice repeating "Good night!" at first to her, afterwards to the echoes, as they caught and returned the sportive address from many a hollow and hill-side.

But the sweet, familiar voice was soon confounded with that of the wild places

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harbouring those echoes; and Miss Trevanion, recovering herself with a sigh and an inward movement of gratitude, turned from the terrace, and re-trod her solitary way home.

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CHAP. IV.

In violation of every law of romance, Eveleen Hungerford was so thoroughly tired, both in body and spirit, by her long walk and longer conversation, that, instead of laying awake all night to think of Aura Trevanion, as she had half promised to do, no sooner was her head laid on the pillow, than she sunk into so deep a sleep that nothing short of morning's many sounds could awaken her. Her first act, on quitting her bed, was to throw up the sash of her window, to admit the fresh air: with it came in a whole tide of fragrance. The plantations nearest the house were mostly composed of ornamental fruit trees, which, whether in blossom or in fruit, are beautiful objects; and of flowering shrubs, prodigal of every sweet scent, and dressed in every brilliant hue.

The sun was shining gaily upon the park and the house, checkering the polished pillars of the marble portico (a side-view of

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which Eveleen's window commanded) with the light shadows of the hanging plants on the verandah, as they danced on the lighter wind. His slant rays brightened one side of a lofty knoll fronting her room, on which some peacocks lay sunning themselves, while a group of young larch trees, growing on its crest, caught the same beam, and detained her admiring eye.

These trees were as yet but partially hung with their graceful and glittering fringes; but as they waved out in the fresh spring air, varying with the alternate shade and sunshine through every tint of tender and vivid green, Eveleen could not but confess that smiling beauty has its charms.

She listened for a while to the choir of birds: some in the bushes, some in the high trees, others soaring as they sang, all gratulating earth and sky upon the birth of another bright day. The fairy net-work of sparkling dew was disappearing from the face of the ground as she stood thus, looking and listening; her senses were full of sweetness and of song, and her heart was not long of swelling with grateful, sympathetic rejoicing.

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After a shorter morning prayer than usual (merely because it was more completely a burst of the heart), she returned to the thoughts of the night before; and sitting down awhile, ere she rung for her maid to finish her dressing, began to consider attentively all that she had heard from Miss Trevanion.

During their interview, Miss Hungerford had just seen enough of her friend's developed character and painful situation, to make a shrewd guess at the remainder; and she almost dreaded that both would be too difficult for her experience to manage.

From the fragments of the Trevanion history then given her, she felt convinced that Sir Fulk was practised upon by some person interested in widening the breach between parent and child. Who that person might prove to be she scarcely presumed to whisper as yet to her own thoughts, since only the names of Dunbar Trevanion and the librarian had been often mentioned; but upon one person already her suspicion rested.

Further conversations on the subject, she concluded, would supply better lights; till then, her great task must be to awaken the dejected Aurelia Trevanion from her

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melancholy apathy to cheering objects, and abate in her as much as possible that unhappy aptitude to mistrust every promised sweetener of her lot, which had betrayed itself that night even towards her friend.

Miss Hungerford well knew, that in her happy time her poor friend had been distinguished for gentleness and kindness; therefore she attributed her present state of morbid susceptibility solely to an isolated condition, in which the workings of her vivid imagination were less and less controlled by herself, and wholly unknown to others. In this point of view, her very faults entitled her to deeper compassion; and of all existing beings, there was none to whom such an appeal could be made with surer success than to Eveleen Hungerford. She was all pity; —feeling more keenly the pains of others, because she had so many pleasures in her heart and at her hand.

It appeared to her, that with a disposition naturally prone to melancholy imaginations, feeble in spirit but strong in her affections, Miss Trevanion had been cooped up all her life by a destiny which rather tended to straiten than to enlarge her

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views. Habituated to have every action and thought dictated while a child (in consequence of Sir Fulk's kingly mode of governing his family), she was now obviously afraid of thinking for herself; yet feeling, often, in contradiction to early instilled prejudices, she suffered absolute misery from the conflict between herself and what she fancied right. It was evident that she deemed it an impiety for a child to see a fault in their parent: that not to adopt his enmities, his dogmas, his habits, was a sort of heresy; that duty, in short, commanded her to torture herself by remorse whenever she could not, or did not, act and feel as he did.

This disease of the mental eye appeared then to be one great cause of Miss Trevanion's misery, since it augmented her real evils by an addition of false ones. Any gratification which the unhappy victim could make to herself was, therefore, poisoned, if it were one her father distasted; and every worthy action she might perform, if it ran counter to any of his private resentments, would immediately after become an occasion of lamentation.

Miss Hungerford saw then, that unless

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she could unseal her eyes to the true scale of her duties, by elevating them steadily to the Father of all, whose will fulfilled, includes the fulfilment of every minor duty, no cure could be effected in her fate or in her character. The events of Aurelia Trevanion's fate, indeed, her friend knew she was not likely to influence, except by the moderate way of a little imperfect counsel; but it was enough for her to hope, that a few extra thorns might be plucked from under her feet, to give the ardent desire of following up such a task.

Eveleen Hungerford was neither qualified nor inclined to teach philosophy, nor to argue logically. She was ever but a persuader; and was herself no further informed, in most matters, than the best-educated young women of her day then were. But nature had given her a straightforward sense, which saw at a glance the end and the way of every subject: to this was added a courageous integrity, which rendered it impossible for her to enter upon any course which led through dishonour or duplicity. These happy dispositions were confirmed by a religious education; first under her mother; (a niece of the Bishop

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of Chichester), then at the protestant seminary in Holland; and lastly, by her great uncle himself, with whom she was a favourite, and to whom she paid frequent visits from the house of her guardian uncle, Lord Carraton. Each of her successive instructors had presented the same principles, with different degrees of ability, but always under the same attractive garb — cheerfulness and benevolence: and early habituated to love her Bible, without acquiring a taste for minute commentaries upon its doctrines, she grew up blessed with a sincere desire of practising what she knew. Such a friend was not likely, therefore, to teach Miss Trevanion any creed hostile to filial reverence in its fullest sense; she hoped only to deliver her from that yoke of filial superstition, which, placing a parent in the throne of God, had, like every other superstition, its false notions of right and wrong in practice.

Aurelia Trevanion's emotion having, naturally, been much greater than her friend's during their late interview, left her spirits or nerves in such an agitated state, that she slept not the whole night. The repetition of past feelings revived them in

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their original freshness; so that again and again she wept over the two points of time, in which she parted from her brother for Holland, and received a sorrowful letter thence. Her heart, enfeebled by solitary brooding over sad memories, and till now uncheered by one sympathizing equal, was as yet less capable of feeling pleasure than receiving pain; so that, without envying Eveleen Hungerford, or slightly regarding her generous friendship, Miss Trevanion allowed herself to dwell upon the contrast of their situations with pernicious tenacity. Hers was, indeed, a sick soul, not yet well aware where to seek and find its cure.

She arose from her customary act of devotion, paler than usual, unrefreshed, but little comforted; and bearing every mark of having passed a bad night, descended to make breakfast for her father and Mr. Becket.

Sir Fulk Trevanion's best feelings were always covered by that mask of ceremony, which he seemed to think a part of the state dress allotted to men of high descent; he, therefore, saluted his daughter with formality rather than fondness; pleasing her, however, the next moment by saying,

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that as the wind had changed, he would accompany her to church.

His indifferent attendance there (though plausibly grounded upon a notoriously careless preacher), had always pained Miss Trevanion, because it exposed him to the charge of privately preferring the communion of Rome. She evinced her joy upon the present occasion only by the involuntary sparkle of her eyes; her lips dared not utter any such expression. Mr. Becket, who since the accession of James II. had confessed himself a Roman Catholic, hemmed away a sort of sigh or sound of disapprobation, but gave no other sign of being interested in the subject.

Going to church was formerly one of the occasions upon which our ancestors thought it incumbent upon them to appear with all the appendages of their condition. Sir Fulk Trevanion's high square-topped carriage, with its weight of gilding, its four corners bearing the family crest in gold *alto relievo*, its six coal black horses with tails and manes flowing, was no sooner seen on the road, than every church-going peasant stepped aside, and stood with doffed hat and bent head.

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The knight was used to such homage, and knew the coin in which it was to be paid. As he drove along, a gracious inclination of the head from side to side gratified those who stood by the way; and when he entered between the respectful lines of landholders and labourers waiting him in the church-yard, a glance of particular notice recognised and pleased his own tenantry. There is much regality in personal beauty: Sir Fulk Trevanion bore marks of having been eminently handsome in his youth,—handsomer than his son. Time had yet only mixed a few grains of sparkling silver with the jet-black hair which he still wore after the graceful fashion of the cavaliers.

His forehead, though now of discoloured ivory, was high, and perfectly formed: if it wanted the nobler markings of widely-exercised intellect, the admirable eye-brows were susceptible of so much action from strong emotion, that the absence of a higher stamp was rarely noticed.

The rest of the knight's features were in harmony with this fine forehead; and a single touch of crimson remained upon his cheek, to show what its richness had been,

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ere corroding anxieties and proud sorrows faded it.

His appearance, thus uniting the dignified and the interesting, laid hold of the imagination, and kept up for him a lively feeling, both as a high, ill-used gentleman, and a suffering man: for the causes of his son's exile being left to public conjecture, most persons chose to attribute it to some wildness in the young heir when absent from home; and while admitting the many excuses for the young man which his peculiar circumstances offered, were this really the case, entered warmly into the distress of the father.

Miss Trevanion, with something of her father's stateliness, but far more softness, added a serious smile to her courtesies: her mind was busy with fancies, which their short drive had conjured up. Her father had forgotten or omitted asking her if she had acted upon his permission to see Miss Hungerford: his thoughts seemed otherwise occupied; yet not gloomily or dejectedly, as they were wont ever since her brother's exile, but fitfully, as it seemed to her, by the changes of his countenance, which seemed to denote a war of anxious

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hopes and fears within. She recollected that Sir Fulk had spoken with emphasis about the alteration of the wind: it might be merely because one particular point of the compass was adverse to his health, or it might be that he expected Arundell. The present wind blew fair for vessels from the Dutch coast! As she ascertained this, for a single moment Aurelia Trevanion's bosom was a confusion of joyful surprise, of hope, of expectation, almost amounting to certainty. Such is the effect of imagination, which can turn the very clouds we look upon into solid earth beneath our feet. Alas! alas! that we should ever trust to them! Her strangely bright vision was dispersed by one equally strange. She looked forward, and saw her father, who was in advance, exchanging civilities with a young lady, who, in hurrying back to set open the church-yard wicket, which she had heedlessly closed, was not time enough to escape without coming in contact with the very person about whom she was sedulous.

Eveleen Hungerford (for it was she) was all in a blush of agitation and apprehension; her trembling hand let the gate slip from it after all; but Sir Fulk Trevanion, without

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directly guessing at his obliger, saw the intention, and bowing with his best grace, allowed the young lady to retreat without further embarrassment.

His daughter's countenance gave him the first information. "Who was that?" he asked, in a quick, sharp voice. — "My friend —" — "Your friend!" interrupted Sir Fulk, a glance of his dark eye reproving the strong expression. — "I was going to say — I meant to have said Miss Hungerford," followed his timid daughter, her voice dying away with the last unwelcome name.

Her father was silent a moment or two, then, in a milder way, observed, "that the young gentlewoman had a complexion of roses, and he hoped it was the Lake blood that spoke in her face." With this observation the subject ended, as they were then close to the church; where a long discourse, delivered without emotion by the ill-respected minister, was listened to, with what benefit may be expected, by the knight and his daughter, in their closely curtained pew, above that of the Hungerfords.

The service ended, they re-entered their pompous vehicle, and drove home almost in

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silence; Aurelia inwardly wondering what it boded, and whether that morning's incident were to fix or to destroy her happy intercourse with her dear neighbour.

The remaining hours of that day afforded her no solution to this often repeated question of her anxious mind: but as Sir Fulk, though often plunged in long fits of abstraction, talked more and cheerfuller than usual, his daughter's hopes revived; and a few vague ideas of coming comfort, connected with her brother's image, threw a sort of sunniness over her own looks and manner, long unknown to both.

These feelings ensured her sweet sleep and pleasing dreams; so that she arose in her happiest mood, when the early hour arrived at which she was accustomed to leave her bed, and begin her appointed duties.

It was the fashion in those days, for the wives and daughters of the highest gentry to take an active share in household concerns. The pantry, the confectionery, the still-room (a place so called from being set apart for the purpose of distilling scented and cordial waters), were each visited in turn by the fair mistress; thus giving her

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useful employment for several hours, and rendering her the centre of all those little elegancies and comforts which grace a well-ordered and hospitable board.

This custom did not tend to abate any of the due distance between servants and their mistresses; because, at that period, their mutual relations were better taught, and better preserved, than in our days of freer notions and colder intercourse. Thus even Aurelia Trevanion could pass from her father's noble hall to the pantry room without lessening her inward or outward dignity; occupying herself in the mystery of cake and comfit-making; in carefully overlooking the state of preserves, pickles, and sweetmeats; and in trying experiments with the still, upon flowers or herbs hitherto neglected.

She was attended there by one or two young girls destined to serve afterwards in the housekeeper's department in other families: they were carefully brought up in habits of activity, observation, and obedience; and thus useful and contented members were educated, for the good of the general community, by public spirited individuals.

These young girls waited upon their

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youthful mistress with the alacrity of willing service; for to her tuition they were indebted for the valuable art of writing a letter to their parents, and a book of approved recipes.

The task of teaching by example was rarely performed in ungracious silence by the higher party in these primitive times: if she were of graver years, her discourse, when not upon the immediate business of their mutual co-operation, was required advice, seasoned with due encouragement, and modified to the listener's character. If the noble housekeeper were young, she hearkened in her turn to the instructions, or the traditionary tales repeated by some time-privileged domestic.

Moral and religious instruction did not, therefore, form an essential part of this daily intercourse between the mistress and her female servants; but it got incorporated with it, in proportion as the mistress had or had not a tender interest in the true welfare of her dependants. At the best, then, such tuition was a feeble thing when compared with the regular and conscientious teaching bestowed upon the lower classes in our own day; and it certainly exposed the

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young daughters of great houses, to the contagion of many a superstition, and many a vulgar prejudice. Yet was it the "shadow of good things to come;" of clearer views and steadier devotion to the great objects of existence, — of a devotion, which we may venture to call present, by which Christians and mere philanthropists begin to see and to acknowledge, that their prime vocation here, is to emancipate the ethereal spirit from the shackles of sense, rather than to administer too curiously to its coarser link with earth.

It must be owned that, during her initiation into the secrets of housewifery, Aurelia Trevanion had acquired a perfect acquaintance with all the superstitions of her native country. She had once believed in the existence of the domestic fairies, known in Cornwall under the appellation of piskays; and could scarcely now be said to disbelieve in that of the good spirit Browny, the description of whose sweet, sad face and mournful voice, though coupled with the form of a shaggy bear, had fascinated her childish fancy in days past.

That one so impressible, and so desolate as she had long been, should become a firm

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believer in apparitions is not to be wondered at; ghosts, omens, dreams, and warning sounds, were all admitted into her creed of prababilities: so that, for her, objects of alarm and causes of pain were multiplied; thus crowding her life with more evils, and deepening the very humour of melancholy by which they were engendered.

On the present occasion, however, this superstitious feeling was turned to the account of pleasure: she had a dream to hear from the old housekeeper, and one to relate of her own, which the last night's happier mood had prompted; and as both were susceptible of flattering interpretations, for once she yielded to the presage.

Sir Fulk Trevanion had long since forbidden the subject of his private differences with his son from being canvassed by his family; neither the respectful domestic, therefore, nor the submissive daughter, ventured upon that forbidden ground; nay, rarely did they indulge in speaking at all of Arundell; yet, by some means they never failed to understand each other when either of them alluded in heart to the banished son; and often did a soft tear on the cheek of good Mrs. Pendarves show

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how well she interpreted the stifled sigh of her young mistress.

On the present morning Miss Trevanion, in cheerfuller mood than usual, made due enquiries about such of the servants as were sick; enquired into domestic changes or grievances; then looked at and set aside the different articles of provision which were weekly distributed to the poor; apportioning each to the size of the distressed families.

This weekly distribution consisted less now of fragments from the great table, than when that table was furnished with a magnificent profusion, in harmony with all the rest of Treverderet: it consisted principally of bread, meat, and nourishing liquids; making up by quality for diminished quantity. The kind hand which made a duty of dispensing the different portions, gave an additional value to each.

This remnant of popish times must ever be looked back upon, with reverence and respect: it kept real commiseration for the poor, alive in the hearts of the rich, by taking them actually to look on the squalid faces of want and penury; and it taught the beggar to feel gratitude's best warmth

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— the glow of thankfulness for sympathy, even more than for relief. Let us then be careful to "give honour where honour is due;" and while zealous in maintaining the superior scripturalness of our own church, and its surer anchorage for every good feeling, let us not deny to another, however unstable her ground of Christian hope, the glory of incorporating with all her religious establishments and instructions, the duty and the delight of ministering to human suffering.

Miss Trevanion busied herself longer this morning than she was wont, with these useful yet homely avocations, because her spirit was fresher, and a message from her father had early announced that he would breakfast in his private room. Whenever he did so, it either argued much letter-reading before that meal, or a touch of indisposition; and Mr. Becket, therefore, never intruded. Rather attributing the present arrangement to employment than to illness, and fondly buoyed up by previous fancies and her last night's dreams, Miss Trevanion went with a lighter step and brighter look than usual to the little breakfast room. Sir Fulk Trevanion, who was walking up

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and down, holding an open letter in his hand, stopped for a moment on his daughter's entrance, and after sternly regarding her (it must be owned, too, as though he knew not what he looked on), resumed his agitated traverse of the floor.

His daughter's pale cheek became even paler, for the glance was appalling; and, conscious of no possible cause of anger from him than what her renewed acquaintance with Miss Hungerford might furnish, she feared the letter he held contained some reference to that, and she faltered out an enquiry of, whether she was so unfortunate as to have displeased him in any thing?

The knight attempted to answer, but the inward agitation he was contending against, upon a different subject, palsied him, and he turned away; only indicating by a movement, that she was not the object of his displeasure. Miss Trevanion remained standing in respectful silence for some time, while her father continued warring with himself and his now assumed character of stately indignation. At length she ventured to ask, if she should make breakfast. A startling negative silenced her again. Sir Fulk, no longer able to

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communicate what he had to say, after the dignified fashion he would have imposed upon himself, added immediately, "You have always been a partisan of your brother's,—now what may you say for him? The letter I hold in my hand contains a refusal of my proposal for him to return to Treverderet."

"From Arundell! O, thank ——" Miss Trevanion checked her artless joy: "he refuses to come back to Treverderet?"

"You may well be incredulous," sternly resumed the knight, seeing her sad amazement. "Fool that I was, to expose my dignity as a parent to such insult! never shall your cousin urge me again to such degradation. Dunbar abuses my liking for him, by recommending such undue acts of clemency."

Miss Trevanion, conceiving that some kind project of her kinsman's had miscarried, inwardly blest his purpose, while lamenting his want of ability to conduct aught to a happy issue. She had neither voice nor will to utter her thoughts.

"It is now come to an end!" resumed Sir Fulk, in a less perturbed, but infinitely more fearful, tone than at first; "I have no longer a son."

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"My father! O! what mean you?"

"This letter!" exclaimed the knight, violently striking it as he spoke—"his own hand has cut him off! This letter! this letter!"

"Alas! what has he done now?" Miss Trevanion asked in a voice of agony, raising her tearless eyes and clasped hands at the darkened face of her father.

Sir Fulk, unmindful of her attitude as of her question, resumed his walk up and down the room. He did not mean to be cruel, but, all absorbed by his own sharp pangs, forgot those of another. Aurelia Trevanion's heart was literally dying within her: she attempted to speak again, but the effort was vain.

The knight suddenly stopped in his irregular walk. "What do you know," he asked, "of your brother's life abroad?—Since obedience and respect for parents is out of fashion, even my shade-bred daughter may have thought herself entitled to do as she pleased, and so hold correspondence with the brother whom her father had justly exiled."

There is a bitterness of irony to which no other mode of expressing strong resent-

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ment is comparable for force and fearfulness: her father's tone made every drop of blood forsake the face of his daughter; yet she raised her mournful eyes once more to his denouncing look, and replied with some portion of his own pride, —

"Never, Sir! I have had but one letter from him since he had the misfortune to fall under your heavy displeasure; one letter, to say farewell. I have it here (putting her trembling hand into the bosom of her gown); you will see when it was written, and do us both justice."

The last words were broken and convulsed, and so deeply did they move the parent to whom the mild reproach was given, that had nature not been fettered in him by long and baneful habit, he would have taken her to his arms, and at least wept with her over what he deemed his son's apostacy; as it was, he took the letter she gave, in resolute silence. The mere appearance of the paper testified to the fact of its being a solitary thing of the kind.

"I believe you are a dutiful child: it was to keep you so, that I forbade all correspondence with your brother," Sir Fulk at length slowly uttered. "Have I not

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shown my love and trust in you, Aura, by consenting to your civilities to your school friend? When I saw her face yesterday, I half repented of my easiness; but no mischief can follow now."

Miss Trevanion's confused application of this last sentence to her own private wishes were but of an instant's continuance. No sooner did she see the letter unfolded, than fear seized her, lest any part of it should inflame the quarrel between her father and brother. Every line of the letter's contents fled frightfully from her memory; and fancying them, she knew not what of careless or irritating, she hastily laid her hand upon her father's arm, exclaiming, "O, dear Sir! if aught there offend you, I shall never forgive myself for——O, miserable creature that I am, when I would die for you or Arundell!"

The poor girl sank from her chair while speaking, as if to implore pity for herself, and to deprecate his anger at her brother. Sir Fulk Trevanion, more accessible at that moment to suspicion of wrong, than to better feelings, hurriedly bade her compose herself, since nothing now could increase his just resentment at his son's conduct.

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He then returned to the perusal of the letter. As the father read, his varying countenance showed, as in a glass, the varying passions of his soul. Revived tenderness, irritation, regret, indignation, and sorrow, successively appeared there; but the kindlier passions predominated, and turning away to conceal the big tears which some fond, familiar phrase had started, he gave the letter back to its trembling owner.

A sister, less broken in spirit than poor Aurelia Trevanion, or one perhaps originally of a firmer mould, would have seized this favourable moment for pressing the cause of her absent brother; if but as an erring son, whose early duty had given proof of that deep affection which might still be drawn from him: but, habitually awed or agitated in her father's presence, so as neither to see nor understand clearly, and long resigned to hopelessness, she was too much occupied with relief from her last fear, to observe that the present was a fit time for urging upon Sir Fulk the danger of driving even a misguided son into desperate recklessness.

The knight was, indeed, open for a while to whatever an advocate for his son could

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have pleaded in his behalf. He was surprised at the generous tone of a letter, evidently meant only for a loving sister's eye; and in spite of the irritation excited by its asserting the writer's freedom from fault in the matter at issue between them, was deeply affected by its genuine strokes of filial affection and duty.

But this good feeling, left unassisted, was not powerful enough of itself to triumph over what the disappointed father deemed an opposite evidence in a later letter; and as it totally extinguished ere his daughter could recover articulation after a second burst of tears, he exclaimed, —

"You might well dread the effect of such a composition as that! Your brother makes a show of honouring me with his lips, while his heart is far from me. Can there be a greater affront offered to a man and gentleman than to say he is a dupe? And does not Arundell tell you I am practised upon, — played off like a puppet by some creeping knave? And who meaneth he for this master spirit of Fulk Trevanion? — his librarian, — his mere writing machine, — poor Becket!"

"My brother is mistaken, and so wrongs him —"

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"Wrongs him?—wrongs me!" interrupted her father, sternly. "It is my understanding which is insulted, when Arundell supposes me the dupe of my own servant. But the affront is yet more gross. Arundell dares to suspect, in the very face of my assertion to the contrary, that Becket tampers with me on the subject of religion. Reads he then his father's character by his own?" (Here Sir Fulk's voice rose into passion.) "What was the fruit of his unmeet association with that puritan boy at Bossiney, but a fancy for meddling with matters out of his province, begetting a hot-brained zeal for our church, which such crafty heads and ambitious hearts as Argyll's and Monmouth's have known how to make the most of!"

"Ah, dear sir," pleaded the timid daughter, "well might one so young and inexperienced as my brother be deceived by older men, bearing such high characters and stations as the earl and his grace. You know the first was thought nobly of by good men even after he fled to Holland; and the Duke of Monmouth is said to be the most engaging man on earth:—When Arundell comes to be undeceived

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about them, be assured he will break off from them."

"Break off from them!" repeated the knight in a loud, decisive voice, "What! he submits to be disgraced by one of them, and now refuses to earn my forgiveness of all past things, by coming to pay his duty to our new king at the coronation!"

The conversation was now come round to the point from which it had started, and to which all Miss Trevanion's thoughts were tending throughout their conference. She clasped her hands more strongly together, ejaculating, —

"O how good, — how gracious of you, dearest father! Dare I ask where my brother is, and why he refuses? Oh, if I might but write to him, and urge your gracious offer?"

Sir Fulk Trevanion's fine features brightened for an instant, then immediately englooming, he said haughtily, —

"No more of that, — I would not owe my son's obedience to a daughter's agency. His place is at the coronation; and that unfilled by him, forfeits another of our family honours. The king may see his face again, — I never will!"

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"My father! — my father!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, sinking in reality at his feet, and holding up her hands in entreaty for her brother.

A confusion of recollections rushed over her brain; — tales, told in her infancy, of coronation ceremonials, and privileges belonging to the Trevanions, which she concluded were about to be forfeited by the wilfulness of their descendant. She dared not utter her fears, but remained looking up at her father, whose face bore witness to his inward storm.

"Yes, Aura," he said, mechanically raising and re-seating her, "you know that it is the right of a Trevanion to receive a silver spur from the king at a coronation: the elder son of the family alone possesses that right. When the death of our last sovereign brought this important subject before me, I may not tell you what was my anguish and mortification. My only son was an alien, virtually outlawed by the uneffaced stain left on his honour; his known hostility to that mode of worship which our new king has been suspected of favouring, made it madness to think of retaining this precious

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distinction. What I purposed or planned, in consequence, imports not you to know. Imagine my surprise and gratification, therefore, when unsolicited, unhoped for, I received a gracious message from the king, intimating that the heir of Treverderet would have all his privileges allowed at the ensuing coronation, and find every past offence forgotten; nay, be so countenanced there, as to efface the current scandal against his name, provided only that he chose to appear there and comport himself after the loyal fashion of the Trevanions from whom he is descended.

"This magnanimous intimation I transmitted to your brother, together with an offer of my own full, free pardon upon the same conditions; offering also to receive his majesty's favour to him as an acquittal of the scandal in question.

"My answer was, this contumacious letter!"

Miss Trevanion stretched out her hand to receive the paper he extended, but withholding it, and drawing back a little, he once more began: —

"It is time that I should justify my past and future conduct to your under-

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standing, Aura, since you are now of years to comprehend, as far as women may, the right and wrong of such matters. Hearken attentively to me.—Your brother's offences have been manifold, and deliberately committed. His rash conduct in the escape of Argyll, whether cheated or not cheated in that business, I will not dwell upon; had he returned with a satisfactory explanation of what spotted the thing with disgrace, it had been well; — but instead of that, he put me off with the artifices that had cajoled him; and blinded, or willing to be blind, followed this up, by asking my sanction for an act which I would not sanction, both because it was derogatory to the dignity of a Trevanion, and because he had deceived me concerning it. I then gave him his option, to choose between the friend to whom he had presumptuously pledged himself, and the father that had nurtured him: — he chose the former, and voluntarily became the alien that he is.

"Thus we stood when your cousin Dunbar brought us the news of his present majesty's accession: my natural grief burst out, I do confess, before him; for who could contain, at thought of what an ungrateful

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son was blasting? What further passed between us, heeds not now; suffice it, that he, who might have benefited by my anger (had the warm-hearted fool had but wit enough), urged me to forbear awhile: he talked me over, leaving me bound not to stir in the matter till I should hear from him. His letter from the court, on his return, contained the royal message: that, and the message, pointed but to one end; I weakly yielded. I wrote to your brother."

"You knew then always where he was!" Miss Trevanion said unguardedly.

Sir Fulk coldly replied, it would have been strange had he not retained some channel of communication with his son, in case of need. "I was directed by him from the first to address him through a certain foreign banker, into whose hands, by the way, the income he once freely mixed with his father's (and that diminished for honour's sake) is regularly paid."

Miss Trevanion answered her father's proud look with a submissive sigh; her eyes remained fixed on the ground.

Sir Fulk resumed, and as he did so, his eyes were glazed with sudden tears.—"I

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had suffered myself to hope all that Dunbar vehemently made sure of from Arundell after three years of exile. I thought foolish things — unworthy of my character as a justly-offended parent: I am fitly served for such fond dotage. Now, read this letter, and tell me if I am not acquitted of hardness to an only son."

Miss Trevanion took the paper with a tremulous hand, and read as well as her dim sight would let her, for agitation partly blinded her, a letter which, to her alarmed and now breaking heart, seemed any thing but contumacious. It began with the most ardent and affecting expressions of gratitude for the gracious return of Sir Fulk Trevanion's parental feelings, followed by a generous though general avowal of having many things to solicit pardon for on his knees from his father, and of his own passionate wish to show duty and affection where so eminently due. But, reverting to his riper age, and consequent responsibility in all matters of conscience, he proceeded to state his reasons for declining, however sorrowingly, the offered grace of the new king.

The young man humbly besought Sir

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Fulk to remember, that this very prince, during the lifetime of his late brother, had openly professed himself a member of the church of Rome, and had won over his first duchess to the same faith. That he should now, at the beginning of his reign, affect an impartial regard for his subjects, and seek to win the best and greatest gentlemen in his realm over to his party by honouring concessions (as in the present offered grace to Sir Fulk Trevanion), must be considered, probably, as a part of that system of artifice commended by the zealots of his religion.

"Were the heir of Treverderet," he said, "to accept such a favour at the king's hands, as that of his majesty's publicly standing forth to shield him from calumnious insinuations, how could the obliged person afterwards resist any encroachment upon national law when he might be restored to his happiness as a son and his rights as a subject? Nay, how could that favoured man consider himself washed clean of dishonour, since his majesty must remain in ignorance of the circumstances which cleared Arundell to his own heart; therefore could not worthily

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pledge his royal word for the honour of him he protected?"

Thoroughly convinced of the present monarch's hearty adherence to the religion for which he had early professed bigotted attachment, Mr. Trevanion said, he believed it the paramount duty of every protestant Englishman to keep himself unbound by oaths of allegiance which he might soon be forced to break.

James, indeed, might see the policy, or yield to the necessity of leaving the Established Church undisturbed; consenting to give such guarantees for its security as might authorize the most conscientious man in swearing fealty to him. But until this were done, till the reigning monarch's purpose might be judged of by his acts, Arundell refused to receive any grace at his hand. All he solicited now, was his father's pardon for his private offences; his father's gracious reliance upon his word, that he would clear himself one day to all men's satisfaction; and his father's assurance, that he would, in such case, receive him again as a son.

"Do me not the wrong," he said, "to believe that I think all professors of the

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Romish faith unchristian in practice: history, and our own experience, would put me to shame, were I to hold so impious an opinion. Yet, will I maintain, that the Excellent of that persuasion, owe their love and charity, to free grace; not to mitred teachers. The principle of their religion is persecuting, must be persecuting, since its creed excludes every one from salvation who dissents from it: the best Roman Catholic, therefore, must, of necessity, be the most intolerant neighbour, and the hottest persecutor. Men of other beliefs are devils in their eyes. If they would save many souls, they think they ought to sacrifice several bodies: hence came our Smithfields and inquisitions.

"Would to God," the writer concluded, "that you could be for a while where I am, witnessing the iniquities practising in the sacred name of religion! Children stolen from their parents; aged saints hurried to prison for imaginary crimes, upon the testimony of suborned witnesses; properties drained by fines, exacted for permission to worship God unmolested; contributions to pay the soldiery oppressing them, raised upon the poor peasants' ruined fields; and

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all this, in breach of a solemn covenant between a Roman Catholic prince and his Protestant subjects.

"Oh, my father, my honoured father! I do beseech you ponder on these things. Look well to your own steps in this crisis of our country! Should you live to see such horrors let loose over her quiet land, as within men's memories have desolated Piedmont and the Low Countries, how would your kindly and noble heart abide the self-upbraiding which must follow? How could you answer it to the memory of those Trevanions, who poured out their blood like water upon the scaffold, and at the stake, in the days of our persecutions?

"I see already a fearful cloud hanging over the country in which I am: it will burst soon, in a storm of fire and blood; but I have cast in my lot with its people, and I will abide the issue.

"Thank God, I am not yet called upon to shed blood upon English ground; but here, if needful, I will risk doing so; and whether I live to witness the triumph of these unoffending Christians over their perfidious rulers, or to fall in aiding them, I shall live, or die, believing that here I am in the path of my duty as a Christian man.

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"Be assured, honoured Sir, that whilst I strive to fulfil one great duty, I am not mindless of that next to it in authority and dearness: I mean, my humble duty to your respected person. I call heaven to witness, that I enter upon no new course without thinking how far you would approve it. That you would rather hear of your truant son as fighting in aid of that suffering church in which you brought him up, than living idly abroad, I presume to believe: living or dying, then, he will always have Treverderet at his heart.

"I will not repeat here aught of what did so grievously offend you, Sir, in my former letters, nor intrude upon you my later history; only thus much I presume to say, that whenever I return to my country, it will be to restore myself to all my privileges, and to my place there as a true man and unblemished gentleman. What I may have to crave forgiveness for as a son, I leave till that blessed period; humbly trusting, that, if it ever arrive, my father will deal mercifully with one, ready to confess his faults upon his knees and from his heart."

It was nearly evident, from one or two passages, that Arundell Trevanion was at

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that period in the Cevennes, amongst those unhappy people whom the rumoured revocation of the edict of Nantes was driving to despair, and threatening to plunge in a frightful war of self-defence. His sister, overwhelmed at once with a conviction of his danger, and with joy at finding he did not deserve the harsh epithets bestowed upon him by her father, melted into tears of a far different character from that she had shed before; and, ere she was aware, had pressed the letter to her lips.

Sir Fulk Trevanion's eyes flashed over her.

"What! you exonerate your brother!"

"Alas! I love him!" exclaimed his daughter, in a voice that might have disarmed the wrath of an inquisitor. "We may love, and blame too."

The knight was some moments silent; then in a voice somewhat hoarsened by struggling feelings, he said hurriedly,—"A father may not well brook this excessive tenderness to one who sets him at defiance."

"Oh, Sir!" exclaimed his daughter, losing her awe of him in passionate sorrow, "you may not say that of this letter!—

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Arundell laments in it, that he cannot, with a clear conscience, as he thinks, do what you and the king require."

"Is it for a son to put his judgment in competition with the authority and wishes of an only parent?" repeated Sir Fulk. "I am the person responsible to our country for future consequences: he should at least leave it to my option, to weigh those possible consequences against the priceless gratification of publicly retaking my place, in the person of my son, above that of any other knight, even the inheritor of Chastel Scawen.

"At the coronation of James II., there would have been but one knight of the white spur — of earls, and barons, and baronets, a crowd — a rabble crowd; since regicides and loyal boors have been allowed to rush in and scramble for coronets: — but that triumph is wrested from me; the heir of the Treverderet Trevanions, a descendant of the great Arundells, is a willing outlaw, a Quixote of rebels and visionaries in a foreign land: most likely — but I will not madden myself with imagining more."

Whatever was the vision which had followed the utterance of that "most likely,"

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Aurelia Trevanion guessed that it was abhorrent to her father's fancy; for he broke off with a look so stern and threatening, that it seemed meant to awe even himself into fixedness against his son. She had not courage to question further.

"You talk to me of your brother's love and reverence," Sir Fulk abruptly resumed. "Mockery! he knows that I live but in family honours: one limb of our sacred tree was lopped off, foully lopped, by the decision which branded us with illegitimacy. The next heavy blow was when Arundell submitted to the cajolery of a man whose practices have involved both his loyalty and reputation. And now comes the stroke which cuts us down to the root. Our place at the coronation was the last stronghold of the Trevanions. Arundell has lost the only opportunity his life will ever afford of gratifying his father."

"O! let me write to my brother," cried the eager, distracted sister.

"Not for your life!" fiercely exclaimed Sir Fulk, for his own words inflamed him. —"Hitherto I did not bid you forget him: now, I charge you, do so. Never name him in my presence; and beware how you

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open any communication with him; he will inspire you with his fanatic spirit. I shall have my peace troubled by your suspicions that I am in danger of being perverted from the faith I was taught. — A boy! a girl! presume to think thus lightly of their father's principles! — Leave me: — I stomach no breakfast now: — retire to your room, and meditate upon what I have told you. Bear in mind that from this hour I have no longer a son; and as your brother spurns the offered grace of his majesty, Treverderet is without an heir; be prepared, therefore, for changes you may not like."

Sir Fulk Trevanion opened the door as he spoke, leaving his panic-struck daughter unable, for many minutes, to move from the apartment.

She, too, could brook no breakfast; and retiring to her solitary sitting chamber, gave way there to the repressed anguish of her heart.

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CHAP. V.

THUS had ended those superstitious presages of good, in which Miss Trevanion had been indulging only one short hour before! How the recollection humbled and desolated her! — To her distressed mind, it seemed as though the continuance of such fond credulity as that which had just cheated her into momentary happiness, was to be denied to her dark destiny; thicker and blacker clouds were now drawn over it; perhaps never to clear away!

For a long time she wept only the cruel sentence which divorced her from her brother, and doomed him to perpetual exile; but afterwards, as she gratefully remembered her father's assurance that Arundell's little income was given back to him — divided feelings began to harass her feeble spirit, and she tried to retrace by memory all she had been listening to, that she might not hastily incline wholly to the side of the greatest sufferer.

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For the first time in her life, even this idolatrous sister thought her brother to blame. Her own share of the family pride caused this sudden judgment; and thus added bitterness to the grief she felt for him.

She recollected all that Arundell had told her during one of her school holidays at home, when the serious illness of Charles II. had brought the subject of a coronation into discussion: she remembered the glow on his cheek, as he related to her the little history of their connection with that imposing pageant; for, at that period, his imagination and his memory, alike awakened by the anticipation of a ceremony which would combine his own personal distinction with the exhibition of majesty, were vivid in their pictures.

The youth's early worship of the days of chivalry, and his large reading amongst their romantic chroniclers, furnished ample materials; and, at that period, he had fairly fascinated the fancy of his young sister, by describing the grand coup d'œil which the throne would form, gathered round by all the great and noble in the land, pledging

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themselves to the defence of their sovereign's rights.

Such frank devotion of themselves to a monarch swearing obedience also to the laws (his only superior), even Arundell's loftier creed of patriotism doubted not might well be sworn to, by the descendants of those intrepid men who met at Runnymede.

"The genuine champions of liberty," he had then said, with boyish enthusiasm and dogmatism, "are those who maintain the rights of the titled few, with as holy a care as they boldly assert those of the untitled many."

Miss Trevanion's imperfectly-exercised mind did not permit her to discover, that her brother's after and present conduct squared with this early creed: she saw only the obvious difference between his past feelings and his present actions; and wondered, therefore, how he, who had confessed his joy at the prospect of for once passing before the rival of his father in a public dignity, could voluntarily yield up such a privilege for the sake of a doubtful opinion.

Even to Aurelia Trevanion the name of Lord Carraton, coupled with a struggle for honour, was an actual war-trumpet. She

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knew that the peer, in virtue of his peerage and his place, would have a brilliant part to play in the ceremonial; but several of equal rank and similar office would dispute the honour with him. Her brother alone would have had no rival; and would besides have had the great peer employed, for a few moments, by a certain routine of duties, in his especial service.

During the Lancastrian wars, an ancestor of the Trevanions, then one of those esquires called White Spurs, had obtained, as a reward for gallantly defending his sovereign in a moment of military surprise, the privilege of sending the heir of his estate to claim, at the hands of each successive monarch, the right of succession to an honour, otherwise conferred only for the services of the individual aspirant.

The testimonials of this singular privilege, were happily still in Sir Fulk Trevanion's possession, established by the annals of successive generations, therefore beyond the possibility of doubt from the most scrupulous herald. The claimant was entitled, by them, to present himself immediately after the king was crowned, and on one knee wait for decoration with the silver

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collar and spur of the now obsolete order; after which he rose up a knight by title and dignity.

The fancy of a fond sister yet clung to the picture she had formerly shaped to herself, of the *loved* brother (therefore always the *handsome* brother) kneeling with proud humility before the whole assembly of nobles, who were to witness the first act of royalty exercised on his person.

She now remembered every minute thing which had been said about the fashion and cost of his habit, and those of his gentlemen grooms; nay, even her father's hasty admonition was present to her.

"See," Sir Fulk had said, "that your demeanour graceth the honour you inherit! I charge you, Arundell, by your blood and breeding, let no man pass before you in graciousness, sweetening dignity! Seek not to envenom the deadly wound you must give Lord Carraton, when he shall see you standing in a place which only a Trevanion of Treverderet may fill: but no attendance on the pompous vanities of his house. I would not that a son of mine, should owe even the amusement of a song, to a Hungerford."

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"I would not, Sir, though it were a house full of syrens!"

So promptly, so proudly, so presumptuously had young Trevanion answered.

As his sister recalled this hasty assurance, she trembled lest she might have culpably departed from her bounden duty of submitting to a parent's wishes. The fear of doing wrong by seeing Eveleen Hungerford, though with Sir Fulk's consent, hurried her thoughts awhile from their direct object; but quickly returning thither, she gave herself up anew to passionate and increasing lamentation.

It was too evident that the afflicted sister could do nothing to restore the family peace. She was left in a chaos of doubts and fears that never might be cleared away. Whether her brother were solitary, or amongst old or new friends, nothing helped her to determine. Little as she was accustomed to extend her views, from the character or principles of a person to the sure consequences of those principles, it was impossible for her not to perceive, that unless her father could be brought to think more of religion as connected with national safety,

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or her brother less, there could be no lasting reunion between them.

In her heart she believed Arundell's sentiments were equally patriotic and loyal, such as a few good old books had taught her, merited the esteem of virtuous men of every denomination: but she tried to justify her parent, by supposing that her brother exaggerated the danger of having a prince of a persecuting character upon the throne; and that, at any rate, during the lifetime of his father, the presumptive heir ought to consider himself merely a cipher in public concerns.

Fain would she have imagined him rather misinformed and misled, than rightly foreseeing the course of the new monarch. Aware that the Duke of Monmouth had quitted Holland on the death of Charles II. (it was rumoured for Brussels), she began to fear that Arundell might be united with him in some rash adventure of befriending the French protestants. It was more than possible that the disappointed Monmouth, hearing of his rival's quiet accession to the crown of England, might have projected such an enterprise, to display his zeal and bravery in a cause dear to his own country-

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men, therefore calculated to obtain their favour for its champion.

Much in the public character of Monmouth was, Miss Trevanion knew, worthy of high esteem; but the scandal of his private life, the long-acknowledged tie between him and Lady Harriet Wentworth, utterly destroyed, in the minds of right-thinking men, his pretensions to a real interest in the truths of that religion for which he exerted himself so ably, and as he, perhaps, thought himself, sincerely. What, indeed, could redeem the guilt of an avowed attachment between two married persons, defended too by wretched sophistry from both? What could redeem such guilt in the eyes of pure, well-nurtured youth? No show of public spirit, — not even the blaze of military glory; nay more, not even the natural sweetness and humanity displayed by the duke in his Scottish victories. Arundell Trevanion had owned, when the subject was once canvassed at Treverderet, that although he disbelieved the actual criminality attributed then to the misguided pair by rumour alone, even their mutual devotedness of heart, wilfully encouraged, was sufficiently blameworthy

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to merit the odium of a darker suspicion: from that time, in fact, he had restrained his affection towards Monmouth.

Could Arundell, then, be again in companionship with this condemned but too amiable man! and, if he were so infatuated or duped, might not the duke's influence and misstatements be the reason why all that Providence had kindly put into the heart of her father, for their family peace, had just been frustrated? — Miss Trevanion could not pursue the subject further. She had not courage to look deep into it: — whilst, on the other hand, she feared to rest her thoughts upon her brother's perilous situation amongst the people of the Cevennes. She did not speculate upon the displeasure from the new monarch to which such unnecessary services given to foreign protestants must expose him; but she felt a horror, that having thus forfeited the right of appealing to his own king, should he fall by the chance of war into the hands of another, as a volunteer stranger he would be severely dealt with.

The concluding words of her father were the last considered; yet had they haunted

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her throughout all her previous reflections: there was much to alarm and perplex in their import, since she could only construe them into a threat of marrying again.

What we have never had reason to contemplate as probable rarely seems even possible to us, when it is first thrust upon our attention: Aurelia Trevanion could not credit the evidence of her common apprehension. Her father, after so many years of widowhood, marry again! her father, who could not even now bear the mention of his early-lost and deeply-lamented wife! he, — take a new bride! — some stranger to his bosom, and so alienate himself from the offspring of his first love! Resentment and pride were then stronger than all memories and all existing affections! One imprudent denial would ruin Arundell for ever, and most likely imbitter her remaining years at home.

By the law of the Trevanion estates she knew that they were capable of alienation, even from the heir presumptive: it had been one of the family boasts, that such privilege had never been either abused or used since it was granted.

Miss Trevanion stood aghast while con-

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sidering these things: — on all sides she saw herself surrounded by dangers. Helpless and unhelped! she then called herself; for she was not sufficiently in the habit of making a heavenly guardian present with her, to find that succour from religion which it fully and freely offers.

Perhaps she was always a little afraid of following her offending brother too far, in a principle which her father did not exalt above his own cherished pursuits. Often, indeed, had she checked inclination, when, in moments of utter desolation, the bleeding heart instinctively turned to seek where healing might be found; and the extinguishing spirit groaned for the rekindling promises and sure consolations of divine Scripture.

On the present occasion, the first cheering image which visited her thoughts was that of Eveleen Hungerford: she repented having appointed a distant evening for their second meeting, longing as she did to pour out her feelings, and to receive counsel, if not comfort, from one so well qualified to offer both.

Never seemed day more lengthy or so dismal as this at Treverderet, where yet

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the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the trees looked green as usual. Sir Fulk Trevanion, as was wont with him when uncontrollably discomposed, kept secluded, neither appearing at the family meals nor requiring the service of Mr. Becket. The latter was Sir Fulk's only companion at table, when the hour of noon called Aura to do the honours of dinner, and if his state of mind might be judged of from his aspect, had never enjoyed calmer spirits. It seemed monstrous to suppose him, therefore, in the secret of his patron's present grief; and if he were not, was it likely that he should always hitherto have been admitted to so much of Sir Fulk's confidence as could have given opportunities of doing ill offices to Arundell!

Aurelia Trevanion felt how ill she was qualified, either by nature or experience, to penetrate the disguises of men.

The weary noon and afternoon at last wore out: evening succeeded, — soft, still evening, — as balmy as though breath of angels rested upon every leaf and blade of grass. The sad sister, who seemed as if she might not even weep unreservedly within the same house with her irritated

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father, then stole forth, with the intent of going to her favourite haunt, the Lady's Chapel; but, either sympathy or hope led her towards the terrace, and thither she slowly bent her steps, not by the circuitous way, but directly across the home park. Almost immediately after reaching it, what was her joy when she heard a slight rustling among the shrubs on the Rohesia side, as if some one were flying through them, — the next moment Miss Hungerford was before her!

"I had mounted to the top of our Belvidere," she said, "to look over Treverderet, when I espied your white gown; so here I am, in spite of prudence and Sir Fulk."

"O, never could you be more welcome!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, folding her in her arms. "Eveleen, dear Eveleen, ours is a doomed family."

Miss Hungerford's inquiries were rapid and sympathizing. "What new distress? dear, dear, Aura! tell me, pray tell me."

The energy of anguish with which her friend had but just spoken, all at once gave place to utter despondency — that fatal feeling, which puts a seal upon relieving confi-

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dence, by making sufferers believe that there is no relief for them. She turned away, yielding to a paroxysm of bitter weeping.

Eveleen Hungerford's tender pity was not to be wearied out, either by transient feebleness or querulousness in its objects; she gently pressed the hand that seemed willing to forsake hers, beseeching her to cheer a heart that truly loved her, by saying that its sympathy was not contemned.

This appeal was not to be resisted; and Miss Trevanion suffered her head to fall upon her friend's shoulder.

"Pity me, pardon me, dearest Eveleen!" she cried: "I know I am the feeblest minded of creatures; for I long to pour out my heart to you at this moment — and I could trust you with the fate of my very soul — yet am I so afraid of doing wrong — of telling what, perhaps, my father may not—"

"Tell me nothing he has absolutely forbidden," interrupted Miss Hungerford; "but if you are left to guess what you may do, surely (and she encircled her friend's drooping form persuasively with her arms) there can be no sin in seeking faithful counsel from one not ill-principled! I am

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here to listen to and offer you advice, should you want it, and dare to ask it; or, if you may not tell me the nature of your new distress, to bear with its excess, nay — to weep it with you."

"O, dearest! best!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, raising up her face, drowned in tears from many sources. "Heaven must intend you for my guardian angel. I will gratefully take the blessing. My father has not yet forbidden me to share my sorrowful thoughts with a friend; perhaps, after to night, I may wish in vain for such a meeting as this. I know you will lock up all in that kind heart. Indeed, indeed, I need counsel."

"Do not yield to this extreme agitation, my dear Aura," resumed Miss Hungerford, alarmed at the ashy look, and universal trembling of her friend's person. "Let us take a turn or two on the terrace. Lean on my arm; now you may have time to settle the point with conscience, whether it would really be betraying the understood compact, which I fancy exists in every family, were you to make me a party in your secret."

Miss Trevanion did as her friend direct-

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ed; and, after some minutes reflection, said, with greater steadiness than usual, — "I now think I am privileged in unburthening myself to you. The great part must soon be known; so that telling the particulars will only be preventing you from forming a wrong opinion upon it; and your better judgment may help me to steer right, and so do good to us all."

Eveleen Hungerford, accepting the confidence thus explained, continued walking slowly by her side up and down the cedar walk, until her agitated companion had put her in possession of all that had roused her fears.

It may be supposed that Miss Trevanion was embarrassed, when she came to that part of her relation in which her father's determined resentment at Lord Carraton blazed out: she tried to hide, that the keenest part of his present disappointment arose from the loss of the triumph he had anticipated over his old rival in dignity: but Eveleen Hungerford was neither to be cheated nor offended; frankly describing what feelings might be natural on such an occasion, and sweetly allowing for them, she

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said, with an April look, half sympathy, half cheering: —

"Ever fancy yourself discoursing with a sister, Aura: be sure that I can, and do enter into Sir Fulk's grievous disappointment; while I own to a vast deal of reverence for your brother's principles."

Miss Hungerford, indeed, as far as her own lights went, placed the relative conduct of each party in the fairest point of view of which they were capable. Sir Fulk Trevanion she certainly thought too arbitrary: his son, she found, had been too jealous of his freedom of action. He might have done many blameable things while following one great object, yet the pursuit itself be right. With his present sentiments, the son and heir could not abandon a higher duty for a lesser one, great as the filial one is. So long as he believed the religious liberties of his country were about to be attacked by the new king, so long must he remain in exile; or return to mix with dark, and virtuous spirits, in such secret machinations, as those which only two years before had brought the upright Lord Russell into suspicion of favouring the blackest designs, under the name of patriotism.

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Sir Fulk Trevanion, on the opposite side, must condemn his son's conduct as contumacious and unwarrantable, so long as he considered the reigning prince unjustly suspected.

The grief, then, was the very different views of father and son upon the same subject; and how these were to be reconciled was the difficulty, the hopeless difficulty.

Sir Fulk Trevanion was obviously intolerant of every man's difference of opinion from himself: he would, therefore, be more aggrieved by such a show of independence in his son. He was proud of what Eveleen secretly deemed petty distinctions; and his son knew how to scorn them when a nobler prize was before him. Thus a confused consciousness of inferiority might be at the bottom of the haughty parent's vindictive resolution; or it might be only imbittered affection taught to think itself slighted. In the latter case, there must be some base inmate or confidant to whom it was important to separate father and son; and who this was, and how to counteract him, was the question.

She made no scruple of owning her belief that the knight was, as his son said,

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practised upon by some one anxious and able to stifle any spark of reviving confidence as it arose: leaving the discovery, to Miss Trevanion's future attentive observation of all the persons habitually approaching Treverderet.

The last enigmatical words of Sir Fulk this kind friend endeavoured to treat but as a threat, thrown out in a moment of mad passion, and never seriously contemplated by a man of sixty, who had absolutely offended his equals in Cornwall by withdrawing from their society, therefore must have far to go for a wife. She did, however, agree to the prudence and lawfulness of Miss Trevanion's striving more assiduously than ever, to render her home agreeable; consequently prayed her to contend against the habitual melancholy, which made her lay aside her accomplishments, and kept her from ministering to Sir Fulk's pleasure by those minute tributes of the needle, the pencil, or the herbal, which delight a parent from a child.

Miss Hungerford was surprised to see the painful impression which the passionate representations of the knight had made upon his daughter, concerning the conduct

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of her brother. Poor Aurelia felt that nothing could compensate to herself for the loss of domestic peace; and beholding that of her family dashed to pieces a second time by the same hand, began to doubt whether it were ever prized as it ought to have been. She was yet little accustomed to merge self in higher objects; therefore could not clearly see the necessity under which Arundell acted. "Sometimes," she said, "I think of the cruel executions of Lord Russell and Mr. Sidney, by way of assuring myself that Arundell is not obstinate, but right in his opposition to the Romish party: then I cannot help recollecting the crueller execution of the grey-haired Lord Stafford; and then I think both parties equally wrong. In short, not worthy such a living death for their sake, as both my father and brother are suffering."

"Yes, but my dear cousin," rejoined Miss Hungerford, "both causes cannot, surely, be right: let us blame the persons who try to advance a good cause by bad means — such as the contrivers of the two adverse plots, and all their vile instruments — but don't let us withdraw our esteem from such as seek to preserve our

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purified church only by fair and open adherence to her!"

"You learn all this from your reverend uncle the bishop surely?" questioned Miss Trevederet; "it is doubtly valuable then."

Eveleen Hungerford owned that she did indeed owe her best serious thoughts to occasional conversations with the venerable prelate: adding, that she treasured every word of his in her memory.

Perhaps, at that moment, she blamed Arundell Trevanion for having neglected so to enlighten and strengthen his sweetly disposed sister; accusing him of the errors common with young enthusiasts, even in the best cause, that of looking so far beyond the limits of their natural sphere, as to overlook opportunities of doing more good at their own door.

Therein Miss Hungerford herself was rash-judging; since the heir of Trevederet had not been long enough domesticated with his sister, to fathom her religious sentiments completely, ere he was banished from his home. She was then very young, and accustomed, like all fond sisters, rather to listen than talk when alone with her brother. Never questioning what

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he said, the precious matter of his discourse glided too smoothly over the unresisting surface to sink deep enough for future profit; and Arundell Trevanion himself was not sufficiently experienced in human nature, to be aware how often the delighted echo of eloquently-expressed opinions, is mistaken by the ardent orator for the spontaneous product of their admirer's mind.

Miss Hungerford now earnestly betook herself to restore her friend's confidence in her brother's singleness of object, and sincerity in declaring it. She assured her that his grace of Monmouth was not amongst the people of the Cevennes, but at Brussels; therefore no ground existed for imagining that Trevanion's loyal principles were warped by a renewed intimacy with this specious pretender to the throne.

She distinctly traced out to her the consistency of her brother's conduct with those principles; and thus did away poor Aurelia's greatest misery, the distracting thought of an honoured object's change from presumed excellence to humbling simulation. Long and fervently did she rest upon the young man's noble disdain of a reputation only shielded from public question by

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a king's interposition. She represented this as a sure proof that Mr. Trevanion knew himself unjustly blackened in the affair of Argyll's companion; and while she avowed her own consequent belief that the disguised person was some woman of virtue under peculiar circumstances, she smilingly warned his sister to prepare for seeing him at last, like Jacob, with a wife and children, though probably not with much cattle.

Aura Trevanion shrunk from such an imagination as the latter part of her friend's speech contained; she would not give it harbour; for her wishes, spite of prudence and probability, yet clung to a different object. She grounded her strong doubts of the thing upon her father's silence concerning it; he of course would have openly resented his son's marriage without his consent. Miss Hungerford would not press a painful subject.

She next endeavoured to inspire the desponding girl with the hope of foiling their unknown enemy, whoever that might be, by setting herself to the enterprise of reviving her father's entire confidence. Miss Hungerford animated her to the task, by

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remarking upon Sir Fulk's kindly allowance of their intimacy (trammelled, though it was); maintaining, that if she would now seriously undertake what she had hitherto been too much awed, or too broken spirited, to seek assiduously before, a heart like that of the knight's, groaning for a child's affection, whilst his pride kept him from inviting it, would gradually yield to the secret influence.

For Miss Trevanion's girlish regrets that her brother would not act a distinguished part in the most splendid ceremonial of their times, her friend offered no direct consolation; but, with tenderer goodness, strove to sooth disappointment by awakening hopes in the future not unlikely indeed to be realized.

If, she said, King James should continue without the desired blessing of a son, the crown must devolve, on his death, to the protestant Princess of Orange; then would all Mr. Arundell Trevanion's present mortifications be richly over-paid; — what were now faults, would then be merits in him — his disgraces would bear the name of sacrifices; the sovereign's favours must ensure that of the parent; Trevederet would again

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open its door to its rightful heir; and the gentle bosom of a sister open itself to joy. O sweet and sacred power of true sympathy! how does thy heavenly balm, poured by dear hands upon the pierced and bleeding heart, add sensations of delight to the feeling of relief? Aura Trevanion stopped again, and again, in her slow walk, to rest her head upon her friend's shoulder, and shed there delicious and relieving tears. — She had come despairing — she was to go away comforted; — more than comforted; awakened to a livelier sense of dependance upon that Being who forgets not a single tear shed for adherence to his commands or in troubled doubt how best to obey them.

"You will make me a new creature, dearest Eveleen," she said, smiles breaking out in her eyes; "I shall wish so much to grow like you, that my wishes must have some effect that way."

"Beware how you set me up for an idol," returned her friend, playfully; "just now you see only the fair, half-borrowed side of my character: if we love them that love us, what thank have we? as the one book says. Overhear me battling with Lady Rhoda

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about businesses which don't concern me, and, perhaps, ought not to concern me, and, I blush to say, you would find your plausible friend can be very flippant and very obstinate, yea, and very intentionally provoking."

"You intentionally provoking!" and Miss Trevanion shook her head.

Eveleen Hungerford's main object was to amuse away her friend's thoughts; and innocently aiming at that now, pursued the subject started.

"In good sooth," she resumed, "ever and anon, I did enjoy once, mustering all the small forces of my work-a-day person, and linsey-woolsey wit, to put my aforesaid aunt into fear, lest I should sap the allegiance of the noble Villiers from his intended bride. It was notably wicked in me; but we live in a court where 'tis well we learn no worse lesson than how to play the coquette. I really had not the grace to resist the temptation of witnessing all their absurd measures to baffle my supposed attack. Huge armies to fight a mouse! O the reams of vile 'hand of write,' as the Scotch say, which Lady Rhoda dispatched to her late spouse's nephew on the occasion! as if he dared or cared to school me about it!"

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"Her husband's nephew! young Lord Woodvill!" repeated Miss Trevanion, in a tone of apprehension: "What right has he—"

Eveleen Hungerford fetched a short, deep sigh, and quenched a sort of blush:—"Only the right of betrothment to me from our infancy."

"Good heavens! you never told me this."

"How could I," was Miss Hungerford's answer, "when I did not know it myself till the year after we parted, when I returned to England? I was then shown my father's will; in which, after leaving me all he had, and declaring me my dear mother's heiress, he notified his wish, that I should, when of fitting age, ratify the engagement he had made with a brother cavalier, the Lord Woodvill, by marrying his son and heir. Woodvill's father was dead ere this compact was revealed to me, and as my fortune would have been mightily useful in repairing the rents which loyalty had made in that he inherits, I presume he would not have taken such a horror at the alliance as I did, had not a prettier face than Eveleen Hungerford's secured him beforehand.

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"Upon our first interview, I presented myself in as odious a humour as possible; having set my whole perverse heart against marrying, without an especial vocation for the state or the yoke-fellow. No offence, then, to my face, but he positively saw no reason in that to make him repent his passion for another; and I cannot say his woe-begone air, and obstinate-looking-away eyes, produced any relentings in me. We met but once; and, after much awkwardness on both sides, came fairly to understand, that each of us desired prodigiously to be free. Heard you ever of such rebellious child-folk? for the frozen lord was only nineteen, and the scornful lady four years his junior. We signed and sealed to the bond of mere good-will, for time present and to come; so, arranging to keep our tempers undisturbed by friends' remonstrances, we agreed to say nothing of the treaty, and so 'tis inviolate."

"Oh, I forgot your fortune!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, in a saddened tone: "but, tell me, where is Lord Woodvill? is he going to marry another? O, how senseless he must be!"

"Not to fall in love with me!" inter-

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rupted Eveleen Hungerford, blushing a little at her friend's implied admiration. Truly, Aura, he has had other matters in hand: first to get over his passion for the light M'amselle d'Antonie, who bestowed herself elsewhere; then to see foreign parts; and lastly to try his talent at gathering laurels in a volunteer campaign under his Highness of Orange. His military fever, he writes me (for we duly and decorously correspond), is not over yet: so I look not to see him come back like a penitent prodigal, craving the husks of my favour."

"And would you be inclined now to grant the young lord such favour?" inquired Miss Trevanion, her favourite wish yet dominant, though fearing that to entertain it still was a sin against grateful friendship.

Eveleen Hungerford turned her sweet, but powerfully-speaking eyes towards her, with an expression of earnest seriousness. "I will answer you fairly, Aura. Perhaps I should; not because I feel any particular stirrings of loving affection for Lord Woodvill; (for how can I, seeing he never sought my love, and that we have become thorough, rational friends?) but purely, sincerely, because I am older and wiser — may I say

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better! (she spoke with an engaging archness)—than when I saw no harm in revolting from our friend's arrangement.

"One day, this very year, my dear old uncle took me to task, and sifted out our secret; for he was like you, Aura, and chose to find it a marvel that my betrothed, after attaining the grave age of two-and-and twenty, should prefer soldiering with his Highness of Orange abroad to singing love ditties with me at home; so when I had said my say, he took my flimsy reasonings all to pieces, and convinced me that it was as much my duty to endeavour at liking the man my father's last breath had recommended, as it would be right to decline his hand, should the honest effort be frustrated either by his indifference or undeservingness.

"I promised then to make the trial if ever my knight-errant shall come to seek it; meanwhile, I and my light heart mean to take their fill of innocent disport, tolerably sure that my Lord Woodvill will never be inclined to disturb us."

"Nay! this is surely the very romance of a child's duty!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion with unwonted heat of manner.

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"Are you to keep yourself away from the suit of some true, humble servant, because Lord Woodvill having got over an old love may be ready for a new; and yet after all, not care to pay his court where it is waited for?"

"I'll resolve you that question, sweet heart, when a suitor comes whom I should wish to encourage," replied Miss Hungerford, with a mixture of becoming pride and maidenly bashfulness: "'tis dangerous to pledge ourselves in cold blood, to abide that which a fever fit may make scarce possible to us an hour after; and so let it pass."

"If Lord Woodvill chooses to stay abroad for a dozen years?"

"O, then I must take the law in my own hands," was the gay reply. "I can amuse myself bravely till I am one-and-twenty; after which time, thinking I have done all that is dutiful, and not deeming it seemly for a maiden to wait till she is scorned, for a tardy woer, I shall give myself to like the most agreeable gallant in court or country."

"Well, if my prophecy comes true about my poor Arundell," resumed Miss Trevanion, with a cheerfuller look, "he

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will not be too humble a suitor, perchance, in such generous eyes as yours. Heaven may hear my prayers!"

"Pray not about such silly things, silly damsel!" interrupted Miss Hungerford. "Alack, how many real wants and positive afflictions have we not to ask may be removed from us! My reverend uncle gives me no warrant for drawing a map of my own course through life, and then beseeching Providence to finish it after my fashion.

"Say no more of your interesting brother in this way, dear Aura, if you love me. Would you mar the delightful singleness of our friendship by entangling it with a love scheme? And, above all, would you, if ever you get the family thread to run smoothly, — would you ravel the whole skein again, for a mere nicety of desire, — a fancy of marrying your friend to your brother?"

"How do you mean, Eveleen? — If we are a reconciled family, and my father brought to grant all Arundell's proper wishes!"

Miss Hungerford shook her head, smiling at her friend's alternate excess of de-

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spondency and of expectation: "I mean, in sober earnestness, to warn you against the dreamy habit of opposing possible romances to probable facts. Your brother's restoration to Sir Fulk Trevanion's affection does not necessarily include that of his Rohesian neighbours. Your father would never hear of such an alliance; and I, besides a portion of honest pride, have a respectable portion of honour; so that to attempt attaching, much less marrying his son, would be impossible to Eveleen Hungerford, after being thus admitted here."

"You have a brave spirit, Eveleen!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, in a mixed tone of admiration and respect; "mine were foolish, wrong wishes, — for hopes they were not: — Henceforth I'll talk of poor Arundell only as it is fitting I should, to you; at present we'll discourse about Dunbar." — Never had the prospect of a visit from her gay cousin been so unwelcome to Aurelia as at this period, that her friendship with Eveleen Hungerford was ripening so happily. A due regard for decorum would not, of itself, have permitted her to gainsay her friend's declaration of absenting herself from the Treverderet grounds, during the

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officer's stay, even had she not been tacitly bound to her father, not to diffuse the knowledge of their renewed acquaintance.

Unwillingly, therefore, did Miss Trevanion arrange, in the stead of private meetings, a different mode of communication: billets were to be exchanged, by secreting them under a loosened square of the marble parapet dividing the domains; and thus each might be kept informed of the other's proceedings or wishes.

It may be supposed that their present interview was prolonged far beyond the evening hour: they continued, indeed, walking up and down the terrace, regardless of all those signs which speak of closing day. Streak after streak of golden light had gone out in the western sky — grey mists, rising from basins of low ground, began to shroud the trees with such draperies as our fancy gives to spiritual beings; — the last rook had gone on lagging wing after his numerous fellows; and lights from the house, glimmering through the thick girdle of heavy boughs, betokened that its inhabitants were shut in for the night. None of these warnings were heeded by them, who,

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determining to make the most of present enjoyment, continued their confidential discourse: the sadness of one, sometimes soothed by the gentle persuasions of the other; sometimes entirely driven away by the latter's innocent playfulness.

There was a fresher and more stirring air abroad, after the sun-set dew had quite fallen, than there had been on the last night of their rendezvous, so that every thing had more motion, and, as Miss Hungerford termed it, "more expression."

Varying wreaths of thin white clouds were seen rapidly flying over the cerulean, increasing, involving, deepening into gloom as they were heaped and hurried on, till sometimes they overspread the entire heavens,—sometimes, breaking apart, left wide spaces, and lesser rifts of bright blue sky, between which the stars appeared like flights of golden birds winging their way after the swift moon.

The top of the ivy-mantled tower and battlements of the old house were seen from the elevated terrace. Eveleen Hungerford paused often to admire its venerable appearance, heightened as it was in solemn effect by the sudden darkling, and then as sudden flood of light, from the sky.

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"Oh, how I shall miss your sweet conversation, dearest Eveleen," exclaimed Miss Trevanion, "while my cousin remains! Without you, how little shall I enjoy the loveliest evening!"

"Then make me your companion by remembering me," returned Eveleen, who never spoke but to offer some soothing image: then, after an instant's pause, and in her most melodious tone, as though she had paused to tune the voice, about to speak in poetry, she repeated a few stanzas from Hamilton's Garden of Florence.

"Go, where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth by meadows that still greenest be;
Go, listen to our own beloved river,
And think of me!

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
Listen the dim brook pining while it playeth,
And think of me!

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind grieveth on the lonely tree;
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me!

And when the moon riseth, as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
And think of me!"

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Miss Trevanion was animatedly expressing her admiration of these exquisite stanzas, and confessing the wisdom of doing as her friend did, filling her mind as much as possible with objects of such gentle interest as those which exercised taste supplies, when the sound of the supper bell of Treverderet reminded her, that it was just possible her father might choose to appear at that meal.

Timid natures are ever in danger of being driven into dissimulation, when too severely taxed about their actions, or visited for their errors. Aurelia Trevanion, afraid of her father's harsh questioning, or recalled permission, would willingly have avoided the possibility of either, by leaving him ignorant that she had met her friend a second time after his last vehement anathema against the Rohesia family; therefore hastily imparting her apprehension to Eveleen, she exchanged an embrace with her, waited not, as before, to see her beyond the balustrade, but flying down the steps of the terrace, ran, as fast as her slender feet could carry her, in the direction of her home.

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CHAP. VI.

THE arrival of Captain Trevanion produced, as his cousin had anticipated, a mixed effect upon her father. In proportion as the latter evinced a gratified sense of his nephew's reverence for him, so did he appear more keenly alive to his son's alienation and presumed contumely.

The young officer's constitutional hilarity rendered his society peculiarly valuable to one of Sir Fulk Trevanion's unsocial habits and increasing gloom of heart; who, needing and receiving the cordial of a cheerful aspect, was not roused to question the real sympathy of a kinsman, whom no other person's griefs could render serious for four-and-twenty hours together.

Immediately after showing him Arundell's letter, and sternly avowing his purpose of disinheriting the unfortunate exile, Sir Fulk would have dismissed the subject, had not Dunbar more than once renewed it in Aurelia's presence, with a zeal amounting to indiscretion; and her father hearkened

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at moments as if, she thought, with a lurking desire of hearing something which might justify him in entertaining such fond wishes and hopes as began to steal upon his former angry violence. Ever disappointed, however, in this hope, by the apparent mixture of well-meaning and incurable bad-judging of his nephew, she saw the knight gradually relapse into irritation and indignation: how, indeed, could it be otherwise, when in the heedlessness of a zeal to make peace, which readily seized upon the most contradictory arguments of defence, Dunbar Trevanion started new ideas of an offensive kind in the mind of his uncle; and thus involved the image of his banished cousin in a cloud of distasteful imaginations? Aurelia Trevanion could perceive how sore a struggle was for some time kept up, between her father's pride and his paternal yearnings; and when she beheld that subside into moody stillness, she lamented her cousin's incapacity of turning such a contest to advantage for the absent Arundell: she knew her own failure was ever the consequence of not saying enough in his favour; Dunbar always said too much. She could remember moments, in which the happiest visible effect

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had been spoiled, by his adding to it some explanation or conjecture, which revived an old and forgotten offence. But this was only to be lamented—not suspected; since who could suspect the purposes of a kinsman—the next of blood too—who, so far from agreeing with his elder relative's wish of disinheriting an only son, had actually suggested a likely mode of inducing that son to return to home and the Barony?

In consequence of his attempt to palliate his cousin's conduct on the present occasion, Dunbar Trevanion was for a few days in a sort of disgrace with Sir Fulk; but gay, good-humoured, and unresenting, he won back his hold upon his partiality. After which he pursued his usual routine of petty misdemeanours, and amusing shows of penitence; violent contradictions and signal submissions; affected pettishness at some restraints, and yet the most perfect obedience to all; a routine which daily, hourly ministered to the deplorable self-love of his uncle, and gave him an influence which not even Sir Fulk himself suspected.

More readily familiar than the exiled heir of Treverderet, he made friends with all those his uncle favoured in whatever

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rank; whilst he avoided the partisans of the Rohesian family, however inviting, he confessed, some of their entertainments were. Little punctilious on the score of religion, he played chess with Mr. Becket: nay, even went so far as to drop a hint of such morsels of court news as were calculated to raise the spirits of a man attached to the unpopular religion: to Aurelia he now and then addressed a word of kind sympathy (yet ever as though he purposely tried to suffocate his own claims to sensibility), lamenting that all men were not like himself, ready to sacrifice romantic notions of duty to homespun peace.

The effect of all this seeming random conduct, was in harmony with its actual system. Sir Fulk Trevanion had early learned to think of his nephew as a thoughtless, generous-hearted soldier, well endowed by nature with good sense, but habituated to undervalue it in himself: inclined to pleasure and expense; but so thoroughly a Trevanion, as to crush those inclinations rather than sink into the needy dependant, the servile companion, or the dishonourable spendthrift. Pride, then (a virtue in his eye), was the saving grace, he imagined, of

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Dunbar: it is not necessary to add here, such an opinion elevated its subject. Next to pride, stood the merit of unquestioning reverence for himself; in this, too, Dunbar was perfect. Whenever he opposed his uncle, (which in trifles he took care to do frequently, if but to submit afterwards,) he made it appear rather the consequence of a commendable desire not to appear time-serving, than a disputatious arrogant spirit. His tolerant good-nature to Mr. Becket was received as a tribute of kindness to the knight himself; and contrasting that with Arundell Trevanion's determined stand against any concession of the kind — nay, more with his agitated avowal of alarm at his father's protection of the man, Sir Fulk sighed to think how little his son had ever conceded of such points.

Ere their amusing kinsman had been a week at Treverderet, Miss Trevanion perceived, with chagrin, that his visit, far from softening her father towards her brother, unhappily inflamed his resentment at him. She felt the effect, without comprehending the cause; for she dreamt not that evil design prompted those remarks nd allusions, which were ever attributed

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to awkwardness or indiscretion by him who uttered them. She did not penetrate the refined artifice of a man, who, after he had been noting, with the longing relish of youth, the well-fancied masques at Lord Carraton's town residence, and hinting at the easiness with which he could have shared in them, all at once changed the falling thunderbolt into a shower of favour, by adding, "Spice the bowl as they may, I am determined to think it poison from the hand of a Hungerford."

More than once she had met her father's keen glance as Dunbar uttered such unsuspected flatteries; feeling humbled while she did so, that she had not courage to make some protest against such sweeping conclusions, lest the attempt should bring down upon her the sentence of banishment from Eveleen.

Sir Fulk Trevanion himself, seemed well inclined not to let his nephew suspect that he could bend his stiffnecked resolution against the Hungerford race, even to oblige his sad and solitary child! for he kept silence; and Aurelia, too much afraid of attracting the dreaded lightning by any show of consciousness, endeavoured to pre-

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serve a placid aspect while her breast was throbbing with apprehension.

Captain Trevanion's leave of absence was not for a longer period than a fortnight; ten days of which were to be devoted to Treverderet, the other four to the slow journeying of three days, horseback travelling.

It was a sore trial for Miss Trevanion to be so long debarred, or rather detained, from meeting her friend. In some degree they recompensed themselves by brief notices in a species of cipher, of what they would willingly have imparted in person: these were daily deposited, and taken from under a square of the balustrade marble as formerly proposed; and though, in such a way, Miss Trevanion could not enter into many particulars, she said enough to renew her friend's anxious interest in her troubled situation.

Miss Hungerford's notes principally contained hints for Aurelia's conduct towards her father; mixed with advice to watch, without seeming to do so, every person who had frequent access to his society, in order to detect, if possible, any scheme which

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might be carrying on to keep Arundell Trevanion beyond sea.

Miss Hungerford, in fact, suspected Dunbar Trevanion of being this incendiary: conceiving it probable, that he might attribute the soft-hearted Aurelia's sudden withdrawal, and firm rejection of his addresses, to her brother's influence. A heart like Eveleen's, ardent in its own pure affections, was not incredulous of the fatal excesses to which the disappointment of a single passion might transport a man; but she was incapable of imagining the dominancy of a sordid principle. She thought, therefore, that after his paroxysm of unjust resentment was over, even the officer himself might lament the way in which he had taken vengeance, and seek to atone for it, by undoing the cruel work in which he had been employed. With this view, she exhorted her friend to take the bold step of seeking her cousin's friendship; to meet the subject of their childish liking so frankly and fully, as to convince him that no one had prompted her conduct. By thus conciliating, instead of distressing him, and taking his good offices for granted in all things, she might melt him, or shame him

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into sincere co-operation with her pious hope of eventually reconciling father and son.

Of the agreeable Captain Trevanion, as he was styled at court, Eveleen Hungerford knew very little more than what was reported of him by her cousin Hungerford, Lord Carraton's son. This young nobleman, had he lived in our days, would have classed himself with the "very fine men about town," who, with fine fortunes, fine health, tolerable talents, and boundless means of virtuous enjoyment, squander themselves, their fortunes, and eventually their lives, upon vice and folly.

Lord Hungerford was, indeed, much too fine to mix in the set of slenderly-portioned gentlemen of the king's guard, amongst whom Dunbar Trevanion had his place; yet he could indulge his spleen at the gallant's success in a quarter where his profligate advances had been repulsed with derision. While ridiculing the idea of the officer's military advancement being due to aught but the sprightly Lady Dorchester's influence with majesty, Lord Hungerford did not leave his fair cousin ignorant of the current rumour, that the daughter of the

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unprincipled Sedley, if as witty, was as worthless as her father.

No additional tale had Eveleen ever heard of Dunbar Trevanion; and trusting that this scandal might prove only one of the many calumnies invented by envy and ill-nature, to turn a man's very virtues into basenesses, she continued to advise a discreet confidence in him to Miss Trevanion.

She, too, grounded the favourable past of her speculations, concerning the gay officer, upon the fact of his having prevailed upon Sir Fulk to make this last trial of his son's placability.

In pursuance of her friend's counsel, Miss Trevanion more than once lingered after her father and Mr. Becket in the breakfast parlour; nay, took courage to employ her cousin as her assistant in little offices about her green-house, which were too much for a woman's strength to perform easily; always purposing to begin the task of seeking his confidence; but the days fled, and only two remained ere Dunbar must return for the coronation. She then made a desperate effort, and threw herself in his way, resolved not to fail again.

One sunny forenoon, when the out-of-

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door's heat and glow, afforded a plausible excuse for preferring the shade and coolness of the first court, to the scorching breath of the open park, she went to loiter with a book in her hand under the cloisters, aware that Dunbar generally passed them at that hour, on his return from the tennis court, where he usually played with some of the tenants.

"Fair nun, thou hast chosen a fitting place for meditation!" was his salutation as he advanced, doffing his plumed beaver with some grace, and looking on the artless, agitated face before him, with so dauntless an air of good-will, that even Miss Hungerford, had she seen it, must have dismissed her suspicions. "Bethink you of my sins, or of your own? Mine! I would I had interest enough with you to get your prayers for my reformation!"

"Pray for yourself, good cousin; and that godly act will ensure you the prayers of all your kindred!" Miss Trevanion answered, suffering the book she held, to close, as if not unwilling to have his company in her walk.

Dunbar regarded her earnestly for a moment, surprised at this unwonted gracious-

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ness in his reserved kinswoman; then turning back with her down the cloisters, asked if she would permit him to be her humble servant in her pleasant idling.

"Willingly, Dunbar," she said, hastening to speak after the fashion she had prescribed to herself, ere her courage should fail. "I have long desired a few words with you in private; (in all modesty, I trust you will believe.) I would crave your good offices in a matter — that is, I would speak to you of what I am always thinking of — my poor brother's banished state. I do entreat you to tell me all you know concerning him; for I am kept in such sad ignorance respecting the main cause of my honoured father's displeasure at him, that it is an insupportable grief to me. I fancy I should be easier if I knew every one of Arundell's offences."

"You might always have commanded me in this matter you know, Aura," was her cousin's reply; "wherefore did you not question me before? it was not for me to intrude any private discourse upon your ear."

The young officer's eye and voice fell as he uttered the last words, with that air of

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passionate humility which so often persuades women that they are still beloved, in spite of their own fickleness. Miss Trevanion's cheeks burned; she answered, in great confusion, by some unmeaning fragments of speech; but, speedily recovering self-possession, said, with pathetic gentleness, —

"I will not, if I can, continue playing the silly part I have done, from sheer shamefacedness, but honestly tell you my feelings, and own my faults. I do confess that you have reason to complain of me; for, in times past, I suffered you to believe I took a particular interest in your person; when, in truth, I was only childishly pleased with having a humble servant, and being talked to like a woman. The moment you pressed the matter seriously, and spoke of marriage, I found that I had no vocation for the state; and so without sufficient heed of your disappointment, I broke the business off: for this harsh way of proceeding, I here crave your pardon; trusting that you will forgive and forget my folly, and henceforth allow me to look upon you as my good and trusty friend.

"Nay, Sir," she added, with trepidation, seeing an expression in his eyes which

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alarmed her, and caused her to draw back the hand she was extending, "do not make me repent my plain speaking, by misinterpreting it. I call heaven to witness, that I have no affection to give away from my absent brother. If he never returns to Treverderet, I shall live and die unmarried. No husband of mine shall ever be master here."

"You will not change that brave resolution for a poor cavalier cousin," returned Dunbar, resuming his usual tone of levity: "but have a care, fair mistress! master Cupid has a wicked trick of avenging affronts, and may bring you to a severe reckoning one day.

"Though you cannot like a certain idle gallant, sometimes accused (yet by this glove falsely) of too general an admiration of nature's fairest works — with not much more estate than wherewithal to keep this collar starched, and this jerkin embroidered — yet you may not refuse the sober heir of some ancient house when he comes to woo, with your father for his gentleman usher!"

"Nay, now, Dunbar!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, somewhat pettishly, "why

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would you bring up those old scandals? one might think you sought to fright me from taking confidence in you! — Were I to believe one of those tales, cousin, which you own, I would not endure the shame of ten minutes' private talk with you."

"Lo! you there, my sweet waspish cousin," interrupted the gallant, his cheek flushing slightly: "this accusation savours of your old unkindness; when you sometimes chid me for making bad, worse, during my clumsy attempts to plead for Arundell, as if I were like mischievous boys, who trouble calm waters out of mere wantonness. Prithee, dost thou think that even Rochester, if he were wooing a puritan maid, would willingly remind her that her suitor was a graceless rake!"

"I prithee leave this idle part of our talk, or I shall speedily end it," resumed Miss Trevanion, troubled whether or not to proceed. "You are so provoking at times by unseasonable jesting! but, I think, not of purpose. I know I have grown captious of late; for sorrow makes the humour wayward. Bear with me then, good Dunbar; and pray, pray credit my assertion, that my heart is neither so happy, nor so

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vacant, as to welcome such an affection as that you speak of — it is full of sorrowful thoughts."

To an eye like Dunbar Trevanion's, reading the face of an innocent, unpractised girl, was as easy as counting the pebbles in a brook; the deep dejection of Aurelia Trevanion's countenance, when she alluded to her weight of sisterly sorrow, convinced him that she was sincere in the affectionate devotion she professed; and, satisfied on that point (for he had begun to suspect some third person in the way), he resumed his tone of frank kindness.

"Forget and forgive! thou wilt I know. — I will not vex you now, by telling you how long I was, though, of getting over the matter in question," he said, glancing up at her through the feather of his hat, as he bent his head with habitual gallantry: "you must let me keep that secret to myself; but, for all others, command me."

"Speak you in jest or earnest?" inquired Miss Trevanion, somewhat discomposed again. "In sooth, cousin, there is no making you out."

"A fair rebuke!" responded Dunbar, erecting his well-shaped body with becom-

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ing gravity. "I think your orders were, to tell you all I know of Arundell: do not blame me, dear cousin, if I say that I have had no direct communication with him since he went beyond sea."

"How, Dunbar!"

"Arundell was too generous to compromise either you or me, as he thought, by keeping up a correspondence with us in defiance of Sir Fulk's known will. Upon his first break with his father, he wrote from Holland to tell me this, assigning it as a reason why he left all details concerning him to be told, or withheld, at my uncle's pleasure: thus I knew some of the particulars (for my uncle you know is not given to impart matters which most vex him), and I rested satisfied; because Arundell assured me, that if any favourable or melancholy crisis should occur at home, to render his return possible, he had an agent who would directly communicate it."

"And you were contented with such cold kindness to a banished kinsman!" interrupted Miss Trevanion, with warmth.

"Under favour, no, sweet coz!" returned the gallant, unruffled, as it should seem, by her intemperance; "I was not con-

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tented with this so entirely, as to think no further of my cousin's service; but I knew, that if I rashly espoused his side of the quarrel against my uncle, I should lose all chance of reconciling their differences at last. I was not sorry, therefore, that I could tell Sir Fulk I did not know where to write to Arundell, while the latter lay under his displeasure. My uncle, on that account, gave me credit for being unprejudiced in whatever opinion I presumed to give afterwards; and since then has trusted me with the secrets of his own purposes, if of nothing farther: I hope I have used this favour as a faithful kinsman ought; scatter-brain as I am!"

"I will not doubt it, Dunbar!" said Miss Trevanion, with instant reliance; for his unusual emphasis of speech had greatly roused her.

"Perhaps," he resumed, "you were not told that I was the person who obtained a written testimonial at length from the Lady Campbell, stating Arundell's complete ignorance of her exchange of habit with her father at the time of Argyll's escape? That testimonial left our court without any sufficient ground of anger against him; so

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nothing remained but for him to have returned, and told the name of Argyll's companion, by way of effacing the shade of a very different scandal.

"Why he did not, my uncle has ever declined saying; though upon that, hangs, as did hang, all the quarrel. I take it upon trust, that my cousin Arundell had excellent reasons for not doing so."

"I acknowledge your kindness in this, Dunbar," Miss Trevanion observed, looking sadly and humbly. "Poor Arundell! how infatuated he seems to be! Some foolish point of honour, I dare say. He may do unwisely; but ever, ever will he mean nobly." His sister's heart melted as she spoke: after an instant's pause, she added, "But folks must form some guess at the causes of our family disagreements. What is it supposed in the world? I don't ask you to betray any confidence given you by my father."

"Why, then," began her thoughtless cousin, "I'll tell you my sentiments; and mine are but a parcel of what goes current here. I believe the fair lady who masked in a page's dress was no other than his grace of Monmouth's Helen, who fled at that

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time, every one knows, from her Menelaus to seek her Paris abroad; and was, 'tis said, under Argyll's safe guidance. I am certain my cousin did not know who he was escorting; but, afterwards, would not betray her secret even to his father. How could a man of honour betray the trust of a woman, be she what she might?"

"Out upon you, Dunbar!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion; "measure not Arundell's creed by that of your dissolute companions, else shall I think you what, till now, I would not credit! Think you my brother would lightly yield up his good name, even that of his whole house, to skreen a vile adulteress? I will not believe it."

"You peck hard, my pretty dove!" exclaimed her cousin, with allowable familiarity of good-humour, as he looked on her sparkling eyes and raised complexion. "I marvel how you country ladies think on such phrases! The name you apply to Lady Harriet Wentworth, would have choked the enchanting Dorchester in the utterance."

"Wicked doings are not to be cloked under soft titles," replied Miss Trevanion, trying not to be overcome by the rebuke of

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the courtier. "If my Lady Dorchester were as afraid of deserving as uttering the name I have spoken, it were well for her, and for the king."

Captain Trevanion's handsome moustachios curled with a quick motion, as his artless cousin concluded; but, curbing the satirical expression, he resumed:

"I tell you, I am sure my cousin knew as *little* as the Lady Campbell herself, who had bribed her page into lending his dress and place to her; therefore, all of Arundell's fault that remains is, that having unintentionally helped a miserable wife out of a brutal husband's reach, he left her to her fate, without dragging her back to him, or showing others where they might find her for that notable purpose. Come, come, Aura, you must grant this is not thinking very ill of Arundell: I would have done the same in his place—by this glove I would! In truth, any surmise is better for the while than what my uncle has evidently got in his head, and has been whispered about at court."

Miss Trevanion's expanded and fixed eyes demanded what that was? Captain Trevanion went on.

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"It is said of some, that the feigned page is an illegitimate daughter of Argyll's; and that he has gotten your brother to promise her marriage; and that Sir Fulk's indignation at such a proceeding is the secret of Arundell's banishment. You know what the very name of illegitimacy is to your father now."

Miss Trevanion turned deadly pale; then, as the blood rushed back to her face, exclaimed, "No! that cannot be. I will sooner believe that he has contracted himself to the Lady Sophy; and yet, when he vehemently assured us that there was no such liking on his side! that, too, cannot be!"

"Do not chafe thus at me, fair cousin!" resumed her kinsman. "You asked me for the current reports, and I gave them; blundering out, as usual, along with each, some reason for —"

"I quarrel not with your meaning," good Dunbar, interrupted his troubled companion; "it is your light way of speaking that vexeth me: it seems, sometimes, not feeling of you."

"Sweet cousin!" he replied, mixing a tone of concern with his levity;

"knowest thou not that the philosopher's mask often covereth a fool's face; that foul worms creep through the fairest bank; that a dancing step and a heavy heart are life's yokefellows? Why, then, wilt thou not judge more charitably of a poor varlet, who has little else to recommend him to fortune, except the merry humour he was born with; and who, above all fortune, prizes his power of forcing a sad kinswoman now and then into smiles?" The last words were uttered with such a becoming attempt at a smothered sigh, that the young maid's cheeks coloured. She answered, with some embarrassment, —

"I am, indeed, a wayward creature — beating away the friendly hand that would support me. I bethink me now, Dunbar, that you had much to say in the business of my brother's last invitation. How was it? what could put it into his majesty's head or heart to come forward, as he certainly did, in the quality of a peace-maker?"

Captain Trevanion answered, hesitatingly, "Since that, too, is gone wrong, I may e'en claim the unlucky merit of the thought. Well, then, 'twas I, Aura, who, through a kind friend, sounded the temper

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of our new king. Finding him well inclined to make advances for gaining the country gentlemen, to increase his security on the throne, I got the matter suggested to him; and he was graciously pleased to make me the channel of his offer of oblivion for all Arundell's opposition to his interests when Duke of York. I do confess, that I never dreamed my cousin could be so mad as to refuse such a bounty; so I spurred my uncle on to be equally gracious, and write once more to Arundell. Now!—the moment is passed; and I can do nothing better for you all, than spirit my uncle up to keeping the loyal character his majesty imputes to him. Some other time a new opening towards peace may appear. Be of good cheer, Aura: when Arundell has sown a few more wild oats, or let out a little more of his hot blood, he will be glad to return home, and take his seat amongst grave masters and sage legislators, as his forefathers did before him."

"I pray you, cousin, do not speak lightly of my brother's unhappiness: you know he is a sufferer for conscience sake," said Miss Trevanion, in a tone of mild reproof. "You have meant well — in truth, done well,

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though it has turned out so contrary: heaven reward your kind intentions! But how stands my father affected to him, in his secret heart, think you? Am I, indeed, never to see my brother recalled — till, O wretched thought! he will have no father to return to?"

"I may not answer you comfortingly on that point, dear cousin," replied Dunbar, with more seeming concern: — "My uncle is sorely chafed at the indignity to which he has exposed himself through following my officious advice; so I, too, am in disgrace a little. His temper is soured by the background figure our family make beside those Hungerfords; so, I see no better course, than trying to mend his humour by patching up his consequence somehow: — Cry you mercy, fair coz! the Trevanion blood heralds itself in your face: I did not think you had as much in your whole body as what paints your cheeks this instant. I meant no offence to our race's dignity by my blunt phrase. — May I go on?"

Miss Trevanion motioned her assent.

"Well, then, I think, (heaven shield my poor wits! I never thought the thousandth part about mine own concerns) — I

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think it will be good policy in my uncle to pay his duty to the king upon his accession, and so put himself in the way of securing a favourable hearing, should he ever again wish to beg grace for Arundell; or if the whimsical fates were ever to dig up for him some old document, likely to eject our neighbours here from the filched barony—"

"Oh, Dunbar! do you encourage my father in such wild visions?" interrupted his companion: — "In heaven's name, let that evil spirit rest where it was laid, after our ruin, so many years ago."

Captain Trevanion fixed his eyes upon his cousin, with an air of hardy sincerity and earnest seriousness, quite new to her, in his looks. — "I can tell you," he said, "that nothing short of such a stirring object, which you and I may think visionary still, will be likely to keep Sir Fulk from thinking of a matter more pernicious to Arundell and yourself than any toy like that."

Miss Trevanion's complexion changed anew; she felt what he meant her to understand, and, looking down with evident embarrasment, emboldened him to go on. — "What I had purposed, then, Aura, ere

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you and I came to this amicable understanding, was this: — to fan the hopes of my uncle on this business, so as to make him see the possibility of getting the old claim revised by his present majesty; to revive in him, therefore, some taste for honourable attendance at court in that view; and lastly, to lie in wait thus for whatever favourable circumstance may occur for bringing either him or Arundell to abate some of their perverse opposition to each other. — Speak, if there is aught else you think my skill may compass! I am a bad fellow at fine speeches, being, as you well know, no Oroondates; but plain truth needs no varnish; and my uncle will bear me witness, how often I put my own favour at risk with him for Arundell's sake."

"You have, indeed, a most kind heart!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, giving him her hand: "Heaven forbid that I should engage you in any course that might seem ungrateful or unkind to my father; so let things rest. I had wished you could have written to my brother, and asked — but it would do no good, and must be wrong, since my father has forbidden it. — Well, be it as you propose, Dunbar; every ho-

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nest way to our lost peace will be welcome to me, so go your own course for us; I can but sit at home and give my prayers: but, should you ever hear of my brother, will you let me know it? and should you ever be allowed to write to him, oh tell him, — tell him —" here the sister's heart gave way; gushing tears filled up the imperfect sentence; whilst with hands fervently clasped together, even to momentary wringing, she turned away to give vent to the sudden anguish.

Dunbar Trevanion continued slowly walking in the same direction, at a little distance, satisfied with the success of his measures; while, as his tearless eye traced the slender outlines of her figure, and noted the pale hollow of her cheek, recollecting what she had been ere grief marked her, he congratulated himself that her affections had changed as decidedly as her looks.

Aurelia Trevanion, at this period, had as little in her appearance to catch the common eye, as fading trees in her father's park: yet, in the estimation of taste, her figure had that poetical air of melancholy, and her face that shaded character of sadness and sweetness, which is always interest-

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ing. Time had been, when that leaf-brown complexion was not of a sad, but an ardent brown; when those rayless eyes darted many a bright beam from under those drooping lids; when that profuse hair, now worn heedlessly coiled up under a plain coif, hung in a thousand tendril ringlets from the open brow to the graceful throat;—but that was past; and whether Aurelia Trevanion were blighted for ever, remained for them to speculate upon, who cared more for unmerited suffering and virtuous affections, than him who had once fancied, or feigned himself her lover.

This very man could now look on her and her sorrow unmoved: even had he not been steadily pursuing a selfish end, he would have been equally invulnerable to its gentle attack upon his heart, for he would have termed it folly, and so have contemned sympathy. Naturally lawless in his desires, he must early have lost the favour of worthier relatives, had he not been protected by a sagacious instinct of observation—for so that faculty in him might be called—which enabled him, upon the shortest interview, to discover the particular passion or prejudice of every one he dealt

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with. Upon his first appearance in the busy world, he had contrived to dissipate nearly a small estate amongst certain evil characters in the capital, without being suspected of it. His relations at remote Treverderet knew, indeed, that he was often in straits; and Arundell had helped him out of them occasionally, to the great damage of his own reduced means: but they were led, by his seeming careless speeches, to fancy his purse drained by poor Scotch kinsmen; and thus they wrote down a vice for a virtue. They were assured he did not play at dice or cards; they saw that he was no wine-quaffer; and knowing his gay humour, presumed that he was, what he termed himself, a thoughtless waster, cheated and imposed upon alternately by worse-minded companions.

In privately trying to engage the affections of his cousin Aurelia, it would be doing her innocent charms injury, to say that he was wholly influenced by the hope of obtaining a share of the Treverderet estates; fancy had something to do with it (for the sentiment she created in him never rose to passion); but no sooner did she avow indifference to him, than he turned at once

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to the more golden prize held out by her brother's and father's disagreement; since he was well aware, that his uncle rated the dignity of lineal succession too highly for any husband of hers, not bearing the family name, to step between him and the place which Arundell's alienation left vacant.

Equally mercenary and licentious, the prudence usually coupled with the first quality, enabled him both to withstand the attractions of the gaming-table and the wine-cup, and, finally, to steer his course of gallantry where a remnant of fortune was in no danger of shipwreck. Thus the bosom-leprosy of his cousin, was unknown to Arundell Trevanion; whose high tone of morality at first, and later religious feelings, kept aloof from all societies wherein he might have been enlightened on the subject.

The very heartlessness of Dunbar rendered his company always gay and exhilarating, even when sympathetic gloom would have been at least in better taste; whilst his adroitness, in charging all his intentional lapses of speech upon the *étourderie* of his character, together with the vehemency of his half-bantering mode of professing strong affection, helped to fix

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him, in the opinion of his Treverderet relations, as kind-hearted, honourable, and sincere.

Thus, unsuspicious of his cousin's low propensity and perfidious inclinations, Arundell Trevanion had given him just as much of his confidence as enabled the villain to see where and how he might stab him more securely; for, generously anxious not to urge Dunbar into choosing between father and son, and so forfeiting the sort of home which he had ever found at Treverderet, Arundell refused to involve him in the odium of a correspondence. The former, therefore, was free to refer all after mischief to this ignorance; while, in fact, he was contriving to learn every movement of his cousin's abroad, and so to poison those at home against his character as a son and a subject.

The new king's specious proposal had miscarried, as Dunbar expected; having previously transmitted to his cousin, as if from various anonymous patriots and well-wishers, exaggerated accounts of the protestant gentry's jealous apprehensions, and the open insolence of the papists.

In these fabricated compositions, Dunbar

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took care that no detail should be spared, whether true or doubtful, which might fortify his cousin's resolution, not to return for the purpose of taking an oath which his paramount duties might immediately oblige him to violate: and, succeeding in this part of his plan, his next step was to secure such a hold upon Sir Fulk Trevanion, as might induce the latter to declare him his heir, without the unpleasant appendage of a country-bred wife.

At first sight, it might seem that the officer was playing a desperate game for a small stake; but it was not so in fact. The Treverderet property was still a large and influential one: it only required abler hands than those it was now in, to lop off certain encumbrances, by thinning woods, enclosing wastes, raising rents, &c. (and so obtaining money for the redemption of sundry mortgages), and it would richly supply every want of a single man under thirty, even though he might choose to surround himself with all the luxury and gaiety of the capital.

Dunbar almost fancied himself secure of succession to its manors, mines, woodlands, and arable lands, when some fiery expres-

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sion of his uncle's, the day he arrived, startled him with the apparition of a second marriage, and another male heir. There was no course left for him, then, than that of directly breasting the danger, by reviving a taste in his uncle for the pursuit of the illusive title; and so inducing him to pay his duty at court: once there, Dunbar knew the channel by which he could influence James II., when accepting Sir Fulk Trevanion's assurances of loyalty, to propose the substitution of the nephew for the son, as heir of Treverderet. Such a proposal, coupled with a hint of some consequent turn in the business of the barony, would be likely enough to bribe away any lingering purpose of future reconciliation which Sir Fulk might cherish towards his son; as it would be impossible for him to imagine the king could ever grant such favour to a man, whose heir was an avowed enemy to his person and government.

It is true, there would be a risk of the knight's dreaded threat being accomplished, by his visit to the very mart of beauty and accomplishments — a court now presided over by a young and graceful queen: but against this, too, Captain Trevanion be-

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lieved he would be secured, both by the rumour, he knew how to swell, of Treverderet being a ruin, mouldering under heavy mortgages; and by the superior interest excited in his uncle's mind, through the prospect of at length ejecting his rival neighbour from the title of Chastel Scawen.

Still, however, there might remain hazard at home; and Sir Fulk Trevanion, if unpersuaded to visit London, would find many a "Tre, Pol, and Pen," ready to solder up broken neighbourliness, by bestowing their fairest daughter upon the master of Treverderet. Aurelia Trevanion, therefore, was to be apprized of this danger, and instructed to be upon the watch against it; and, while tutoring her to do this, Dunbar calculated he would be teaching her thus to render herself in a degree as unpleasant and vexatious to her father, as her brother had made himself at times, when urging the former to a more open espousal of those great interests, which, as a protestant loyalist he was bound to protect. There was only one person near his uncle about whom Dunbar was not at ease: this was Mr. Becket; if that man chose to traverse him,

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supposing him skilful enough to suspect his plans, the whole thing must miscarry.

He knew not what to make of the librarian's stillness of demeanour: it might be, in fact, only the natural aspect of a standing pool; or it might be the treacherous smoothness of waters, deep and powerful enough for the after wreck of another's project.

Dunbar had already made advances to Mr. Becket's intimacy; nay, contrived to set up some claim to his gratitude, by uttering a liberal sentiment, energetically though giddily; and repeating whatever was favourable to his supposed wishes as a catholic. Mr. Becket had received these advances with respectful observance, but that was all. It might be, therefore, that the librarian was secretly playing a game of his own against the same poor exile, either for the sake of preferment in his church, or from pure zeal for its tenets; consequently, Sir Fulk Trevanion might confound his nephew some day, by averring himself a convert to the doctrines of transubstantiation and the mediation of saints, and at once bring forward a bride of the same persuasion.

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Foiled, during his present visit at Treverderet, in his attempts to fathom this imperturbable personage, he saw no resource except trying to discover, through Lady Dorchester, whether or no Becket were employed by the junta of priests round the king, whose known business was to insinuate their agents into protestant families, for the purpose of conversion; if so, they might come to a tacit compact together; for Dunbar cared little what religion he should pledge himself to, in private. If, on the contrary, the librarian worked solely for his own ends, without knowledge of the set in question, then some method of expelling him from Treverderet must be devised. This, however, must be done warily; as Sir Fulk's jealousy of interference in the case of retaining and dismissing an attendant, had been painfully evinced in his resentment at his son. Dunbar, therefore, was about to communicate a small portion of his suspicion concerning Mr. Becket to his cousin, so as to put her upon the watch for him, when the sight of his uncle crossing the inner court, made him hastily sum up what he would have said, with many a delu-

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sively-gay parenthesis, in a short, low-breathed exhortation, that she would not forget how strongly her deep-seeing brother had suspected Becket.

This said, he gallantly lifted her hand to his lips, hastening to follow Sir Fulk, whom he overtook at the entrance of the armoury hall.

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CHAP. VII.

"WITH what have you been entertaining your cousin?" inquired the knight: "my daughter is not wont to give so much of her company to any one. I saw you join her as I was passing through a chamber overlooking the cloisters, and I saw you still together when I crossed the fountain-court. Do you make suit to her, Dunbar?"

There was a sad pleasantry in the tone of the last question, convincing the person he addressed that the speaker's fever fit was changed: dejection, as usual, was succeeding to violent wrath at his offending son. This was not an auspicious mood for his designing nephew to leave him in, and he hastened to break the spell of mournful memory.

"Heaven forbid, sir!" he exclaimed with well affected warmth: "I hope your brother's son is too true a Trevanion for that. I am a poor squanderer, I grant ye; but, withal, of as proud a stomach ——"

"Nay, sir," interrupted Sir Fulk loftily;

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"I marvel how this sparkish pride is kindled just now. What different blood flows in your cousin's veins, that you should take fire at the notion of a suit to her?"

"Your pardon, honoured uncle!" returned the artful kinsman, resuming his ordinary freedom of aspect: "Your own nobleness might have told you why I started from the supposed imputation."

"You chose sharp words, kinsman!" observed Sir Fulk, checking the smiling trick of his nature, when pleased, by a suppressed sigh. "Methinks I understand you. Thou art an honourable rattle-pate after all."

Dunbar Trevanion did not reply immediately: he took two or three hasty steps across the apartment, with an air of disturbance and hesitation; at length he finished his masking, by stopping short in his walk, and saying, hurriedly: —

"No, no, sir! you shall not set me down for better than I am: the sin of my boyish days does not sit easily upon my conscience. I own, then, that I did, in those days (when I thought Aura little likely to have more than a slender portion), try to win my fair cousin's favour; but now, a scaffold on one hand, and a coronet on the other,

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would neither fright me nor tempt me into a renewal of such boldness."

"Why, what is the change in my daughter?" asked Sir Fulk gravely.

"She stands at this moment, does she not," was the interrogatory answer, "in the place of Arundell? She is heiress of Treverderet; and I am a bankrupt, idle kinsman, who values every particle of Treverderet soil — ay, and even every withered tree rooted in it, above life or limb, for their family pride's sake; yet would I not buy a rood of the ground at the cost of a grain of Trevanion self-respect."

"And how is self-respect to have injury from court to my daughter?" again questioned the knight, jealous of his own ready confidence in what he most wished.

"Why, by my consciousness, that the father of the heiress of Treverderet must wish her to match suitably and nobly."

"With your leave, good cousin!" resumed Sir Fulk somewhat proudly, "I acknowledge no better blood than that of the Trevanions; and who shall gainsay me, if I incline to let the kindred streams unite in one."

"Sir! uncle! my gracious uncle!" eja-

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culated Dunbar earnestly, as it seemed, regarding the knight's hectic cheek, and agitated frame: then, as if recovering from his astonishment of grateful feeling, added, "No generous act ought to surprise me thus from you. How can Arundell — pardon, I did not mean to name him. I am lame of language; — in sooth not given to make, what we thoughtless soldiers call, fine speeches: — else this rare generosity — your former million kindnesses — the indulgence you always show my follies, and my imprudent zeal on a certain subject — they might inspire me; — but, strange as you may think it, after this — ungrateful too — I fairly own that I have long ceased to desire the hand of my cousin."

"Your affections, then, are otherwise engaged now," coldly interrupted his uncle.

"Disengaged, I believe, I may grant," returned the expert dissembler, somewhat regretfully: "had my pretty cousin been less hard to bend in my direction, they might easily be reknit; but at the time I thought I might woo her, without treason against my honoured uncle, she declined my suit so steadily, that by degrees I came to my senses; and since then have found out that

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she and I are not congenial souls. Since those days she has grown something more of the puritan, or, I perhaps, have become what *she* calls a free-thinker, and I (laughingly) term a charitable person."

Sir Fulk Trevanion's fine brow, by a sudden contraction, showed what train that subtle spark had fired. Dunbar, apparently unnoticing this, went on: — "Now, whether she could ever be brought to like me well enough to renew my old passion, is no longer a question with me, since — do not be wrath at me, dear sir — I humbly confess that I could not, by any voluntary act, sit down in my dear ill-judging cousin's place — Arundell's I mean."

He paused; but Sir Fulk Trevanion was too much affected for speech; his nephew continued in a tone of admirably-assumed emotion: — "After this fool-hardiness — or arrogance — or abominable pride — call it what you will, I have scarcely the face to entreat your pardon for avowing it; and how can I fancy you will believe me, when I swear, that in spite of all this presumption, if I did not truly—gratefully honour and reverence my kind, kind uncle —"

"I believe it — I believe it, Dunbar!"

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interrupted Sir Fulk, averting his head to conceal his feelings, whilst strongly pressing the other's hand.

He stood thus for some instants, earnestly pressing at intervals that false hand, and contending stoutly against his own roused sensibility; but, finding it master him, he added, "We will talk further of this another time," and abruptly left the room."

The groanings, the relentings of a parent's heart, who may know, save those who have felt them? Whether the wrongs from their children be true or fancied, or imposed basely on their belief, still they are felt as wrongs, and received as so many unnatural stabs from the hand which has been upheld by theirs from infancy to youth.

Sir Fulk Trevanion, overcome by a passionate recollection of his noble son's superior nobleness, and his early devotion to himself; and struck with the difference now between that son, and a kinsman hitherto moderately estimated, could no longer bear up against the assault of natural grief, but, hastening to his private study, shut himself up there for several hours.

The nephew he quitted, whom he falsely

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thought a disinterested wishful peace-maker, ever led his seeming mediatorial attempts to similar issues: never having one Christian argument, of human fallibility, to plead, with angel-tongue, at the bar of the father's heart. On the contrary, his office was to scoff at such humiliating doctrine; to minister rather to his uncle's overweening self-esteem, by flattering him, as base courtiers distort the "divine right of kings;" and to teach him, therefore, to demand and expect blind obedience from his children, even when conscience required them to hesitate.

Dunbar Trevanion was now as successful as he hoped, to his utmost wish; conscious, from what he had observed that day of Aurelia, during their momentous discourse, that she was resolute in remaining unmarried so long as her brother was in exile.

The artful cavalier had seen enough of women to be convinced, that there is often an extraordinary obstinacy of resolution on the subject of one dominant affection (whatever its nature), in the very feeblest of the gentle sex, which renders them invulnerable to absence, to neglect, to persecution, even to perpetual home-misery. Without stay-

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ing to philosophise about the thing, and find out whether this be a vice or a virtue, he presumed upon it as a fact likely to serve his cause: for if his uncle should press him upon Aurelia's acceptance, her refusal to like whom her father chose, or her direct reference to her brother's interests, must incense him so, as to pave the way for his favourable reception of the proposal intended to proceed from the king.

To marry his melancholy cousin, or assist in recalling his mad one, as he inwardly termed the brother and sister, was not within the scope of Dunbar's speculations: and, to keep both misfortunes at bay, he determined to make the most of the short interval which yet remained to him of his leave from military duty.

The following day, Captain Trevanion had another long conference with his uncle, during a ride through the Treverderet woods; and attempted to have one with Mr. Becket, whom he overtook in the afternoon going to botanize. But, in the latter, he was foiled, by the librarian's calm taciturnity, and assiduity about his plants; and fairly beat off the ground, by what he presumed the cleverest assumption possible

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of contented apathy, the courtly gallant was obliged to yield him up the triumph, and quit him of his company.

Towards evening, when the gentlemen all met again in the biliard room, Dunbar was sent by Sir Fulk on an embassy to his cousin, purporting that he came to take leave of her; a formality never dispensed with, in those days of mutual respect, between relations, even when parting for a single day.

He found her in a small antique chamber, appropriated to her solitary employments, lighted by a single projecting window richly decorated with gothic ornaments and with mottoes in stained glass.

This window, engloomed by the dark foliage of an old jessamine, which had encroached far over its stone-work, looked over the most solitary portion of the domain near the quarter, called the Evergreen Garden; a part which had once been assiduously attended, when a resort of the late Lady Trevanion's, but now neglected almost to ruin, because the banished Arundell had loved it for her memory's sake, and planted many of its later ornaments. Aurelia Trevanion was speaking from the open case-

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ment to one of the old men belonging to the almshouses in the cloister court, when Dunbar entered: he heard her say,—

"Alack! it was a piteous night indeed! I fear you will find many of the dear old yews broken: I have not had heart to-day to go and see."

"Who is your Romeo, gentle coz?" he enquired, with his usual good-humoured levity.

"Only old Walter," was the answer, as, wishing the grey-headed pensioner good evening, she drew back her head into the chamber.

"What! going after his work I presume," observed the officer, "to take the old Gull out for his disport of fishing: truly master Saulay hath a most benevolent spirit."

"It is my brother's bird, you know, cousin," returned Miss Trevanion displeasedly, "and water is so natural to him, that if old Walter did not take him daily to the pond in my mother's garden, some other person should. It is one of my griefs, smile as you may, that I might not have Arundell's gull in my keeping: but my father wills it."

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It was no part of Dunbar Trevanion's scheme to make himself too agreeable to his cousin, though he strenuously sought to render her a firm believer in his integrity. To ensure her continued rejection, it was necessary for him not to adopt her tone of tenderness, in minute things connected with the brother she loved so fondly, and he therefore resumed, in the same tone of banter, "Why the heavy sea-gull may not be brought to the same degree of worthiness with the noble falcon I cannot guess! Your excellent trout is as well worth the catching as your plump partridge: — so I vote on the instant for recommending good master Saulay to his majesty, for a post of equal dignity with that of the grand falconer."

"Cousin, your light humour frets me at times like this," Miss Trevanion said, in evident discomposure; "whatever has to do with my poor wandering Arundell, might, I think, be handled gently; —'tis my infirmity not to bear jesting when he is mentioned."

"Always in disgrace with you, cousin!" he exclaimed. "Well, I own to a most graceless trick of playing the buffoon, even

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like the good Sir Thomas More, who jested on the scaffold; but I am not fool to the core. By the way, coz, I know you have ill brooked the decay of that worm-eaten charity of our great great grandsires — the almshouses. In truth, I was often sorely vexed myself, to see the tottering beadsmen reduced from eight to four."

"It may not be helped, cousin," interrupted Aurelia, more discomposed than before, being ever sensitive to any reminder of their straitened circumstances: "when the almshouses were endowed with many a good rood of land, the pious founder did not foresee that the land would be seized by the crown in our eighth Harry's time, under pretence of being church land. Yet, for all that loss, you well know that even in my father's days the eight respectable pensioners were duly kept. The four who are here now live in perfect comfort, — nothing but my dear father's pilfered means —"

"Spare your vindication, my sweet coz," interrupted Dunbar; "my honoured uncle denies himself, to bestow on others. In speaking of this matter, I merely meant to pleasure you, by letting you know that you

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may soon see the list full again, and have larger doles of charity to dispense amongst your out-door poor. My uncle has just given me his promise to do away with the deer park."

"Do away with the deer park!" repeated Miss Trevanion, aghast at the information, and unconscious of any advantage likely to result from the proposed destruction.

Her cousin hastened to explain his reason for suggesting such a thing, and to point out the good which might issue thence.

The destruction, when detailed, only amounted to the entire disposal of the deer; thus leaving the park free for more profitable grazing, and relieving its master from a heavy yearly expense, consequent upon the pay of keepers, and cost of winter food for the numerous herds. This annual saving, together with the large sum for which the fine Treverderet breed were sure to sell, was spoken of by Captain Trevanion as a desirable accession to Sir Fulk's means of charity and home comfort; he took care not to let Aurelia suspect, that her father had principally in view the

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empty ambition of re-appearing at court, with the costly show of his most prosperous days.

To banish all continued speculations upon this part of the subject, it was only necessary for him to dwell upon what, he said, had first impelled him to start the idea: — its advantages, he termed afterthoughts. An accident had befallen one of the under servants the last night, as he was crossing the far park in which the deer were kept; and being solely in consequence of the fury of one of the animals, and, indeed, of a most frightful nature, afforded the best plea imaginable for a humane spirit to use in supplicating for the sacrifice of a mere pomp or pleasure.

Miss Trevanion's compassion was excited on the instant, almost to anguish; so that she could only be restrained from directly going to visit the sufferer, then in what was called the sick ward of the house, by her cousin's assurance, that he had been with him at day-break (being the first told of the accident), that his hurts were not supposed mortal, and that strict attention to the supply of whatever his surgeon ordered would be greater kindness than any personal enquiries from herself.

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Miss Trevanion was some time in recovering from this painful intelligence; it had done its intended work, by at once banishing all weak or selfish regrets for the removal of the beautiful herds she had been accustomed to consider, from infancy, as parts of her existence — as inseparable from it as her home, her lineaments, or her kindred.

"I knew," she exclaimed, "that some evil was going to happen; — last night was so fearful! — such a storm! — the wind was more awful than all the thunder I ever heard. Oh, how I shudder at the sound of high winds! — never, never have we had a great sorrow but a tempestuous day or night preceded it. This poor man, if he should die! — but why was I not told of this sooner?"

Captain Trevanion for once truly assured her, that it was agreed she should not be agitated by the news, until it was possible to say the wretchedly lacerated man was pronounced likely to do well; and that being the case now, he wished to use these his last moments at Treverderet, in stating it as his reason for having entreated Sir Fulk to order the proposed sale.

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"Oh, you go to-morrow, cousin," resumed Aurelia, her sisterly heart returning to the brother who was ever uppermost there: "do not forget what we spoke of in the cloisters; lose no opportunity of insinuating a kind thought of Arundell into my father's mind; heaven will bless you for it, Dunbar:—do your best to keep us in his majesty's favour, in case, as you say, we should ever need to beg a boon of him for our poor exile."

"Aught for your sweet favour, fair cousin," interrupted Dunbar, in a tone which was meant to try whether he was or was not to leave out her for ever in the possessions he was scheming for.

"Cousin," said Miss Trevanion, after a short pause, and with a firmness of courage which astonished him, "you will please to remember, henceforth, that I am no longer a fearful, irresolute girl; at least, on some points, I am fixed: call to mind what I said to you but yesterday. Recollect that from this hour, I am to be treated as a rightly-affectionate kinswoman, and never more addressed in idle gallantry — much less by more serious suit. I have already prayed your forgiveness for the childishness

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of my childish years — I now pray it once again; henceforth, let all be forgotten, if we are to be true cousins and friends for the future."

"So be it, and the evil on your own head!" was Dunbar's inward exclamation, while composing his countenance to express very different sentiments:—"You will it, Aura, and it shall be so: perchance my uncle may see fit to let you know what passed between him and me this very day, and that may satisfy you of my sincere intention to abide by your unkind determination. Mark me, sweet coz, I make no complaint against you. Inclination is a wild bird, that comes not for being whistled to; from this moment, I renounce every hope which my uncle's partial regard held out; and once again I pledge myself to be as true to Arundell, as I trust you will find I am to yourself. But, cry you mercy! (changing his tone as if generously preventing her acknowledgments,) I hear my uncle's voice, reminding me that I have forgotten to say, he and Mr. Becket are coming to taste from your hands some of the new fashioned extract, which I brought from London; all our court ladies there

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dispense it with such grace, that they persuade us into the deadly sin of 'calling bitter, sweet.'"

Aurelia Trevanion could only rebuke this irreverent quotation with her eye, for her father entered, followed by Mr. Becket, who silently took the place her courtesy offered. The welcome she gave her father partook of the character of her inward feelings; it was partly animated, partly timid: the visit of an undeclared, yet favoured, lover could not have brought a richer red into that commonly pale cheek. Sir Fulk was not frequent in such testimonials of parental fondness, and when he rendered them they were received with as much awe as joy.

The Chinese treat tasted, and the different characters discussed who had first introduced it from Holland (the wily Lord Arlington, and the generous Lord Ossory), Sir Fulk Trevanion recommended coffee, by way of adherence to the older fashion, and the fair mistress of the little apartment hastened to gratify him.

This second refreshment taken, Sir Fulk, who obviously sought to appear composed under his last signal disappointment, rose

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to display the interest he was able to feel in minor matters. He admired some new dispositions in his daughter's cell, as he called her gothic chamber; looked more curiously than he was wont at her needle-work and shell edifices; praised her attempted copy, in clay, of a shrine, in the old church; even lifted her lute, and bade her play to him.

Moved and delighted by this show of pleasure in her neglected accomplishments, and remembering Eveleen Hungerford's opinion, that such interest, once roused, might be cultivated to the exclusion of any new views of her father's, Aurelia received the instrument from his hand, and passing her hands lightly over its strings, accompanied them, though with a faint and fluttering voice, in a lively rondeau brought her by Dunbar from the capital.

"Thou dost mismatch thy voice, Aura!" observed her father. "Nature hath not intended thee for a minstrel at gay boards. Sing us something of a graver humour."

His daughter bowed—blushed—hesitated a moment,—then once more agitating the lute, sang, with plaintive simplicity, these words: —

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SONG.

Blow on, blow on, thou summer wind;
If Ella sighs on thee,
Oh, scatter not the dear-loved breath,
But waft that sigh to me!

Run on, run on, thou ocean stream;
If Ella sheds by thee
But one sad drop of fond regret,
Oh, bring that tear to me!

Both father and daughter evidently applied the words of this song to the same object, and, perhaps, with equal bitterness of grief, however different its character. Sir Fulk smothered more than one sigh as he rose, and stepping into the bay of the projecting window, asked some trivial question about the night; whilst Aurelia, choking with gathering emotions, turned, and busied herself in hanging up her lute, to conceal the tears which this unlucky song had caused to trickle down her cheeks.

When Sir Fulk turned back into the room, his countenance was settled; and anxious to avoid any subject calculated to revive certain remembrances, he opened a new vein of conversation, by asking a question which some outward object had suggested.

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Mr. Becket, whom he addressed, entered directly upon the theme proposed; and the gay officer of the king's guard was, consequently, doomed to listen patiently to adverse opinions concerning those rock basons, on hill tops or caverns' sides, which yet interest the Cornish antiquary. The knight denominated them merely natural reservoirs of water: his librarian respectfully supported the Druids' right to the honour of their formation.

Dunbar, caring for neither opinion, and playing a bolder, therefore freer, game for his uncle's confidence, than what a system of petty submissions would have exacted, challenged his cousin to chess, when he beat her without mercy, and without any abatement of his usual spirits.

It may be supposed that, during their play, Miss Trevanion's mind was widely astray from her occupation. She was in truth disturbed, and dissatisfied with her own feelings; believing that she ought to be happier, yet feeling that she was less so, than ere the late discourses between her and Dunbar had established a sort of confidential intercourse on their parts. All that her cousin had done respecting the last offence of her father's, he had proved to

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her understanding to have been right and prudent, with family re-union for its object; but the conviction had not reached her heart: something there refused to trust in mere argument; and even the subtle management of a practised man of the world, could not triumph over the instinctive sense of deception inherent in an artless girl.

She was, however, fairly coiled in the web of his machinations, and committed through the future to perfect confidence in him: it seemed impossible for her to deny, that he had just displayed as much generosity towards her, as he had before done to her brother; for if he had, indeed, drawn back from her father's insinuated offer of uniting the cousins (as his words had implied), was he not generous to her? She knew, too, that in urging his uncle to try for some honourable influence at court, he was doing it for Arundell's sake, yet risking his own place of favour with the knight: and if, in attempting to perfect such kind intentions, he should occasionally blunder in the way of doing it, was it not a thing less to be wondered at than grieved for?

She sighed, and concluded herself un-

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gratefully cold. Upon one subject of his last conversation, Miss Trevanion felt considerable alarm: should that which Dunbar had intimated would be approved of by her father, become an actual wish of the latter's, what a host of new evils might be let loose upon their already desolated comfort!

Independently of her sincere desire to remain single, Miss Trevanion felt an unaccountable repugnance to the idea of marrying her cousin: she was changed in taste as well as humour; and she thought it was for that reason his gay moods, and affectation of positive levity, no longer pleased her as they had done. What would become of her then, if Sir Fulk, not satisfied with his nephew's respectful refusal, and fathoming its nobleness, should endeavour to go beyond him in generosity, by pleading his cause with his daughter — nay, exacting obedience from her?

In the tumult of these thoughts, poor Aurelia forgot her purpose of narrowly observing Mr. Becket, whose suspected ill-offices Dunbar had taught her to consider as positive and incessant. Playing like one who knew not even the moves of the game, she continued some time agitated by similar

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disturbance, unconscious that her cousin's eyes were often glanced upon her with a smile of amused contempt. Meanwhile Mr. Becket and her father, proceeding in their antiquarian talk, were endeavouring to connect a long-standing custom of giving away common eggs on Easter, with that practised by the Druids, who were said to have bestowed a serpent's egg upon each favoured combatant going out to battle.

"Rely on it, these primitive gifts were all hard boiled!" cried the privileged Dunbar, breaking in upon the grave discourse; "only so many pompous pieces of provision to save their commissariat trouble."

"We know your heretical indifference to every thing connected with antiquity!" observed Sir Fulk, regarding him indulgently.

"Cry you mercy!" exclaimed his kinsman: "Not so! dear sir! Feudal times are the only times I wish to have lived in. To a Trevanion in mail, of Cœur de Lion's day, I would doff my mind's hat every hour he passed me; but your wild woodmen — those exemplars of savage dignity, of whom it is written: —

'A glittering suit of mail the youth had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won—'"

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Something between a smile and a frown from Sir Fulk interrupted his nephew's speech, which, without finishing, the latter changed into a question: "Is it a part of antiquarianism to believe in ghosts and goblins? for if it be, I own I am ready to begin my noviciate, by subscribing to every article of such a creed.

"I profess great faith in the phantom giant of Austill downs, for instance:—having myself often seen the hat and walking-stick by day, which he lost there some ages ago, and comes every night to seek."

"Pshaw!" repeated Sir Fulk, but less emphatically, for his nephew's levity amused him.

"Then for the spirit Tregeagle," he resumed, "though I am not prepared to claim his acquaintance when he was set to lave out Dosmerry pool in a leaky limpet shell, nor yet while he might be seen working away upon his never-to-be-made rope of sand; yet will I maintain, that if ever his fiendship's shrieks are to be distinguished from the beating of the tides, and the roaring of the winds round his cavern prison, they were heard by me last night: for such a yelling as there was all over the two parks,

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my ears never were assaulted with before. Tregeagle must have sent his voice to us on the wings of a flaugh from the coast."

"Ah! they were the poor man's cries whom the deer hurt!" exclaimed Aurelia, forgetting her cousin's caution about that event.

"So Dunbar could not keep the secret!" observed the knight; "I hope he told you also that he was the person that saved the poor knave's life, though at the cost of my best buck's!"

"You! was it indeed you, Dunbar?" questioned his tender-hearted cousin, with an expression of voice and eyes which made him fear that his fate was going to play him a jade's trick after all, by making a mere act of self-defence produce the effect of one generously devoted to another's preservation.

He had been returning very late to Treverderet, after a distant excursion, when he encountered the enraged deer and unfortunate labourer, and as the former turned to attack himself, had shot the animal dead with the pistol which he always wore in his riding-belt.

As he had told the story, it sounded

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admirably; and Sir Fulk Trevanion was not sorry to have the present occasion of repeating it to his daughter.

The gay officer appeared gracefully anxious to get rid of the subject; for that purpose, saying abruptly: — "Apropos, to nothing! my honoured uncle, what bit of news, think ye, I heard not two hours ago, from a fellow who came to be paid for some fishing tackle — our superb neighbour next door is going to give an entertainment at Rohesia, to all Cornwall, except those who would disdain being at it, and comes down here with all his train, as soon after the coronation as possible."

"How!" exclaimed Sir Fulk, every trace of pleasurable feeling vanishing from his expressive features.

"His lordship has a point to carry," was the ready reply: "his object is to get in his member without opposition. Current report says, that the Lord of Carraton is not in such savour at James's court as he was at Charles's; so he will need many a weight in his scale, to make it balance the candidate my uncle patronizes."

"Ha!" repeated the knight, a burst of possibilities breaking upon him: "Not in good savour! are you sure of this, Dunbar?"

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"The report was current when I left Newmarket," was the answer, "and my own small observation tended the same way; but I am proverbially unobserving; fellows have laid bets to pick a pocket before me, and I have not seen it; besides which, I am so often duped by appearances, that my opinion is not worth one of my cousin's lute-strings: — cry you mercy, fair coz! — however, court gossips are good witnesses."

The knight's countenance cleared with brightness.

"The next thing I expect to hear of," continued Dunbar, "will be, that you are beset by his lordship for a renewal of neighbourliness. Now, what could be more neighbourly than giving the Trevanion interest to his candidate? May I own myself wicked enough to wish to see that old intriguante, Lady Rhoda Brandon, volunteering a visit of polite mendicity to the master of Treverderet. She had better send her pretty niece Hungerford on that errand."

Sir Fulk Trevanion darted a fiery look at his daughter, whom this shaft struck. Aurelia, unable to disguise her agitation, exclaimed, —

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"Cousin!—cousin! your levity of speech is not christian."

"Why—what is there unchristian in my speech?"

"It is cruel—unjust—unworthy of one like you—to accuse innocent persons without due grounds," Miss Trevanion answered, hesitatingly, conscious of the effect this light remark had made upon her father, yet not daring to proclaim her limited companionship with Eveleen Hungerford, by meeting the implied accusation.

Dunbar's quick eye caught enough of the matter in question, to be sure that there was yet more worth finding out: at any rate, he perceived that by some chance he had struck the right chord for dissonance, and he was not slow of making the most of it.

"Your pardon—your pardon, fair saint!" he cried, holding up his hands in mock supplication. "Your veins have all the noble parts of the Trevanion blood; mine contain its baser sediment. I can look upon some folks as my natural enemies; you deem all men your brethren. In sober earnest, however, I believe upon my favourite rumour's affidavit, that the fair mistress

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Eveleen is of rare worth and bewitchingness; and, for that very reason, I never mean to put myself in the way of being charmed by her."

"Right!—right, Dunbar!" exclaimed Sir Fulk, impetuously—"You are a true kinsman! In my own person, I would avoid all of that race as if they carried the plague in their garments. I too can do justice to the qualities of an honourable foe; but the tribute, methinks, were as well paid at a distance from him."

He spoke with stern emphasis, every vein in his high, pale forehead swelling with indignant remembrances, and roused enmity. No one presumed to make an observation upon what he said; but Aurelia's features betraying, by their slightly convulsed movement, what was passing in her heart, he added, less strongly, "However, let that presumptuous family send whom they will on their errands, I trust there is not a helper in the Treverderet stables that would not despise advances made for low interest's sake."

Too quickly applying this remark, Miss Trevanion, unable to remain, and not daring to notice it, rose from her seat, and,

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faintly complaining of sickness, craved her father's pardon for being obliged to go into the air.

Sir Fulk, unwilling to acknowledge her friendship with Miss Hungerford, lest his nephew should contemn him for a dupe, said, as she went out, —

"My daughter was a year at the same school with this niece of Lord Carraton's formerly, and the young lady was kind to her in an infectious fever; so I see she could not brook your strong conclusions. I believe, too," he added, rather confusedly, "they saw each other at church a Sunday or two ago."

"I thought only servants were at Rohesia!" exclaimed Dunbar Trevanion, sincerely surprised. "It is odd — the coronation on foot, and Miss Hungerford not at it!"

"I know nothing about it," shortly replied his uncle.

Mr. Becket calmly stated, that the young lady was in mourning for an aunt — one of the Lake family — therefore could not be present at the most public show of the day.

"And how came you by this information, worthy Master Becket!" exclaimed

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Dunbar, shrouding his awakened glance of suspicion under a good-humoured smile; "no tampering with fair enemies, I hope!" This was said in a tone of frank banter, but it made Sir Fulk Trevanion face round upon his librarian, with a look which, for the moment, pierced through the man. Rallying from the effect of that look, Mr. Becket replied composedly, "The young lady told me so herself. I met her, by chance, in one of the cottages where I go at times to teach some children reading; she was there enquiring into what I taught them; and entering into discourse, at once said who she was, and why at Rohesia with only her governess."

"How came I not to be told of this?" sternly demanded the knight.

"Sir!" repeated the librarian, with a look of astonishment, "I did not presume to suppose that so trivial an incident could be of consequence to relate. The young lady and I held no other conversation than what concerned the teaching of these children, and it ended by her civil request that I would henceforth leave them to her care, as she meant to provide for their instruction for the future."

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"A rare piece of pretty piety!" exclaimed Captain Trevanion, smiling, and somewhat reassured that there was no collusion between the librarian and the fair lady: "Eveleen Hungerford must have got a lesson from her uncle, the bishop, to be so afraid of your serving Romish wheat instead of true English grain. Nay, don't redden, Master Becket, neither my uncle nor I, think the worse of a man for honestly professing a different faith." Mr. Becket bowed, hemmed away a troubled sigh, and stealthily crossed himself whilst looking towards his patron. Sir Fulk, abruptly roused from his moody abstraction, "These things chafe me, Mr. Becket; let there be no more intruding amongst persons, whatever they be, whom these Hungerfords have care for. Leave the people in their old-fashioned ignorance. I see not that we are a whit better for knowing more than they do; so leave them, I say, to listen at church, and sign their names by a cross, when they want to subscribe a paper. — But we must look after my daughter." Dunbar promptly offered to go in search of Miss Trevanion; this however his uncle forbade, and calling for her maid to seek her mistress, he with-

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drew himself and his party from the apartment.

As Dunbar was to take leave by daybreak the next day, and Sir Fulk urged it as a reason why they should now separate for the night, the former could not with any grace find an excuse for loitering as he wished, to get speech at his cousin again ere she retired to her bed. He was left, therefore, to revolve on his pillow, the probable results of Miss Hungerford's foregone intimacy with Aurelia Trevanion; their present close neighbourhood; and the likely romance, to be forthwith projected between them, of some love affair, by way of conclusion.

Whether Miss Trevanion should talk Miss Hungerford into a girlish passion for her exiled brother, or fall herself into the snare of some sentimental dependent kinsmen of Lord Carraton's, Dunbar recked not, so that the mutual folly might end by further embroiling the father and children.

"The very devils work for me," thought the callous-hearted libertine, as he finished his ruthless calculation of prohibitions: "Since I have lost all appetite for matrimony; and hope to heir my uncle's lands along with

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his name, I have the better chance if his witless daughter fixes her heart upon a Hungerford, or tries to patch up a peace by bringing over her brother to marry the fair Mistress Eveleen: marry Mistress Eveleen!—poor simpleton!" he turned on his pillow, with a smile of utter derision; immediately afterwards, silencing that voice of conscience, which, bury it as we may, deep, deep in our heart, yet cries aloud, until silenced by the death of determined depravity. He chose to call himself the deceived, therefore the injured person; mentally ejaculating,

"Yes, yes! my fair cousin has more hidden under that melancholy indifference than I expected. I would I were as sure of Treverderet, as that she is already in league with Miss Hungerford, and sworn to one of her recommending. Here lies the secret of her perverseness to me. And does she think I am to be so out-witted by a girl, that affected to tell me all that was upon her heart, and not be revenged for the affront and the wrong?—not so, by my hopes! let her look to herself! Let Becket step warily too, or he will fall fathoms, ere he fear it even."

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CHAP. VIII.

THE day of her cousin's departure found Aurelia Trevanion nervously agitated with apprehension of what she might have to encounter from her father.

After what had occurred the last evening upon the subject of the Hungerford family, and what her cousin had hinted at with regard to himself, she momentarily expected to be called to a painful reckoning for her interest in the one, and her avowed indifference to the other.

But the dreaded hours passed without annoyance. Sir Fulk was occupied, from morning till late in the afternoon, with his steward and head park-keeper, about the business of the deer; and if his countenance, during the short period of their meals, were dark and abstracted, it was easy to guess that it arose from continued wounding thoughts of one far away.

Even the short renewal of intimacy between Eveleen Hungerford and Miss Tre-

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vanion had taught the latter some better reflections upon conduct, than what her almost cloistered life and melancholy indolence of mind had hitherto suggested. Having seen the irritation of her father when Captain Trevanion spoke of the Rohesia family, she felt it would be wrong in her to attempt seeing her friend again, until she had once more solicited and received the knight's sanction to their meetings.

With this right view of her duty, she accompanied Sir Fulk out when he went first to visit the wounded man in the sick ward, and thence into the parks.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the sun, yet an hour from his setting, threw bright illuminations over the spring grass of the narrow glades, and between the shafts of the thickly-set trees. Even the black park (so called, from being principally planted with pine and ilex,) shone in the cheerful light. Groupes of spotted deer were seen browsing, or resting under the far-spreading boughs of many an old oak, which, though partially clothed as yet, compensated for their want of summer foliage, by the stateliness of their growth and the magnificence of their structure.

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Once or twice a young doe, lying out in the sun, with her fawn, started up at their approach, gazed on them with her brightly-mutable eyes, almost with human expression, then bounded swiftly and gracefully away.

Aurelia, who knew that all these beautiful creatures were doomed to banishment from Treverderet, and whose melancholy fancy ever deepened real griefs by associations, thought of her brother, and sighed. Sir Fulk was not less moved than she; but this was a task his pride had set himself, and to perform it composedly was a necessary part of the work.

"These are fine herds, Polwhele!" he said, addressing one of the park-keepers who met him by appointment; "but they are not worth a worthy fellow's hurt, after all; so let them go. See that you part with them only to persons who have good room for them, and lack no pride in their game. I would prefer, else, shooting every one of the dappled rogues with my own hand."

"They as buys 'em," bluntly growled an under keeper to his principal, "won't starve 'em for their own sakes. I hope his

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honour's worship don't mean to give 'em away, as it's called. I'm sore sorry to see the handsome creturs go; but I hopes —"

"What dost thou hope, Garnet?" asked the knight, relaxing from his usual stately distance of manner, — "speak out, man; don't grumble to Polwhele."

"Why I hopes, please your honour," resumed the clown, — "thof I ben't a Cornish mon bred on your honour's estate, I hopes never to see any on 'em run in Rohesia there."

"What put that notion into thy head?" questioned his master, not displeased at the cause of the speaker's anxiety.

"Why, sir," resumed the man, "there was a talk of the lord there, meaning to fence off a part of his park for deer, like our'n — and I don't forgets the business of 75 ('ad ratt'n!) thof I was but three years with your honour then."

Sir Fulk Trevanion was so well contented with the inveteracy of the man's memory, that he was even able to smile at his last appropriating phrase; and, nodding graciously to him, called him "a faithful foolish knave;" but gave no other token of his inward satisfaction: he was, indeed,

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always too lofty in spirit for offering common signs of favour to any of his people when they pleased him : their voluntary services, or spontaneous expressions of attachment, he left for a time unrewarded, but not unregistered, — the affectionate domestic never failed of advancement or indulgence at some later period.

Polwhele, the head keeper, now ventured a few words of remonstrance, in the shape of regret ; — " he was really very sorry that the poor deer were all to go, because one was vicious ! — Captain Trevanion had put him out of the way of doing more mischief, — and accidents would happen now and then: he did not see why they were to lose the pride of Treverderet, for young Hollis's imprudence; but it was all, of course, at his master's will and pleasure."

" My will and pleasure then is," gravely resumed the knight, " that if this report be true, none of the deer are to be *sold to* any agent of his lordship's. Reject treble the sum from them which others offer — reject any sum."

Polwhele bowed, and promised obedience.

Sir Fulk turned away, with his daughter on his arm, whose sad regards took a silent

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farewell of the graceful herds, as they chased each other under the spreading shades: she had to recollect that one of them, but two nights before, had nearly deprived a widowed mother and sickly sister of their main support, ere the pang at her heart was quenched.

She could not, however, answer as cheerfully as she wished, when her father, rather deceiving himself than purposely misstating his motives, expostulated upon the humble virtues of this exemplary son, giving them as the reason why he had so suddenly determined to adopt his nephew's ardent suggestion.

The obvious transition from this subject was to Dunbar Trevanion, whom every one considered as young Hollis's preserver.

Sir Fulk discussed his nephew's character and habits, with that air of investigation and authority, which so often persuades us to receive a desired opinion as the very best that could be given. At all times, the fine countenance and lofty bearing of the knight, imposed him upon ordinary companions for a person of wider intellect than he really was; much more, therefore, did these advantages, associated with her early

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reverence for him, awaken in Aurelia the most profound respect to what he was now saying.

Not wholly approving his nephew's volatility, while yet inventing several plausible excuses for it, he enlarged upon the young cavalier's high spirit, nice honour, and known attachment to kindred.—Miss Trevanion scarcely breathed, from dread of some direct question to herself concerning him: at first she spoke but in monosyllables; till gathering courage, she gave a fuller and freer assent to her father's favourable analysis of this unsuspected traitor.

To her surprise and joy, Sir Fulk proceeded no further in the subject; leaving her to conjecture whether he were not deceived by her docile attention, and would expect her hereafter to bestow her hand willingly, if he chose to bid it, upon her cousin.

This distressing uncertainty nearly vanquished her purpose of risking his immediate withdrawal of that permission in which her remnant of comfort now was bound up; but she attempted to approach the dreaded inquiry,—began to speak—hesitated—resumed—stopped again,—and at last said falteringly:—

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"I can never forget, honoured father, your gracious leave, that I might now and then see my school-friend in our own domain. Perhaps I need not suppose you would wish it denied; but, after last evening — if you would wish to recall—" The grating words died upon her lips, for she could not contemplate so direful a misfortune, as that of being wholly debarred from seeing Eveleen Hungerford, without anguish, and she had not strength to finish her offer of sacrifice.

"Do you mean to say, you would *not* see this young lady, if it were my pleasure you should not do so?" asked the knight, fixing his eyes steadily upon her face.

Miss Trevanion's nervous temperament rendered her incapable of bearing such a look without betraying emotion; and casting down her eyes to conceal their trickling moisture, she faltered out an assurance of unlimited obedience, coupled with an honest avowal of the grief it would cost her.

A slight quivering about Sir Fulk's lips evidenced greater emotion than he chose to show: — "Dry your tears, Aura!" he said, in a suppressed voice; "I am not insensible to your present good dispositions;

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though at times your limited powers of comprehending what is due from one person to family honour — and what is due to every parent — chafes me beyond patience." Miss Trevanion knew he alluded to her former arguments in her brother's favour; — she kept silent. The knight resumed: — "It often grieves me that you lead so cheerless a life here, — I have a thought of mending it; but let that pass. It is natural that you should desire occasional companionship with one of your own sex and years; but tell me truly, child, (for I conclude you and she have met as you projected,) with what does the young lady in the next mansion, entertain you? Does she vaunt her own relations and her court life? Does she counsel you to imitate new fashions, and despise old times? Does she make you less pleased with your own home? Has she ever intimated any hint, that you should insinuate something to me in favour of her uncle's candidate for —— ?"

Sir Fulk's manner animated his daughter with a hope which, but a moment before, she would have deemed vain. Clearing her looks, she replied firmly, "that Miss Hungerford's conversation tended

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solely to render her happier in herself, and more assiduous for the happiness of her home." The knight's questions not necessarily involving the confidences of these friends, what his daughter was enabled to repeat of Miss Hungerford's admiration of Treverderet, of her exhortations to her friend to wrestle against constitutional melancholy, so as to produce sunshine in her province, and show that her paramount anxiety was to bless her father, — all these things carried conviction with them, and softened the chilling aversion with which Sir Fulk Trevanion had accustomed himself to think of every inmate of Rohesia.

After some moments' pause, during which an habitual jealousy of his character for self-government, rose above natural feeling, he said, gravely, "I would prove myself a kind father — but not a weak one; therefore, know you, that I shall henceforth judge of my daughter's associate by my daughter's conduct. If I discover no pernicious change in you — no new-fangled vanities — you need not fear my prohibition of this unlucky acquaintance. I term it unlucky, Aura, because it began without design on your part."

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"Indeed, indeed it did, sir!" interrupted Miss Trevanion, her eyes glistening with grateful recollections. "God knows, I knew not whose kind hand it was that gave me nourishment and tendance through many a dreary night, when all else were wearied out, or afraid of coming near me. Before that time I had avoided her, even uncivilly; and she forgot that, when she saw me, as they thought, dying:—I do believe her generous kindness saved my life. O, dearest father—"

"You need not plead to me, simple child!" interrupted the knight, with some difficulty mastering the emotion her artless energy excited. "In so young a creature—I think you once told me, barely fourteen then—it could not be sinister. I was too hasty last night: but the flint struck hard; and fire ever follows from a Trevanion. Poor Dunbar had no guess of what he had blundered upon."

Miss Trevanion's impulse was to throw herself at her father's feet, and cover his hands with kisses—so deeply, so gratefully was she affected by this voluntary confession of intemperate speech: but awe was still paramount to filial love in her heart; and

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a fervent expression of thanks, followed by as fervent a prayer, that heaven would bless him for his goodness, and render her worthy of it, were all she dared to offer.

"See that you use your privilege discreetly," he added.

"We will not meet too often, dearest sir," his daughter resumed; "but, if it would not displease you, whenever Eveleen gives me the pleasure of her company in the Lady's Chapel, where we have been once already, I would take my books or my lute, and we could read or practise together. Having some one to sing with, and talk over the same book to, would raise my spirits, that are not—not very good of late; at least, not since—"

Sir Fulk interrupted her. "Have a care what you say? — Never let me hear one name again."

His daughter shrunk back into herself as he spoke, and once more saw the irritable and irreconcilable parent in his darkened look. They were both silent for a short space — advancing in their walk, without exchanging even a glance. At length the knight erected himself, and abruptly enquired, what books had been spoken of

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between them as subjects of mutual study? Miss Trevanion named one or two histories and poems of the last century; which seemed to satisfy him that her mind would not be wasted upon frivolous volumes, and that the sweet and lovely face which he had seen at the church stile, was indeed an index to good sense and good feeling.

It cannot be denied that the deference expressed by that blooming face, and the ingenuous struggle which he had read there, between a fear of intruding civility, and a desire to tender it, were powerful advocates for his daughter's wishes.

He was further pleased by Miss Trevanion's assurance, that her friend had declined any intercourse whilst Captain Trevanion should be at Treverderet.

"Take example by this proceeding, Aura," Sir Fulk said, resuming a kindly tone: "If it be true that the earl and his train of courtiers are coming to Rohesia, see that you guard against a rencontre with them. I give you large liberty with this fair mistress Eveleen, trusting she has more of the Lake than the Hungerford in her; but the smallest levity, or unbecoming curiosity on your part, leading to the espial

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of any one of their puppet-show entertainments, will be visited by an immediate sentence of separation from her. From that instant, I shall not only revoke my permission, but bitterly rue ever having given it."

Miss Trevanion had no hesitation in making the most solemn promise not to stir beyond their own domain, except to church, during the festivities of Rohesia; but her agitation whilst speaking, gave her such an air of distress, that her father was not quite satisfied of Miss Hungerford being the sole object thought of, until several close questions had elicited answers conclusive of the fact.

They were now within sight of the house. Miss Trevanion looked towards the western sky, yet glowing with unquenched light. "Are you going in now, sir?" she asked, with her usual timidity: "May I——"

"You may prolong your walk if it seem good to you," returned her father; "but have some care of your health."

He entered a side portal of the outer court as he spoke; and his daughter, answering his graciousness by a profound reverence, hastened, the moment she lost sight of him, towards the terrace.

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Miss Hungerford was already there, pacing slowly under the cedars, with a book in her hand. The friends had so much to say to each other, that it was agreed they should repair to their first resting place, the Lady's Chapel; and as they went, they used the time employed in going thither, in narrating part of what the elder had to detail, and take counsel upon.

Eveleen Hungerford, although naturally clearer sighted, and, from the nature of her life, far more experienced than her companion, was completely deceived by the artifices of Captain Trevanion: his proceeding seemed very noble to her. In fact, Miss Trevanion, like many other persons, who are afraid of disclosing their inmost thoughts lest they should lose something in a friend's opinion, only narrated the conversation and actions of her cousin, without suffering it to appear that he had failed in impressing her with that undoubting conviction of honest purpose, which the plausibility of his conduct seemed to demand. Her friend, therefore, could not detect any possible design, under his generous resignation of the prospects held out to him by his uncle.

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Doubts, however, she had; but these were bounded to suspicion of his judgment in the management of so delicate an affair as that he proposed; namely, persuading Sir Fulk into cultivating the royal notice for his absent cousin's sake, without binding the family to the court party; and of checking, without seeming to interfere, any evil machinations of the librarian Becket.

Eveleen was, herself, so ill-inclined to intrigue in any shape, for any object, however laudable, that, without knowing the precise value of her counsel, she gave Miss Trevanion the very advice most adverse to Captain Trevanion's secret plans. It was her opinion that she should take no active share in Dunbar's scheme; neither watching nor speaking harshly of the supposed incendiary Becket; nor yet stimulating her father to break up his long habits of seclusion; but leaving these attempts to her cousin, patiently wait the issue of Heaven's providence, whilst devoting herself to the obvious duty of endearing herself to her father.

"The greatest danger I can see for you, dearest Aura," concluded Miss Hungerford, "is the remote possibility of Sir Fulk giving Treverderet another mistress; and

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the only honest way, fitting way, of warding that off, will be for his daughter to make herself almost a wife to him."

"How am I to do that?" asked her friend, less despondingly than usual.

Miss Hungerford frankly stated what she deemed a child's duty in such unhappy case as that wherein the other stood, showing her how she ought to attempt again and again making her society necessary to her parent; first, perhaps, by being pleasurable, afterwards by proving serviceable; to cultivate tastes agreeable to her father (so as to converse with him at times when otherwise he would have sought his librarian's companionship); to endeavour at throwing a tone of cheerfulness into her conversation, and bring her accomplishments into use for his gratification: all this might be done by her, without abatement of her love and regret of her brother; and if it helped to dissipate any floating idea of a second marriage, which Sir Fulk might have yielded to in a paroxysm of anger, or by the insinuation of his dependant, it would assuredly be the best service she could render them both.

This advice, more than once repeated,

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was doubly recommended to its passive hearer, by the passionate sympathy which accompanied its enforcement. Eveleen Hungerford mixed so much tenderness with her firmness, so much sweetness with her energy, and such a freshness of spirit seemed diffused over all her suggestions, that hope always followed comfort when she spoke.

It was not a little pleasing to her friend that she took this opportunity of enlarging upon her brief encounter with Sir Fulk, laughingly describing her own mixture of fright and pleasure on the occasion, and his courtly gracefulness. She did not fail to enquire, with womanish curiosity, what remarks he had passed upon herself. Miss Trevanion made no scruple of telling it in full; but she could not bring herself to repeat what had passed in her apartment the evening before, concerning the Rohesia family; nor yet all that her father had said upon the same subject during the late walk.

It was too difficult for such a feeble being as Aurelia Trevanion to act as she would have done, had years of intimacy established that familiarity of spirits between herself

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and her friend which is the consummation of friendship. Certain delicacies and dubiousnesses restrained both. Miss Hungerford did not mention her casual interview with Sir Fulk Trevanion's librarian; lest the circumstance of finding him endeavouring to get a footing amongst the ignorant cottagers, might agitate her friend with stronger suspicions of his activity in the way of proselytism, and so render her too likely to show that state of mind before her father.

Miss Hungerford herself was inclined to judge well of Mr. Becket, from the composure of his manner during that rencontre, and the instant obedience which he had promised to her wishes. There was no attempt made by him to prolong their interview, either by defending himself against her implied suspicion of his motives, or by insinuations in favour of his continued attendance on his little scholars. She, indeed, had courted conversation; and that, from anxiety to read, if possible, the man who innocently, or otherwise, had contributed largely to the family misery at Treverderet; but the reminder once given, that these cottages belonged to

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the Rohesia property, and that she meant thankfully to follow the lesson he had taught her of providing for the tuition of the children, Mr. Becket had found and departed.

Thus she thought, that repeating the incident might harass her friend's mind, and could do no good: Mr. Becket's after conduct would either prove or disprove the sincerity of his promise; and, if the latter, then would be the time to impart the story of their brief interview to his master's daughter.

Sir Fulk himself appeared to her in reality a very different man from what his daughter considered him; not a man of fixed will, true dignity, and inflexible resolution, with affections far inferior to his intellect; but one, who believing himself all this, his own *beau ideal* of manly excellence, could be swayed by every mean hand that brought its oblation to his bosom weakness.

Since, however, his affections did appear to be very strong, though kept under by these false notions, his daughter's duteous devotion of herself to his solacement, might virtually countervail the machinations of

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others, and give her the first place in his confidence.

These submissions, and that reverential attention which is often base in one of different blood, cannot but be right in a child, and Miss Hungerford urged her friend to continue them without trepidation; strengthening her argument by remarks upon the forbearance of Sir Fulk in having refrained from pressing the suit of his nephew.

Miss Trevanion, in reply, suggested one fear likely enough to be engendered by her melancholy and apprehensive humour; namely, that by thus graciously showing her whither his wishes pointed for her, and leaving her time to new-cast her inclinations accordingly, her father might anticipate leaving her without an excuse, if she should at last presume to disappoint him.

Miss Hungerford felt the force of this suggession; dreading, too, that it might have the double purpose of relieving his conscience from any uneasy feelings when looking out for a second wife.

With an offending son beyond sea, and a daughter refusing the alliance he chose for her, Sir Fulk Trevanion might well

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believe himself justified in seeking another source of domestic happiness.

Miss Hungerford knew not how to confess this added cause of apprehension, without following it by unpalatable advice; and how could she plead to her friend for a reconsideration of her resolution against marrying, when she was prompted by the utmost excess of self-denying sisterly love? — She had not, indeed, the force, to do it; that is, she herself had far more heart than prudence, and could only go as far as advising Miss Trevanion never to intrude her resolution unnecessarily upon her father's notice. Miss Trevanion, from delicacy, had her concealment also; keeping entirely hidden the *ignis fatuus* object of regaining the barony, which Dunbar had assured her began to awaken the energies of his uncle.

Thus, with some blameless reserves between them, those early friends spake as if their whole hearts were unveiled to each other; a practice common enough with youthful friends, and sometimes pregnant with mischief. In the present case, the worst it did, was leaving Miss Hungerford without the knowledge of a circumstance, which might have revived her suspicions of

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Captain Trevanion's fair dealing; since, to a sound judgment, it must appear evident, that whoever wished to incite Sir Fulk to recommence a pursuit of the kind, could not value his respectability or peace of mind, but must be seeking for a mean of warping his entire confidence to the destruction of dearer interests.

"And now my troubles are discussed," said Miss Trevanion, faintly smiling, "tell me, dearest Eveleen, how you have got through this long while of separation?"

Miss Hungerford had been well and amiably employed; first, in seeking out a schoolmaster to teach the village children at her expense; and then in providing an easy mode of subsistence for half-a-dozen very old women, who, in consequence of their great age, were set to the most painful yet common task for aged limbs, stooping to weed the gravel walks at Rohesia. Without adverting to these worthy employments, she described her alternate hours of study and exercise with her maternal companion Madame Kreutzen; spoke of their evening walks, and her own playful tormenting of the simple-minded foreigner; in short, gave such a tone of healthful hilarity

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to every one of their enjoyments together, that Miss Trevanion, felt salutary shame, whilst contrasting this spring of spirit with her own abiding depression.

She roused herself to take a lively interest in some new music of Lawe's, which her friend brought her to practise; and did look with real pleasure upon Hollar's book of ladies' costumes, which she promised to attempt copying. It was then agreed that they should meet regularly every fine evening, not to idle away the hours, but use them in an interchange of instruction. Miss Trevanion was to initiate her friend in Heraldry, (for what child of Sir Fulk Trevanion's was unwilling to be a tolerable herald?) and Miss Hungerford was to teach a wild voice some of those refined graces, only to be acquired by frequent admiration of accomplished singers.

"We must make the most of present time," she said, affectionately, "for I am sorry to say that my uncle and aunt, and cousins, are all coming to Rohesia, for the sake of feasting the neighbours, and obliging me to put off my black gown for a day at least. The house and grounds are to be thrown open to all comers, in honour of the

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coronation; the appointed day is fixed for the 8th of next month, for the sake of taking in the whole merriment of the Furry. We look to have the towns deserted, and the floral game kept here instead: — I could almost find in my foolish heart to join the gay dancers, and dance through Treverderet to the annoyance of Sir Fulk. Do you think he would order his door to be closed against me?"

"Nay, Eveleen," said Miss Trevanion, colouring, — "my father is not uncourteous."

"I am a wicked wight to jest with Sir Fulk Trevanion's name!" resumed Miss Hungerford, becomingly, — "he has shown much favour to me. But who, think you, I rather expect will come in my uncle's train? for, of course, he must be over from Holland for the coronation — one that I shall question about your dear wanderer beyond sea."

"Lord Woodvill, you mean!" exclaimed Miss Trevanion, joy lighting up her eyes, and hurrying out her words; — "you think he will know something of my dearest brother. Oh, if he should!"

Miss Hungerford proceeded to encourage

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her friend to hope, that if Lord Woodvill knew Mr. Trevanion only by report, and, as such, might have but current rumours to offer concerning him, even these would be welcome, as perhaps throwing light upon Sir Fulk's dark hints regarding his son's conduct: and if her representations, — guarding, however, her friend's secret, — should induce Lord Woodvill to court an acquaintance with the exiled heir, the happiest consequences might ensue. For she judged, soundly, that a perfectly disinterested adviser would prove a more likely peace-maker, than one like Dunbar Trevanion; who, however sincere, must be hoodwinked by his family prejudices, or fettered by a sense of obligation to his uncle, or indolently given to bend before the strong tide of his cousin's passionate principles.

The visions which her bright imagination and kind heart conjured up, after this suggestion, were so sweet and flattering, that Aurelia Trevanion insensibly felt them influence her into a momentary belief of their sure existence; and as she lifted her kindling eyes to the charming countenance of her friend, thought, with sweet superstiO 4

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tion, that she must be destined to bless the exiled man she was solicitous to serve, — that she was the destined mistress of Treverderet.

How much of life may be crowded into the memory, or the anticipation of a few moments! Aurelia Trevanion, with one mental glance, saw this beloved brother and cherished friend, joined by the holiest ties, and surrounded by blooming children: her father and herself sharing their joy through blessed sympathy; kinsmen, old retainers, and restored friends, swelling the domestic group!

But it was the rainbow in a dark cloud, —bright one instant — dissolved the next: for she remembered that day-dreams, like other dreams, are said to be fulfilled reversely; and removing her eyes, she said softly to herself, "Enough — enough, if I may but keep her as my friend."

Miss Trevanion's first question, after this mental apostrophe, was dictated by the fear of losing her sweet companion altogether, in consequence of her relations' visit. This apprehension Miss Hungerford quieted, by adverting to her mourning, which, though for a maternal aunt whom

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she had never known, must, for decorum's sake, exclude her from any court ornaments; and she trusted to rendering that reason available for her continuance at Rohesia, with Madame Kreutzen only.

Aurelia Trevanion's next solicitude was about Lord Woodvill, who, strange to say, she almost regarded unkindly (even whilst looking to him for some news of her brother), simply because his image always threatened destruction to those romantic thoughts, which, in spite of every rational conviction to the contrary, she could not at once resolve to conquer. It did not displease her to hear (in answer to some womanish questions of love), that although her friend could neither recollect the colour of his eyes, nor of his hair, she did remember that he was a formless youth when they met, without grace, and most displeasingly dismal of aspect. His letters, however, Miss Hungerford could not help owning, evinced spirit and talent: he was said to have distinguished himself greatly under the Prince of Orange; and was, moreover, ennobled by a very high reputation for conduct and generosity. "Well, if he deserves your esteem," Miss Trevanion

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sighed out, as she ended her questioning, "I shall crave God's blessing upon your union: if not, may it never take place! — You set me a brave example of duty! — if it were not, therefore, for my loved brother —O no! no!" she passionately added, "I think I could die sooner!"

Miss Hungerford was never slow in trying to divert the current of her sadder companion's thoughts, when tending towards depressing objects; and, with her wonted facility of application, began softly to repeat some appropriate quotation. The music of her voice, and the divine language of Shakspeare, at once fascinated Miss Trevanion's attention; so that their conversation, when resumed, flowed on delightfully, tinctured by the sweet and gracious emotions with which the one had listened to, and the other repeated, passage after passage from that bard of the human heart.

In similar interchange of confidences and recreations, these friends continued daily to meet, during the time which elapsed ere the arrival of Lord Carraton's party.

Miss Trevanion learnt in the evening, lessons, which she repeated, if opportunity offered, the next day, for her father's gratification. Her drawings brought for his

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inspection; or enlightening questions asked when reading some doubtful part of history; favourite songs sung with better expression;—all this timidly, yet assiduously, pressed upon his notice, whenever clouds were gathering over his brow, could not fail of awakening in him some pleasing consciousness of a daughter's duteous care. It is true, the knight did not often extend his visits to Miss Trevanion's apartment beyond an hour; nor permit her to loiter much after their brief meals; detaining him so from his habitual pursuits: but his manner relaxed more and more towards her; and once or twice she detected his eyes glazed by tears, as he fixed them, in lapses of stern thought, upon that vacant space in the lady's hall which his son's portrait had formerly occupied. The picture, indeed, had been long since taken away — banished, like its exemplar; and Aurelia had wept its sentence, again and again, without daring to remove the poor canvass to her own chamber, from the waste room into which it was cast, amongst other masses of lumber.

Many, in truth, were the sacrifices Miss Trevanion imposed upon herself to avoid

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the chance of reviving her father's lulled irritation; and that, nearly as much for her beloved brother's sake, as from the timidity of her individual nature. The grandfather of Eustace Saulay, who had once been a cherished object of her respectful benevolence, she was obliged to leave dependent upon subordinate persons for the due supply of those little comforts needful for his age, and demanded by his connection with Arundell's earliest friend. The old man's continuance at Treverderet, associated as he was with the memory of one to whom Sir Fulk attributed his son's flaming zeal and stiff-necked principles, was a matter to be grateful for, therefore not lightly to be thrown away. Aurelia feared to go and sit with him now, as she was wont to do, upon the grass-plat of his narrow garden behind the alms-house, where he sunned himself in fine weather, and read his Bible; or trimmed up his flower-beds, surrounded by the cheerful hum of bees, and skimmed over by sportive swallows.

It is true, that ever since Arundell's exile, she had abstained from frequent visits to the grey-headed pensioner; but when

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she did go, she indulged herself in a long stay; talking with him of his exemplary grandson, (thus reviving a withered heart to sweet feelings, long since passed away,) or gaining from his simple expressions of pious trust, and affectionate confidence in Mr. Trevanion's firm principle, a strength or a serenity most useful to her through the remainder of the day. To pass the alms-houses now without venturing to enter there, sometimes became more difficult, when she saw, through the arched passage which pierced the building from the entrance porch, the old man himself tying up his pinks in the garden, or smoothing the feathers of her brother's sea-gull. She could but sigh, and pass on; or, if he observed her, stay to notice the salutation of his lifted bonnet, by a plaintive "good morrow, good master Saulay!"

The old man, who well knew from others how matters stood at the house, sighed too, but more resignedly; and a hearty prayer for him whose roof sheltered him, as well as for that benefactor's suffering children, would make rich return for all their kindness.

Sir Fulk himself, rather from a pride

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of generosity than pure sentiments of justice and esteem, preserved his usual courtesy of good manner, towards the old man, whose only crime was being the grandfather of Eustace Saulay. To careless observers, no change was visible in his look, as he passed his pensioner in the courts; but the latter felt the coldness of a chilled atmosphere whenever they encountered thus; and a silent reverence was the utmost attempt he made to evince unaltered gratitude.

If Mr. Becket were in their company at these times, Miss Trevanion often fancied he looked on, with a sinister aspect; and, in spite of all her resolutions to the contrary, an immediate glance of suspicion or of resentment from her eye would put her favour with her father in jeopardy. In the main, however, Sir Fulk was remarkably gracious to his daughter; and inwardly brooding over the revived hopes and wishes concerning the lost barony, which his nephew's correspondence carefully kept up, he condescended once or twice to enquire about the young lady at Rohesia. His foible was gratified, when he heard that the latter had besought instruction in his

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favourite science; and, with the weakness of a mind long abandoned to one paramount passion, he answered his daughter's questions concerning the best books on heraldry, by directing her to certain ones in his library, which contained the fullest and proudest memorials of those illustrious houses with which that of Trevanion had connected itself through successive generations. Miss Hungerford, when she was told of this, and of the knight's frequent fits of black melancholy, hailed both as favourable omens: the first proved, that by gentle management he was to be softened; the last as strongly testified that affectionate regret was at least equal to resentment in his heart. The sister, then, might safely comfort herself with the thought, that as her father's anger against the son, though as fierce as lightning, seemed capable of being as quickly quenched; she might hope to sap, gradually, whatever resolution he might have formed, either of declaring Dunbar Trevanion his heir, or of giving Treverderet another mistress.

Awakened to hope by her father's altered manner, and unweariedly cheered by her friend, Miss Trevanion lost much of

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her morbid sensibility. Many things smiled to her now, that had seemed black or threatening before; whilst the gentle interests excited in her by new pursuits, of which Eveleen taught her the relish and the use, contributed to weaken the power of unavailable remembrances and apprehensions.

She had hitherto wandered about her father's domain, rather with the sad attachment which we sometimes imagine in a disembodied spirit, to the haunts of its happy life, than with any enjoyment of that place's romantic beauty. Eveleen Hungerford, "with sweet enforcement," made her see and feel every charm of its picturesque assemblage of natural objects. She first called her attention to the great masses of the woods and steeps, to the splendid pageants of the sky, to the lofty sounds of winds, waters, and trees, forming nature's own harmony: then she invited her notice of the parts which made up this magnificent whole; teaching her to find, as she did, incessant delight in observing the different forms and distinctive colouring of trees, the richness of the mosses or ivies clothing some, and the polished stems of others.

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In her hand, nature was, indeed, a book of instruction and delight, closing, as its pages ever did, with gratitude and love towards Him who made the glorious world, and the heart's capacity of aspiring after one yet more glorious.

Serious subjects, however, were not always discussed seriously by so young a teacher; and the happy orator would often interrupt her own recollections of similar teaching from her reverend uncle, by some sudden sport of gay humour.

Thus was Aurelia Trevanion frequently beguiled into more than cheerfulness; wondering at intervals how she could be made to forget that her only and beloved brother was a wanderer in foreign lands, and that too with small prospect of restoration to his home.

Emboldened by her father's tacit allowance, she ventured, finally, to take her friend over the whole territory of Treverderet; alternately showing her the wildest wood walks, the far off black park, (now without tenants, for the deer were gone,) and those evergreen gardens, sanctified to a daughter's and sister's heart, by their having been her mother's and brother's favourite

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haunt. The cheerfuller parterres of an ordinary flower-garden, close to the quarter of the house inhabited by its master, Miss Hungerford cared not to see; and that was, of course, an interdicted place to her. But she wandered through the darkly-bright shades of the former, and stood beside its deserted ponds under drooping willows, with the strange rapture of enthusiastic youth, ever ingenious at extracting pleasure from novelty and wildness.

Sometimes her soft voice repeated snatches of poetry, as memory served, or certain objects suggested. Sometimes, but that was in places more remote from the house, she sang over a plaintive or sportive air, to the friend who loved to listen to such tunes, in solitudes well-suited to their power over the heart and the imagination.

The tranquil happiness of this period of their lives, was ever looked back to by both these young persons, in later years, with tender regret: its pure and passionless pleasures, deeply and gratefully drank of at the time, were, perhaps, the means of strengthening one of them to endure the bitterness of many an after-sorrow; and of tempering for the other, her too animated

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relish of higher-flavoured enjoyments. Their hearts flowing on together, and reflecting only the fixed stars of heaven, knew not, as yet, the startling fires of a passion which too often proves but a splendid meteor, going out in gloom; and, as yet, neither desired its doubtful visitation.

But the moment came, which was, at the present juncture, to suspend their happy meetings: they parted, therefore, upon the day previous to the arrival of the party from London, with the weeping ceremonial of an absolute separation.

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CHAP. IX.

THE preparations for the entertainment to be given at Rohesia, had commenced from the instant of its notification: every sort of tasteful artificer had long been sent down from the metropolis, to embellish the house, and arrange the grounds for the exhibition of an arcadian masque, according to the mode of those days. Nothing was to be heard in or out of the mansion, for many days, except the impatient voices of workmen and masters; the hammerings and knockings of additions or alterations; squabbles or raptures amongst all the assistants.

The country rang with preposterous stories of who were to be at the fête, and the fortune which was spending on it. Even the tenants of Sir Fulk Trevanion could not resist the impulse of running to their doors, to watch the heavy progress of waggon after waggon dragging slowly on, laden with plate and costly devices for the table and sideboards. Rohesia, hung with cloth of gold, and its floor strewed with seed-

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pearl, would not have appeared a fable to these simple rustics; and now that they were less devoted to their stately landlord, since the son's exile, than when father and son shared the same pains and prejudices, they were not so powerfully impelled to stifle the wish of peeping into the Rohesian grounds.

After the paraphernalia of his fête, the lord himself followed, accompanied by his sister, her fair daughter, his son, and a few more distinguished personages.

Miss Hungerford received them late at night, with all the bloom of the country upon her face; and, accustomed now to see more than usual freshness and fairness reflected from the glass in which she dressed herself, was aghast at the jading and discolouring effect of the coronation fatigues, visible in every aspect.

Lady Rhoda, and Lord Hungerford, appeared to her absolute spectres, of different characters. The face of the former was sharpened to a positive edge, and her hands, as she rapidly moved them, after her ordinary fashion of settling every thing around her, were more like what we fancy on a harpy, than those of a human being acknow-

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ledging no bodily complaint. Her sparkish eye, and hectic cheek, looked like disease; yet even they might be no more than aggravated signs of an increased feverishness of spirit; and her startled niece endeavoured to think so.

Lord Hungerford, whom Eveleen had not seen for some months, was even more distressing to observe; for none could look on him without secretly believing him a wreck, from the most frightful indifference to all that is valuable in man. The shattered remnant of a fine figure; the emaciated features of a handsome face; and a voice at once hoarsened and enfeebled by rapid, inward decay, were the results and testimony of a life devoted entirely to lawless gratifications.

Lord Carraton's appearance had assumed a pallid fleshiness, very unlike health; but he was not ill; only thoroughly fatigued with rounds of state dinners, and anxiety about his future place near the new sovereign.

Lady Villiers, young, good-humoured, fat, and fair; except by having got much too fat for youthfulness, was not unfit for taking a part in a floral feast: she professed

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herself, however, the most jaded of the party just arrived; pathetically entreating her busy mother to seek rest upon her pillow.

The ensuing day being that appointed for the fête, a short time was now given to mutual greetings. Lord Carraton warmly applauded his niece for having made such good use of her retirement by painting her cheeks so admirably: her cousin told her, between a yawn, and a gaze of admiration, that she was really grown the most beautiful of Paysannes; whilst Lord Villiers impatiently joined Madame Kreutzen, in recommending immediate separation to their different chambers. All but Lady Rhoda Brandon were soon afterwards in their rooms; she, ever in a fever of business, was heard through half the night, by those who lay awake, or who awaked by snatches, traversing the different suits of gala-rooms, again and again; followed by over-wearied troops of domestics: her quick, querulous voice, piercing every vaulted part of the house, as she ordered or reprehended those around her.

Eveleen Hungerford, at first, amused even to laughter upon her pillow, checked

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her girlish mirth by a worthier feeling of concern at her aunt's evidenly wasting, and, alas! wasted life; and as she listened to the petty sounds of her high French heeled shoes tapping along the rooms below, she breathed a serious prayer, that this miserable, "labourer for that which is not gold" might be brought to know where the right treasure is, and how to seek it.

The next morning's sun awoke Miss Hungerford to the toils of a finished toilette, at an unusually early hour for complete decoration. There was no gathering breakfast-time at Rohesia when full of company. Each person had that sort of refreshment they most affected, in the anteroom of their sleeping chambers, where they lounged away the whole forenoon, in listlessness and undress, or employed them in fashioning their persons for a brilliant appearance in the assembled circle of the dining-hall, or made parties for social exercise, and went thence to drive out, ride out, walk, or play tennis.

This heartless, easy fashion was often convenient even to Eveleen Hungerford, who occasionally overslept herself by sitting up late to read; yet she did not like it alto-

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gether; missing that pleasing re-union of family, after the night's death-like separation, which a surrounded breakfast table presents to the eye and the heart; — one which she was accustomed to witness at her bishop uncle's, although the individuals composing it were only his chaplains, his secretary, and herself. The bishop was childless, and a widower.

By the time Eveleen's dressing was completed, and her tiring maid dismissed, the morning was sufficiently advanced for her to remember, that she had promised Miss Trevanion that she would steal down to the terrace before the company were expected, and give her friend the pleasure of seeing her in a gala dress of the newest fashion.

It was easy to do this without suspicion of her motive, since a natural desire of reconnoitering the preparations without doors, might account for early walking, if she should happen to be met by any one from the house. Taking up a large mantilla, which her cousin Hungerford had brought her from Spain, she threw it lightly over her, and stole down stairs.

Never had a day in May been more

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beautiful than the one now devoted to pastoral pleasure. The breath of actual summer was in the still, glowing air; and its glittering heralds—innumerable butterflies—were on the wing, amongst the flowers of the verandah, and the bouquets of oleander and Spanish jessamine which ornamented the marble walk under that verdant roof. A little removed from that, and arranged as if growing there in native beds, were rich groupes of exquisite exotics, loading the air with sweetness, even to lusciousness, and dazzling the sight by the brilliancy and variety of their colours. Still further on, where the moss-green turf sparkled in the sun, as if inlaid with emeralds, stood a single pink thorn, a scarlet chesnut, or a Siberian crab-tree, covered with their carnation blossoms.

Under these, little tents were pitched, or silken awnings stretched, to protect groupes of the maskers; or to cover tables, laid out with refreshments, suited in character to the supposed frequenters of tent, canopy, or hut.

Seeing a party of hired minstrels advancing towards one of these, Miss Hungerford turned into a close walk, quite embowered

with lilac, hastening to gain one of the paths where the dressed walks ended. Winding after winding of this fragrant labyrinth at length brought her into one; there she slackened her pace awhile to draw breath; then resumed her progress, better pleased the further she got from the sounds of the house. Now and then, however, the nimble bound of a squirrel above her head, rustling the boughs, or the glance of his diamond bright eyes as he darted across her path, stayed her hasty passage, as if to let herself be tempted into delicious sleep by the lulling hum of insects under these deep shades, and the silvery chirping of grasshoppers through their high grass.

In one part, the trees receded and opened out a view of a broad sequestered glade, which, judiciously left to its own silence and beauty, struck Eveleen with that sweet surprise with which we see a lovely landscape for the first time.

This green solitude terminated in a beautiful sheet of most transparent water, in which willows, weeping birch, larches, and pendent wild flowers glassed themselves; and crowding over its extremest point, left

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it doubtful whether the water were a lakelet or a stream.

Miss Hungerford lingered to note the graceful fringes of its miniature banks and promontories, whence her eye ascended to the nobler groves rising behind. There the silver-shafted beech and oak, mixed with the dark channelled stems of acacias and the porphyry-like trunks of many an ancient yew, spared less for its age than for its effect. The sad olive of this venerable tree, contrasted admirably with the sunny green of livelier foliage. If the lights in this spring shade were too spangly, the shadows without sufficient breadth, and the tone of colour not of depth enough to suit a mortal's pencil, the gazer felt that one great hand can give harmonious results to every discord; and she looked long on the picture, therefore, without imagining it in summer or autumnal fulness.

Meanwhile, the cool air from the water seemed blowing back from her sated sense the richer breath of what was called the myrtle garden and the orangerie—a breath which fancy indeed only retained; and she stood now, thinking how much fresher, and purer, and exhilarating, was the clear un-

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tinctured air of heaven than when cumbered unceasingly by accumulations of scents meant only for our passing regale.

A solitary swan, white as the dazzling clouds above her head, was alternately plunging under, and rising from the clear water in the distance. A nymph bathing, in a landscape by Claude Lorraine, naturally followed, in idea, a moment's admiration of this single little object; and as Eveleen stood musing, she felt that Rohesia was beautiful, and might be made a home of happiness. "But not," she thought, "to such persons, alas! as I parted from last night."

The faint sound of musical instruments, tuning at a distance, in a rotunda near the entrance-gate, warned her that a rehearsal, at least, of some of the day's entertainments was about to take place; and quickening her steps, she sped on, forgetful of her satin-slippered feet, to the scene of rendezvous.

Her challenge, of a pomegranate flower thrown over a balustrade to ask if her friend were there, and alone, was answered by the well-known voice of Aurelia; she was the next instant by her side.

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Miss Trevanion hardly allowed their ardent greetings to be a second time exchanged, ere she began to withdraw her friend's wrapping cloak from the light and lovely figure it concealed.

Aurelia Trevanion was but a woman, and one brought up in such seclusion, with so limited a sphere of pleasure, that she artlessly felt and confessed gratification, when even a trifle pleased her. She had her sex's taste for seeing quaint fashions and pretty devices of court dress, though adhering, from mere indifference about her own looks, to the obsolete mode of the country; besides which, she loved to admire what she loved, and she passionately admired her friend.

Yet this happy friend was not beautiful; — hers, was but the full loveliness of youth, health, and a gracious countenance. Titian, perhaps, would have painted such a face blushing, and breaking through clouds for an Aurora; yet it was not strictly beautiful; it merely looked as if it never could fade or dim. The very spirit of bloom was in the eyes; and their light, at least, was sure to survive the roses of the cheek and the crimson of the lips.

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Hitherto Miss Trevanion had seen her friend only in mourning attire, studiously unprovided of ornament; now she beheld her in all the witchery of well-fancied dress.

Eveleen's auburn hair was partly dishevelled, partly gathered up with strings of large pearl (after the nymphish fashion of that time), rather above her fair brow; leaving two or three ringlet curls, of unequal length, to depend from the bright coil, falling as if without design over one blushing cheek.

Her dress was altogether of white satin, having a rich hanging collar of Flemish lace, falling back from her throat and shoulders; leaving the open body of the gown to be fastened down the length of its vest, by three jewels, at easy distances.

The soft satin folds were gathered under the first brooch, just where the snows of the neck begin slightly to undulate into that lovely form which heightens, by contrast, the elegance of a slender shape: the centre one, confined it where that fulness ended; and the last, clasped the extreme points of the vest where the delicate waist was smallest.

The fantastic and graceful sleeve then

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worn, and of which Sir Peter Lely has left us many a fair copy, by half hiding, half revealing a finely-turned arm, as its draperies fell back or fell over it, heightened the attractions of Miss Hungerford ; since she was famed for the loveliness of her hand and arm ; and it must be owned, was weak enough to be pleased now, with seeing its whiteness dull the lustre of the pearls that hung loosely round her wrist, even to resting on the fair hand itself.

" If you don't think me pretty enough for a sight," she exclaimed, blushing, and conscious of thinking so herself, (for, oh, how often had she not heard such pernicious flatterers in the idle circle at Whitehall ere better thoughts were strong in her!) " I shall be cruelly disappointed. There are no eyes come to Rohesia, I can tell you, that I care should look upon me. No Lord Woodvill! though my aunt told me she had written him by every post since the king's death."

Miss Trevanion's faint hope of hearing from her brother, through this travelled nobleman, was crushed at once; and she replied to this sally of affected impatience, by repeated expressions of true regret.

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Miss Hungerford cheered her by the assurance that she would make enquiries of the kind, as if from curiosity only, in her next letter to Lord Woodvill; and ashamed of dwelling solely upon her own sombre circumstances, Miss Trevanion returned to the contemplation of her friend's becoming attire, and heightened glow of complexion; the last, a never-failing effect of conscious good looks. She admired the rich texture of the satin, the pear-shaped pearls which hung from the golden clasps of the vest and sleeves, and the artful negligence of the hair; then drew her hand gently along Eveleen's polished arm, half sighing, half smiling, as she noted their great difference: her hand, dimly pale; Eveleen's arm, as sparkling white as the alabaster in its native rock.

"Come, now, we must have no more of this vanity!" Miss Hungerford abruptly exclaimed, her very brow crimsoning with ingenuous shame. "I tell you fairly, Aura, that an anxiety to be rather well-looking, and well-liked for it, is one of my besetting sins; so never minister to it, sweet heart, if you love my best self better than my bad self. O, how often my ho-

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noured uncle Lake has covered me with confusion for caring so about it! — Vanity, my dear Aura, is more infectious than the plague, and the court is the most distempered place in the world."

"The court will mend now, if report speaks truth," observed Miss Trevanion. "Our present queen is said to be as discreet and chaste-minded as she is fair to look on; and, I dare say," she added, attempting playfulness in her rebuke, "her majesty would approve of my strewing this fair pavement, with a few flowers, to keep it from being too dazzling."

While she spoke, Miss Trevanion lightly placed a bouquet of blossoms between the open vest and white neck of her friend — who, blushing and looking down, though striving to smile and not show herself too much affected by a reproof, hardly deserved, repeated softly, —

"'Tis fit that —

> 'Noble minds keep ever with their like;
> For who so firm that may not be seduced?'

"Thus it is, Aura, with simple girls taken far too soon into the ball-room of life! By little and little we are led into, or laughed into, adopting its fashions with its

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rivalries. I do protest to you, that I am called at Whitehall a very prude in my attire; but your almost-matron covering puts me to utter shame; so warn me ever, dearest, when you see me sliding into vanity and levity."

It may be supposed that Aurelia Trevanion's affectionate heart was ready now to substitute one sort of admiration for another: she could not, indeed, prevent herself from warmly applauding her friend's frank confession; after which, she hurried out many questions concerning the probable length of Lord Carraton's stay at Rohesia.

These Miss Hungerford was not yet qualified to answer; and having given and received the pleasure of looking on a beloved face, though only for a brief interval, showed, by a tear in her animated eye, that if in so hastily breaking away, to assist in doing the honours of her uncle's fête, she was cheerfully obedient to a kind relative, her wish, her regrets were not the less sincere, that Aurelia Trevanion might not, or rather would not, enter Rohesia.

The moment her sweet companion had re-crossed the boundary between their grounds, Miss Trevanion, mindful of her

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father's injunctions, immediately quitted the terrace, and hastening back to the house, absorbed herself as much as possible in a succession of useful or pleasing employments.

Her lessons in tent-stitch or open-seam, to one or two of the little maidens bringing up in the still-room, were succeeded by long and laborious efforts to copy out some black-letter inscriptions for her father; then came early dinner; after that, Mr. Becket's reading aloud; and again she was left to ply the needle, the pencil, or the lute; or to visit the sick ward of the house, or to enter with Sir Fulk in the park.

After giving him and the librarian coffee in her cell, as the knight in his best moods called his daughter's room, she was at liberty to waste or use the evening hours.

Her lonely heart led her to her favourite haunt, where she sat down, just after sunset, in a painful state of depression, to muse upon her friend, and think how differently the day had gone with her.

During its course, indeed, the contrast had been striking between the stillness and the desert appearance of Miss Trevanion's home, and the incessant mirthful din at

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Rohesia: sounds of music and dancing, of laughter and singing, of merry balls, and rolling carriages, had never ceased there. She had seen through the trees, as she accidentally ascended some high point in her father's ground, the gleaming of gay dresses, and youthful figures; and groupes of the young and happy (if not the happy, the careless,) attendant cavaliers and conscious beauties; and many a floral band vanishing past them, arrayed in the pastoral pomp (only known to Cornwall throughout this annual month) of May flowers and sycamore branches. It was not because her spirits or her wishes were tuned for participation in such a fête, that Aurelia Trevanion felt the bitterest sadness, whilst even she might not share in it; it was not because she would have enjoyed her friend's sweet converse there, more than in the melancholy shades of Treverderet; it was simply because the scene beyond, and the solitariness of where she was, pressed upon her a depressing sense of desolateness — a feeling hardest to bear in youth, when every pulse beats for social or benevolent action. She wept, then, bitter tears; and, without asking the cause

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of her tears, a confusion of sad thoughts, and sadder memories, were present whilst they flowed; and she sat, therefore, unmindful of time, until the darkness of late twilight was suddenly broken by successive ascents of sky-rockets from Rohesia.

These beautiful fires, rising high above the trees like so many flights of golden arrows shot by unseen archers (to whom imagination gave glorious shape), fell back thence upon the river, or into the bosom of the groves whence they had risen. Miss Trevanion was at first startled, then rivetted to the spot: she had never before witnessed a display of fireworks; and she watched these earthly meteors, with more than a child's admiration, till they gradually slackened, leaving the earth and sky for awhile in total darkness. A short space afterwards, she could see, over her own tree-tops, the famous beech of Rohesia which grew upon a lofty eminence, glowing through all its boughs and branches, as if with kindling light: then burst forth a jet of sparkling fire—another, and another starry shower succeeded; every bough, every leaf, appeared warm with celestial life's blood:—the golden rain ceased; and all was dark again.

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Shouts, music, and new sounds of festive joy now followed successively; during which, the moon, as if eager to assert her own supremacy, broke out through the thick clouds which had obscured her rising, scattering a sweeter and steadier light over every peaceful object.

As her crystal orb moved slowly through pearly waves of sky, and temporary stillness took the place of tumultuous merriment, a purer air seemed emitted from the sylvan scene below her track: the river appeared to flow more softly; and the monotonous sound of oars dashing its waters was, for the moment, music to her, who listened and welcomed sounds more in sympathy with her natural taste and acquired habits, than those of mirth and feasting.

A few moments afterwards, Miss Trevanion saw that a boat, filled with gay company, had put off from the shelving bank of the Rohesian shore; her small lamp was lighted, and though she would not extinguish it, she drew back from the half-dismantled window, lest she should be suspected of vulgar curiosity.

Had she remained, she would have seen her friend seated between Lord Villiers and

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a young foreigner, evidently of high rank, her lute in her hand, and her sweet face turned apprehensively away from the Lady's Chapel; unwilling that her lovely friend should, if there, be pained by the sight of such idle sports, and her sharing them.

The silken-streamered boat glided along, leaving its track of light upon the stream, and the echo of its mirthful freight among the banks.

When it was far away, Eveleen, who had hitherto persisted in warding off repeated entreaties that she would sing, at last ventured to raise her melodious, low-breathing voice; the sounds floating back towards the chapel were more sweet, more indefinite from the distance; sounding like some voice below the waves, as of a naiad warbling there to soothe her companions of the cave and the grot.

Aurelia Trevanion could not have borne a gay chaunt; but to this tender melody, so in character with the ruined place in which she was, she listened complacently, yielding herself up to a sweeter and softer flow of tears.

She thought then of evenings buried under waves swifter and deeper than those

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of any earthly water; remembering many a delicious moment in which she had sat in this very shrine, hearkening to the far-off notes of her brother's bugle as they winded along the banks of the Camb-alan, and hung like honey-dew upon every echoing rock's side.

As she imagined him wandering, uncheered and alone, in another land, and for an instant wished that their mother were alive to plead for the son with his father, better thoughts suggested to her, that if late events were pre-ordained, or at least foreseen by a wise Providence, the removal of this unremembered parent had been a merciful dispensation: it was a Christian "taken from the evil to come."

The oppressed heart had now swelled itself into contact with the hopes and views of another world; and, strange as it may seem, whilst none but images of splendour and gaiety were impressed upon Miss Trevanion's senses, her spirit was with all she loved and lamented, either on the earth, or in the heaven.

Very different was the scene in the gilded barge, which, meanwhile, was pursuing its loitering course along the silvery track of

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the moon-beams, as they preceded it on the stream. The freightage of that boat were all young (for neither Lord Carraton nor Lady Rhoda Brandon could quit their crowded saloons and groves), and such of them as were no longer spontaneously gay, well knew how to affect being so.

Lord Hungerford found an infinite fund of malicious pleasantry, in an incident that had occurred early in the day. Lady Rhoda, he said, had missed a small antique cabinet, which, for the last two years, she had never lost sight of before; and, concluding it stolen from their carriage at the last stage of their journey, had sought it almost franticly, despatching horseman after horseman to enquire about it, and at length had gone into alarming hysterics. Her mischievous nephew had produced the lost treasure upon this occasion, confessing the whim which seized him on alighting at Rohesia, of breaking his aunt's rest for the night; but in this he was disappointed: her restless spirit having been fully occupied till she actually dropt asleep in her clothes, as she sat down in her own room, after altering nearly every flower-stand, ranged into amphitheatres by proper artists.

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The young viscount's exaggerated description of Lady Rhoda's delirious ravings, imitating, as he did to the life, her scrannel voice, and nervous twichings, were not to be controlled by Eveleen, who, though as little given to reverence her absurd relative as himself, in her private thoughts, and who now felt contrite for having spoken lightly of her failings to Miss Trevanion, was painfully sensible to the disgrace of making her an open jest.

"Nay, divine Eveleen!" exclaimed her unreclaimable cousin, "you know how long we have all agreed that our restless aunt must have a state secret in that cabinet, — or coining tools, — or old love-letters, — or false teeth, — or the proofs of Lucy Waters' marriage with the late king, — or the first draught of the Rye-house Plot, — or a popish relic: (here he whispered) in short, something notably devilish and contraband."

"Nay, this is your very worst wit!" exclaimed Eveleen, eager to stop him: "choose another subject, and redeem your character! don't waste your talent in the invention of follies!"

"Child! I tell thee," resumed his persevering lordship, "it is a matter of life

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and death, perhaps, to us all. How know we, that our mysterious aunt has not another Guy Fawkes hatching in one of the drawers, and that we shall all either be blown up by her contrivances, or hanged up for the king's pleasure?"

"Nonsense! nonsense! Pray, dear Hungerford," again supplicated his distressed cousin, turning towards the foreigner at her side; who sat with an air of lordly coldness and marked disdain, as if heartily despising the inconsiderate young man, who thus held his own kindred up to ridicule.

Whilst she endeavoured to draw off this person's attention, Lord Hungerford, always pleased to vex where he was obviously contemned, petulantly pursued his chosen theme: — "Villiers! I appeal to you! — Did not you lose five hundred pounds to me, about Lady Rhoda, and that cabinet, the day you were married, (sometime after Noah's days,) — I swore she would speak of it the last thing going with Di there to church, and the first on coming back, and I won my wager."

Lord Villiers laughed somewhat gloomily; for though he had the dissipated air of Charles the Second's court in his man-

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ner, his countenance was dark and troubled, as if feelings goaded him, which could make no impression upon the totally seared heart of his wife's kinswoman. "I grant you," he said, "that Lady Rhoda, my mother by courtesy, is a perfect nuisance in a house, with her rule or misrule of every thing and every body there: but as to her fidgeting to and fro, to see after the safety of this wonderful cabinet, I care not; and whether it contains any fellow she has murdered, or only money-bags of her hoarding, I can't take the trouble of thinking. All I know is, that if it be the last, I hope she'll disinherit you for this morning's trick, and leave the whole of her worldly gear to Diana."

"That you may lose it to his grace of Wharton," observed his good-humoured, unreflecting wife, too much accustomed to hear her mother's name sported with, to feel at all discomposed now.

The self-stung husband noticed this remark, by a hasty exclamation, though in an under tone: — "Lose it to the devil!" and turning abruptly away, enquired if no one meant to astonish the echoes with a song.

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It was then that Eveleen Hungerford had touched her lute, and imposed silence upon her extravagantly talking cousin, by singing the pathetic strain, heard with such deep interest by her, who sat sad and solitary in silent Treverderet. The high-born foreigner at her side, (for he was one of the younger branches of the princely house of Este,) seemed to wake up at the music of his native land, thus warbled from lips of coral red, and with all the charms of a modestly-restrained sensibility. The shading veil, is lovely over all lovely things: and Prince Isidore d'Este had quite enough imagination to feel, that what he heard thus delicately shadowed out, the same voice and the same sensibility would have given perfected, when none stood by to listen.

This Prince of Este had great depth of character under that coldness of demeanour which is usually coupled with a reserved temper; of ardent passions himself, and ever aspiring to high objects, he nourished the most profound contempt for those whose pursuits were of a petty nature, or whose inclinations made them willing slaves to their senses. He was in England merely

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as a traveller; but being nearly related to the queen, (a princess of Modena,) was assiduously courted by all who sought to gratify the new monarch. Among the first of these was Lord Carraton, who had once given private offence to James, when Duke of York, and was now straining every nerve to secure such station and influence under him, as he had enjoyed under Charles the Second.

Hence the Rohesian fête, given by way of bribe to the Duchy of Cornwall, for the promotion of certain parliamentary views, was flatteringly said to be projected for the sake of showing the illustrious foreigner the pastimes peculiar to the west of England; and Prince Isidore, therefore, was pledged to accept Lord Carraton's hospitality for some time to come.

Having gone at once to the apartments prepared for himself and suite, he had not seen Miss Hungerford until the morning after his arrival, with the first of the London party. It must be owned, that her glow of complexion, and beautiful form, fixed his attention then for a few moments: but he was not of quick passions; and, at present, ambition was the goddess of his

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worship. In the boat, however, he was attracted by the surest magnet — a sympathy of feeling; he saw her look of honourable shame, whilst her cousin was flippantly deriding their near relative, and the interest that observation excited, gave double effect to the charm of her voice.

Other ladies in the boat, formed to captivate, and practised to do so, sang, smiled, entered into sportive wars of wit with attendant gallants; but the Italian answered their mirthful attacks upon himself by grave courtesies, returning to woo Eveleen Hungerford into conversation upon the bewitching science in which she excelled. Objects of taste are so closely connected, that many more interesting themes grew out of this: the Prince had travelled; Miss Hungerford had never been further on the continent than Holland. He could tell her what he had seen; and she, in return, smilingly confessed what she imagined. Moonlight pictures on the Brenta, and the Adriatic, or among the marble palaces of Genoa, and stately ruins of Rome, were successively displaced by yet better things, — able sketches of the people belonging to those scenes; and Eveleen

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could have listened, without cessation of interest, had she not timely remembered that her office was to pay general attention to her uncle's visitors — not to bestow her ear only upon one: she contrived, therefore, to draw Lord Villiers into their conversation, who had, more than once, cast in some excellent remark, however tinctured with moodiness; and by degrees succeeded in changing her own tone.

Her graceful pleasantries found such favour with the reserved foreigner, that he too rose into animation; and the sparkling cup of a better flavoured wit than had first been amongst them, then went round the circle.

The cloudless moon, the silvered and winding banks through which they were gliding, so soothing by their repose, after the din and joyance left behind, would at another time have inclined Eveleen to reverie and silence; but her spirits had received a feverish impulse by the amusements of the day; and when in returning to Rohesia, a turn of the river brought them in full view of its gardens, and its pillars garlanded as if with flowers of coloured light, she could not forbear an exclamation of pleasure.

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The illuminated trees, and the fantastic lupines seen under them, together with the mellow breathings of some wind instruments which began to pour forth their sweet sounds as the boat came in sight, at once renewed the spirit of gaiety, in the ladies at least. Eveleen felt its influence too.

Not that she had not, often through this day, sighingly thought of Aura Trevanion; but the Rohesian entertainment was so full of such agreeable novelties, that a young heart could not long retain the sadness of mere sentiment. Youth, indeed, is the spring tree, which cannot help brightening in every gleam of sunshine.

As they passed Treverderet, Lord Hungerford, though already nearly hoarse with talking and an inflammatory state of lungs, could not lose such a tempting opportunity of comparing its ivy-mantled house, and solemn woods, to a state coffin with pall and plume, waited round by a host of mourning mutes. Happily his cousin Eveleen did not hear a pleasantry so revolting in itself, and so ill suited to the state of the speaker. Her eyes and thoughts were fixed upon the ruined chapel, where its

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east end breaking through the boughs of the Spanish chesnuts clothing the height on which it stood, started out over the river. Its windows were dark, except one which only the moonlight silvered: Miss Trevanion then was gone! Miss Hungerford was musing upon her probable employment at that moment, when her attention was caught by her cousin's words: her bright aspect immediately lost its charm of innocent hilarity, when she heard the exiled heir of Treverderet described as a mock prince in a play; and his father, as pompously presiding over a table, where a show of silver covers concealed empty dishes.

"Nay, nay, good cousin, your jests are not well chosen this evening. You will do yourself wrong in the Prince d'Este's opinion," interrupted she, unable to remain long a silent listener. "I am sure you are sorry for the wreck of this noble family."

But Lord Hungerford would not accept this gratuitous good opinion; and all the advantage she gained by her interference, was learning, from the different things said afterwards, that there was a rumour in town, that Sir Fulk Trevanion meant to

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make friends with the court, and reassume some figure in life, by publicly disinheriting his son in favour of his nephew; and so proving that, in his dealings with a new sovereign, he was determined not to deny his majesty that liberty of conscience which every one of his subjects demanded as their right.

No one seemed to know precisely the present situation of Arundell Trevanion. Lord Hungerford maintained that the exile was living obscurely at the Hague, having quarrelled with both his former friends, Monmouth and Argyll; he believed for having made love to Lady Harriet Wentworth.

Another lordling reported that, so far from that being true, Trevanion was engaged to Argyll's daughter, and employed in going from court to court, to endeavour at obtaining their good offices for that outlawed nobleman's restoration to the revenues at least of his confiscated estates.

One of the ladies, who had seen and admired Arundell during his brief visit to the Duke of Monmouth, and who had her reasons for trying to pique Lord Hungerford, began a florid description of the young man's noble looks and demeanour. Her stratagem succeeded, for his lordship could

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never brook another's praise; and instant flirtation, with a smiling beauty, was his attempt at revenge.

Who that saw that gay bark put off from the enchanted shore it left, or had followed its course in thought through scenes of sequestered sylvan beauty, would have dreamed of aught there except easy minds and happy hearts! the young, the gay, the high-born, were its sole freightage; but, except the pure-minded and hitherto sheltered Eveleen, not one there, had a bosom uncorroded by some gnawing passion, remorse, or regret.

As they drew towards the landing place, her cousin's liveliest sallies were broken by a frightful fit of coughing, of which he made light the next instant; though it had bathed his forehead with obvious moisture, and wholly deprived him of breath. The contrast between his evident decay, and his eager chase of worthless things, greatly shocked her; the present scene, however, was not suited to any affectionate or serious remonstrance on the subject; and she deferred the purpose, to some more fitting one. Painful, indeed, was the chill which came over her, as she fancied her reckless

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cousin standing, as he too surely did, between two worlds, — soul and body about to part, when he either dreamt not of it, or would not believe in his danger. The tears stood in her eyes, whilst momentarily lost in such thoughts as Christian concern dictates in every similar case. Lady Villiers looked on her with a face of childish enquiry.

Eveleen answered the look, by saying, in a low voice : — " Hungerford is certainly very ill, Diana, and none of you seem to know it."

" My dear Eveleen !" ejaculated the other, " no one ever was ill to signify, with such spirits !"

" They shock me more than his looks !" was Miss Hungerford's answer, unconscious that the Prince d'Este was attentively listening to their dialogue.

Whatever were the notions he derived from it, they were not unfavourable to the charming person to whom he had particularly attended throughout their aquatic expedition ; although, when they landed, he seemed doubtful whether he ought not to waive the privileges of his superior rank, and leave her to the care of that arrogant cousin, whom she might both love, and

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blush for. But Lord Hungerford, who never considered himself bound to any duty or observance, if inclination led otherways, without waiting to pay the respect due to the foreigner's birth and relationship to the queen, attracted by some pretty maskers discovered in one of the pavilions, hurried off to dally with them, and turn some poor girl's head; leaving Lord Villiers, who better knew the duty of a courtier, and the restraints of high breeding, to conduct the Italian prince to the house, where dresses were to be re-arranged, and a ball and banquet follow.

Ere ball and banquet were over, Eveleen Hungerford was thoroughly wearied. By snatches only through the day could she be said to have enjoyed herself entirely: for late events, or rather her deep sympathy with Aurelia Trevanion, had abated her relish for society; tending to make her think now and then, that the glittering pageants exhibited at Rohesia were as inhuman, as feasting in one room whilst an unburied corpse lay in another.

She knew, too, that to every one of her family now assembled, this vaunted day was one of task-work. Lord Hungerford was

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blasé already, with higher-seasoned enjoyments. Villiers, meant for better things, hungered only for the pernicious excitement of dice or the turf. Lord Carraton was solely occupied in watching the effect of his splendid hospitality, and calculating its results upon his future consequence. Lady Villiers was too inert for lively pleasure of any kind; and Lady Rhoda was sure to find so many trifles left undone, or done after a fashion differing from her own, that her portion was sure to be "vexation of spirit."

Eveleen could not but hope, that to the crowd of simple rustics who were admitted in the forenoon, to exhibit their annual May games and floral dances, under the famed Rohesia beech, it had given blameless pleasure; and perhaps, also, to many of the higher class — the Cornish gentry and their families, who, rarely visiting the metropolis, might have brought the freshness of curiosity, and, she trusted, harmless purposes to these new shows. But what feelings might they have carried thence? Neither Lord Hungerford nor Lord Villiers were safe companions for youth: and even the mature are accessible to envy and pique.

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CHAP. X.

THE next amusement proposed for Isidore of Este, was the famous Cornish game of hurling. The idea was started by Lord Villiers, being a pleasure suited to his fatal habits; but as time was required for the muster of contending parties, a tour along the coast, and a visit to the mining district, were arranged meanwhile. Other novelties were preparing at Rohesia; and this excursion, offering a quieter sort of festivity, was to be taken by way of increasing the zest of livelier enjoyment.

The tour was Eveleen Hungerford's suggestion: who might often have thought that the noble foreigner's frequent solitary occupations were meant to rebuke the idling and trifling, incessantly going on around him, had not his most courteous notice of every petty gratification provided for him, shown a disposition to take even well-meant follies, in good part.

The courtier earl, drawing his ideas of princely characters from those he had seen most of, decided, that if he meant to secure

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the favourable report of the queen's relative, he must not leave him unprovided with charming female society during this expedition; and the prince being requested to command his own party, gallantly invited whatever ladies preferred a little fatigue, to rest and the same place.

Lady Rhoda Brandon would willingly have cut herself asunder for the sake of domineering over roads and refreshments, and, at the same time, of staying behind to make and unmake every decoration and device, ordered for a second choice entertainment, hitherto unknown in England; but as that marvel could not be effected, she was obliged to transfer the duty of matronly surveillance to Madame Kreutzen; whom her affectionate charge would not go without; and most of the court belles, either piqued by D'Este's coldness, or nourishing designs against idle gallants remaining at Rohesia, staid also; so Lady Rhoda had plenty upon her hands. Ere the party set off, she found an opportunity of speaking to Miss Hungerford alone, by entering her room at day-dawn, and, spite of her pathetic and drowsy entreaties, fairly waking her to listen. Lady Rhoda's object was to animate her niece with her own re-

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sentment against Lord Woodvill, whose scandalous neglect of his betrothed bride, and gross affront to majesty, in loitering abroad when he ought to have come over for the coronation, was, she said, equally astounding and atrocious. Eveleen was exhorted by her, to call a formal council of her guardians and kindred, and then insist upon their obtaining a categorical answer from Lord Woodvill, to the important question of, why he did not appear to make preparations for fulfilling their engagement? and, if he could not return a sufficient answer — then to proclaim herself relieved from all bond to him.

Eveleen was at a loss to guess what had so suddenly extinguished Lady Rhoda's zeal for a marriage, by which the fortune of her late husband's nephew would be wholly repaired, and her niece obtain the title of a viscountess; but an angry quotation from some reported jest of the young lord's concerning her own arbitrary temper, and a strong admonition that Eveleen would cultivate the obvious favour of their illustrious guest, at once showed her, whither this restless spirit was looking. In truth Lady Rhoda had completed her plans for

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her own daughter's brilliant settlement, both in marriage and about the Princess of Denmark, and she was ready for starting on a new pursuit of the sort when opportunity should offer. Her repeated letters on a subject which Lord Woodvill had already privately settled, were at last so annoying, that he had uttered some petulant expression (afterwards carried by a tale-bearer to the person derided); and as Lady Rhoda never forgave an affront to her imagined skill and sagacity, she was now buoyed up with the hope of taking signal revenge, by bestowing her niece and her fortune upon a man of far higher rank.

Miss Hungerford, however, flattered subtly for the instant, though without the slightest notion of more than the prince's temporary admiration, would not seem to have perception of what was meant. She could not let Lord Woodvill bear singly the blame she was conscious of sharing in part; so tempering her confession by girlish playfulness, she owned that she herself was so little in a hurry to lose her liberty, or even to find out whether she should like his lordship well enough to do so in his favour after all, that she had never once allowed him to believe his presence would be wel-

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come, before the period proposed for their possible union.

Lady Rhoda laughed at this declaration; maintaining, that after such expressed doubt, Miss Hungerford would do well to preserve the secret of so dubious a contract from all strangers, at least. Eveleen was a little provoking (and she chid herself for it the next hour), by appearing not to know what stranger was meant; and still more so, by persisting in letting the matters between her and Lord Woodvill, rest until he should come over according to previous arrangement. Opposition of any kind was as heinous to Lady Rhoda, as positive rebellion is to an arbitrary prince; and throughout the whole of the subsequent noon (ere the tourists set out), showed her irritation, by quarrelling upon every theme with every one she was familiar with; positively going out of her way in conversation, solely for the purpose of bringing herself and them into rude contact. In this way, whilst the Prince of Este was reading quietly under the stone verandah, unintentionally concealed from the notice of those within, by a pillar at his back, and a curtain of pendent trailing plants over his head, poor Lady Rhoda read her niece an angry lecture upon cer-

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tain changes which the latter had presumed to make in what she proclaimed to be her sole province.

Cotters' children had hitherto plaited the coarse straw baskets used in despatching presents of game, and Eveleen found she had sinned, by exchanging their light tasks for the distressing one of poor old women, whom she had seen stooping to weed the walks in her uncle's grounds.

Not that Lady Rhoda was determinately inhuman: alas! she was only one of those persons, to whom reform, begun or completed by another, is always offensive. So children were to sit at easy work again, and feeble old women to stoop over painful labour, so long as Rohesia owned Lady Rhoda Brandon for its vice-queen.

Stick-gatherers, leaf-scrapers, weeders, were all to return to the same tasks, and the same pay: Lady Rhoda had no notion of saving her alms by giving more liberal recompenses to industry.

Eveleen Hungerford was soon put off from her own interests; but those of others found her less compliant. She would have taken up the matter warmly had she expected any good result from it; but, aware that argument only inflames an unreason-

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able person, she kept silence; determining inwardly, to leave no aged person so poor as to make such hurtful employment necessary for their subsistence.

Her little A B C school, with the parish clerk at its head, Lady Rhoda could not order into annihilation; but she denounced it as a piece of absurd extravagance, and as a nursery of irreverence to superiors.

Eveleen began to tremble for her last secret, her renewed intimacy with Aurelia Trevanion; and congratulated herself that she had not mentioned it in any letter from Rohesia. She was then resolved to give that confidence only to her uncle Carraton, who, being estranged from his melancholy neighbour, had a right to know every trifle which might involve the families in greater discord, or eventually draw them into amity.

That secret, however, Lady Rhoda had not hunted out; and a servant appearing at the moment to call his lady to another quarter of the house, Miss Hungerford was left free to pass into the open air through one of the folding windows or glass doors of the verandah rooms, and to pass through, without seeing Prince Isidore in his easy chair of green leaves and pendent blossoms.

The polished foreigner certainly departed

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from his perfect obedience to the laws of good-breeding, by having continued the listener of a discourse not meant for his ear; but he had satisfied his first scruples by believing himself privileged to remain where he was, as the frequent comers and goers through the room wherein the ladies held their dialogue, its open doors, and known connexion with the marble walk which so many saunterers frequented, seemed to say that one of them at least cared little for eaves-droppers. It is not needful to add, which of the speakers obtained a partisan in the person of a thinking and high-minded man.

The fair niece of his entertainer became from that moment a sure attraction to him; yet although during their short excursion he singled her out for every remark made upon the scenes he was taken into, he did it not with lover-like apprehension, nor with hardier gallantry, but with an air of better acquaintance with her mind and heart, than he testified towards others of their party. Eveleen, therefore, felt quite at her ease in his society; and if she remembered her aunt's preposterous notions concerning him, did it only to smile at their folly.

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During their first day's drive along the coast, she found herself left with her uncle in a close carriage; Madame Kreutzen being in one of the others, and the younger men having ridden off to inspect some remote curiosity. She then related the circumstances of her whimsical admission to Treverderet. Lord Carraton heard her with complacency: he had never felt more than indifference about his baffled adversary, nor indeed cared in reality for the empty barony; but Lady Rhoda had given him no rest until it was secured; and Sir Fulk Trevanion had determined upon everlasting enmity at the present period. Lord Carraton was not merely willing but anxious to restore some show at least of good-will between himself and his stiff-necked neighbour; for his cards might soon be difficult to play. The new king was already unpopular; yet whilst he held the throne, it behoved the aspirant after high places to seek his pleasure: therefore Lord Carraton must go on voting as he dictated, and gaining over adherents to the same cause. Great changes, however, might occur if his majesty pushed his indiscreet zeal too far; and visions of a successor acceptable to the country party, inclined his lordship to wish

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for renewed friendliness with Sir Fulk Trevanion, whose son was greatly beloved by that numerous party; and by whose means he might, if the adverse events took place which he dreaded, preserve himself from falling into utter neglect.

Whilst his Arcadian gala was in preparation, and since its commencement, Lord Carraton had studiously endeavoured not only to avoid offence to his haughty neighbour, but contrived to let his orders to that effect reach the knight himself. Every precaution was taken to prevent altercations between servants, injury to gates, fences, way-paths; in short, to guard every possible property of the Trevanions from damage or inconsiderate appropriation. The earl was sufficiently skilled in the arts of ingratiating, to know that such delicate propitiation of his jealous neighbour's wounded consequence was far more likely to succeed than what Lady Rhoda had proposed,—direct advances to former acquaintance. He listened, therefore, with interest and pleasure to his niece's playful account of her rencontre with Sir Fulk in the church-yard: and, to her frank avowal of preferring Treverderet to Rohesia, replied only by a good-humoured recom-

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mendation of the stately widower for a husband.

This raillery led at once to the subject of Lord Woodvill, whom Lord Carraton blamed for having absented himself from the coronation; adding, rather seriously, "I know his fondness for the Prince and Princess of Orange is not well taken at court. I dare say, he does not concern himself with political matters at present; but the times make us all suspicious of appearances:— and thoughtlessness now, may prejudice his future fortune, if he mean ever to enter the honourable career of public life. I wish you would let him understand this: — give him a hint of your displeasure, if he will not show more regard for the very delicate situation in which your relations are placed. On my word, if his lordship hangs back thus from his duty as a peer — as your guardian I shall be forced to re-consider the propriety of ratifying your father's engagement. What say you, Eveleen, to that?"

Miss Hungerford's complexion changed from the emotion of awe with which she had of late reflected upon the expressed will of a deceased parent: she paused ere

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she replied; and then delivering herself upon the subject exactly as she had once done to Aurelia Trevanion, though with greater gravity, convinced her uncle that she could neither dispose of, nor take herself away lightly. He was satisfied with what she alleged as the secret cause of Lord Woodvill's prolonged residence abroad; but exhorted her to throw a little more encouragement into part of the correspondence, so that his lordship might be emboldened to accept an invitation which the earl would now lose no time in sending to him, convinced as he was that Woodvill's boyish fancy was over.

This arrangement, as well as Eveleen's visits to Miss Trevanion, Lord Carraton himself suggested it were best to keep concealed from his sister, whose meddling propensity he complained of, as having increased to a positive disease; becoming as great a torment to herself as to others; and whose intemperance in either matter was too likely to compromise his niece's delicacy at least, if not the credit of them all. He promised to proceed in Lord Woodvill's affair with the utmost fairness and temper, so as to bring Eveleen through it with per-

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fect honour, however it should end; and she engaged to lose no opportunity of worthily smoothing the path to reconciliation between the families of Rohesia and Treverderet. For this purpose, it was well for Eveleen to know the truth of every floating report connected with the name of Arundell Trevanion; and observing this, she enquired if her uncle ever had felt any curiosity to ascertain the young man's conduct and condition abroad?

Lord Carraton answered, that it was too dangerous a subject for him to meddle with. The young man's active opposition to the present king's succession, during the late king's life, was even now a stinging recollection to his majesty; who gladly availed himself of the affair of Argyll's escape, and the dishonour brought upon the Trevanion name by the incident attached to it, to keep him in exile — outlawry, of course, it was not; for Mr. Trevanion might return, if he would — that is, if he chose to brave his father, and did not regard the jests of buffoons, and the averted looks of grave men.

Miss Hungerford then pressed to know whether the disgraceful story to which her uncle alluded, were really believed, and upon what ground it was so.

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"Certainly, not widely credited," replied the earl; "although it was worth while at the time, to circulate a report that it *was* positively believed."

"Then there was no woman disguised!" exclaimed his niece, eagerly.

"I do not say that," resumed her uncle; "I merely say that Argyll's course of life gave us no warrant for attributing such boyish imprudence to him, as that of carrying off a mistress when his head was in question. Indeed, he firmly denied the charge, upon the word of a gentleman; as a letter testified from the Prince of Orange to his late majesty, my ever lamented master (here Lord Carraton sighed, either from loyalty or selfish regret): so it was presumed, that some female must have been cunningly substituted, unknown to the earl, for the true page; and Lady Harriet Wentworth's flight having occurred just then, and Mr. Trevanion being known as a friend of her noble paramour's, it was at once decided by our court gallants, that she and the page were one."

"Kind Heaven, I hope not!" exclaimed Miss Hungerford, her heart swelling with generous regret at such possible dishonour

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in the brother of her friend: "for the sake of his poor sister, I hope not! But how was it discovered?"

"From a curious bit of private history," returned his lordship, with an evident sense of importance in being able to relate a fact not known beyond the king's closet at the time of its occurrence. "The cutter, in which Argyll was proceeding to Holland, was blown upon the English coast; the crew were brought off in a boat through so heavy a sea, that Argyll's page was washed out of it, and with difficulty saved. He was insensible when taken out of the water; but his master refused all assistance for him until they reached a house near the beach, where he transferred his senseless burthen into the private charge of a woman. Thus the secret of the disguise came out."

"And the woman betrayed these poor wrecked creatures!" exclaimed Eveleen. "How did they escape after all?"

"By his majesty's great good nature," resumed Lord Carraton. "Charles was the last man in the world to have visited any sin severely that had a woman for the partner of it; and, besides, he had never

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patronized the proceedings against Argyll in Scotland. Some one who recognised the earl's person, gave instant information of his misfortune; but my gracious master would not allow him to be detained. No sooner were the party gone, than the man who had saved the page brought an antique ring to court, which he said that disguised person had given his wife, both to ensure her secrecy, and to recompense her husband. The lady had prayed him to find out one Mr. Trevanion of Treverderet, and tell him that the friend he had given it to, had nothing else left wherewith to pay a debt of gratitude; trusting he would pardon her, and redeem it for charity's sake. The fellow carried it first to Captain Trevanion, who, believing it his duty not to conceal aught connected with this strange affair, advised him to bring it at once to his majesty. Its blazon proclaimed its original owner, being the crest of the Treverderet Trevanions—a winged sword, with their proud motto, 'Swift to succour.'"

"Captain Trevanion!" Eveleen repeated in a tone of painful surprise. "Methinks he might have left the matter unmeddled with. I do not like such selfish policy."

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Lord Carraton smiled at her graceful warmth, remarking that Captain Trevanion was quite right in keeping himself aloof from the consequences of his cousin's romantic folly; adding, "His majesty took the whole affair so indulgently, that he sent the man back to the young officer, who, indeed, acted with a prudence for which none of us would previously have given him credit; and whether he redeemed the ring himself, or forwarded the possessor of it into Cornwall, I know not; unimportant particulars were not asked for. Court gossip had enough to say about the page and this family memorial. One has only to regret that my poor neighbour here, should have so over-rated the power of a few idle jests and envious squibs, as to believe his son dishonoured by them. He has acted as if he thought the young man made infamous, and so has brought half the world to fancy him really so."

Struck with her uncle's last observation, and re-awakened to suspicion of Dunbar Trevanion by this careless communication, Miss Hungerford was thrown into a trance of thought on the subject, and might have

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remained long in it, had not Lord Carraton thus resumed: —

"It is lucky for my poor Hungerford that his father knows how to make due allowances for young blood, and every sort of temptation!"

This wretched ebullition of spurious parental affection went, as similar ones ever did, to Eveleen's heart; she knew how impossible it was for her to enlighten her uncle upon points which he regarded with indifference; but it was no profitless task to endeavour at exciting his apprehensions for his son's life, and so rescuing perhaps a few more months or weeks, to give the infatuated being a chance for better hopes. At once casting away every lesser care (deeply as she was interested in Aurelia Trevanion's brother), she earnestly, yet cautiously urged her thoughts and wishes about her cousin.

Lord Carraton was at first incredulous of his son's great illness: he argued that "it was impossible for a young man of exuberant spirits, who would enjoy every thing, and be every where, not to look like an agreeable spectre." Eveleen urged that it was impossible for a young man leading

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such a life not to be killed by it at last; and hinting, that with Lord Hungerford the male line of their family would be extinct, and their titles drop, she tried to bring her uncle's weaknesses to the support of parental feeling.

The peer then looked alarmed; and after some moments of uneasy thought, said he would look attentively at his son, — nay, insist upon his having medical advice; and if it were deemed in the least necessary, would manage to get him attached to some embassy in Italy, a circumstance which must force him into a warm climate.

The mention of Italy produced an instant eulogium upon Lord Carraton's high-born guest, and an expression of warm approval to Eveleen for rendering herself so agreeable to a man whom her uncle particularly desired to retain awhile at Rohesia: both to stamp the Hungerford family with more importance in the country, and to ensure them a higher reputation and power at court. Eveleen secretly hoped that she had not deserved this praise by levity or coquetry; but ere she could utter the sentiment, they were rejoined by its

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princely subject and his attendant gentlemen.

Miss Hungerford had never been over the dutchy of Cornwall; the present excursion, therefore, was as full of interest to her imaginative mind as to that of the enquiring stranger for whom the party had been made. She was not, however, in the least attracted to the adjacent tract of Curclage, which roofs in several rich mines; and having voted for leaving underground sights wholly to the gentlemen at a later period, went on, feasting her eye and her thoughts upon the succession of storied ruins and memorable places which lay in their devious route.

The majestic shell of Restormel, the sea-beat fragments of Tintagel, and the ivied remnant of Trematon, — beautiful Trematon, were successively registered by her pencil, when she could stealthily sketch them. Places less susceptible of rapid delineation were left for memory. The scenes of Arthur's birth and of his death she could not look at without feelings of strangely-mixed doubt and credulity: whether all she had ever read of that renowned hero were true or false, enough

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was left of current tradition concerning him, — nay, in the very name of the bloody field on which he fell (Slaughter Bridge), to stamp every thought of him with awe.

The beautiful caves of the south-west coast, enchanted her almost into audible wishes for solitude there; — she would have asked no other companions in these sweet cells, than the ideal beings of Shakspeare's creation: Ferdinand, Miranda, Ariel, and his train of angel-winged spirits. St. Kynan's cave, with its beautiful flooring of sky-tinctured, glittering sand, long detained her; fancying herself alone there with peace and silence, or musing by the side of Aurelia Trevanion. Other grottoes, polished by the friction of successive tides into the smoothness of marble, and unsullied by the growth of a single sea-plant, offered many a serious or poetical imagination to her pregnant mind.

It was night when the party visited these imagined haunts of sea-nymphs; the expansive ocean was covered with moonshine and gleaming sails; all the little basins at the foot of the rocks, which eddying tides have hollowed and have filled with crystal water, sparkled with the re-

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flection of different stars; and such a solemnity of effect was produced by the scene and the stillness, that Miss Hungerford felt oppressed, in the presence of unreflecting persons. Except herself and the Italian prince, no one beheld these natural marvels with more than ordinary pleasure. After one or two careless surveys, they all returned to exactly such light conversation as might as well have been carried on between the four walls of a modern room.

She had stolen into one of the furthest caves to contemplate the awful stretch of sea undisturbed, when turning towards another point of the prospect, she saw Lord Villiers standing at the entrance, fixedly regarding her. "I envy you Miss Hungerford," he said, gloomily. "I wish I cared for these things!"

"Why? do you not think them beautiful?" she asked gently.

"Perhaps I do; but I have no abiding pleasure in them," he returned. "Nothing is worth caring for but excitement. A horrible storm now — boiling seas and screaming birds over them, — these might please me. Quiet things are hateful! a man should never have time to think."

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"Possibly not; if thinking, only made him find out his own faults without teaching him how to get them cured," was Eveleen's timid reply, fearful of irritating an acute feeling, yet dreading to leave a duty unfulfilled.

"You would scare us with hearsay goblins, fair cousin," he said, his fine dark brows contracting, though not angrily: "you would preach of death; well—what is death but the opposite of life!—and life's a cheat. Every thing disappoints us;—and at last, nothing interests us!—if it were not that we have the power of making ourselves mad now and then with wine and dice—Would that we had a war!" he added, abruptly.

"You cannot wish this seriously," exclaimed Miss Hungerford, "you are not thus evil-minded!"

"Why, is it not better that fellows should cut each others throats," he asked, sternly, "than pick each others pockets?—Worse!—worse!—leap into fathomless ruin themselves, and drag other madmen after them;—to say nothing of wives and children!"

Eveleen saw that Lord Villiers was thinking of his wife and infant heir, the latter of whom she had observed him of late

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looking at with hardly-repressed agitation. She guessed that he was at that moment in the grasp of some cruel remembrance — recent heavy loss at play she doubted not; and she regarded him with poignant pity. Rich soil, it seemed to her, was in that strong temperament; and what might it not have produced, had good seed been sown there, or any Christian hand been near to weed it of ill? She recalled by whom Lord Villiers had been brought up; and her heart swelled with a generous hope, that He who judges in mercy and righteousness, might find mercy for him.

"Ah, cousin Villiers (so she sometimes called him), you were not meant for the life you lead; — you are not happy in it; — why then will you go on?"

"Because I can't get out of it now, if I would," was his answer; "and I don't know if I desire it either. 'Tis a folly to deny what all the world knows of me. I am a slave to that detestable gambling: I detest it, and myself; but I am sold, I believe, and must obey my master."

There was a mixture of levity and insanity in Villiers's manner as he spoke, and an expression in his fearfully-speaking

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countenance, which thrilled Eveleen. His allusion to a popular belief in those days, of being sold to the Evil one, for the commission of acts abhorrent to a better nature, had an affect then, which it could not have had now. She laid her hand persuasively upon his arm, "Will you oblige me by going with Diana and me, some time to visit my uncle Lake at his diocese? — he will not preach to you, my dear lord; I only wish you to see how much happy business he finds for himself and every body about him. But one little week! — a few days even! — I will engage for his making you desire to shake this nightmare off — it is but changing your position, and it is gone." She uttered, playfully, what she had not the temerity to press with serious energy. Lord Villiers looked at her intently, with a sudden expression of countenance, which had something alarming in it to her single-minded purpose; it seemed to say, "Why did I throw myself away upon a wife who neither sees nor can understand my feelings!" but the look was briefer than a flash of light, and an honourable air of reserve succeeded it.

"You mean most kindly, Miss Hun-

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gerford," he said, suffering her to pass him; "and the first time good luck puts me into good humour, perhaps I may go and see how saints live on earth. But can your bishop drive out devils?"

"He knows a blessed spell that can," was her hurried answer; for she was now rather anxious to quit him; and having espied Madame Kreutzen in search of her, she hastened to join her.

She did not, however, cease to think of this short conversation; conjecturing what could be the ruinous loss Lord Villiers must have sustained since she last associated intimately with him, to rouse such stinging feelings. Her spirits were fully prepared, by such thoughts, for their party's after visit to Tintagel, with which so many private interests were associated in her mind.

In returning from the lonely ruins where Arundell Trevanion had devoted himself to intrepid humanity, she passed through the churchyard in which his friend lay buried. It was a small space of ground, guarded round by those low fences of loose stones, peculiar to the north of Cornwall. A single tombstone, in a circle of sea-holly, attracted her eye to one still grave:

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—it was Eustace Saulay's. She read on it a simple register of his birth and death; followed by those lines of Scripture, which his pencil had especially marked in the pocket-bible left to Arundell Trevanion. To them was added by that surviving friend,—

"Thou who placeth this stone, and thou who readest it! take comfort from these holy words — 'Go in peace.'"

Youth's heart is soft — youth's eyes prompt to flow: Eveleen Hungerford could not read this plain register of a friend's grief, seeking to quench itself in a Christian's hope, without a degree of emotion which made her feel as if it were sacrilege to pass on, and stifle it. She was leaning upon the arm of Madame Kreutzen, and restraining her motion forwards, told her, in a low voice, the short history of the fisher-boy. Madame Kreutzen, being in the secret of her renewed intimacy with Arundell Trevanion's sister, did not wonder at her young companion's lively sympathy with all the griefs of the Treverderet family; but seeing Isidore of Este, and Lord Villiers close behind them, she promptly reverted to her memory of the story when Miss Hungerford first repeated

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it after leaving the Dutch seminary; and thus prevented embarrassing questions.

Lord Villiers did not speak at first; but shortly clearing his disturbed brow, rambled off in wild talk—half gallantry, half sarcasm,—to an incipient coquette of their party. The meditative Italian said little also; but his looks spoke: and Madame Kreutzen, as she eyed his frequent fixed gaze, and as frequent removal of his eyes from the conscious face of her charge, thought there was at least the wish in them that Miss Hungerford were of his own rank and faith.

At length, turning to Madame Kreutzen, he said, with a grave smile, "This is the second time, within this late, that I have played the part of a listener to Miss Hungerford; and I am either punished for, or bribed into going on with the dishonourable practice."

"The Prince d'Este appears to contradict himself!" observed the respectful Swiss.

"To overhear only sentiments which honour the speaker's character," he replied, his eyes gracefully bowing with his head, "tempts us to listen again: to hear what

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must make us regret taking a long farewell of the speaker, cannot but punish the offence of stealing a discourse."

"His excellency," cried one of the ladies, affecting giddy mischievousness, "did not, perhaps, hear another of Miss Hungerford's dark sayings: that daisied fields and sweetbrier hedges, are friends' faces; and the most beautiful exotics, only agreeable strangers."

"I should have expected that remark from Miss Hungerford," returned the prince, with unusual vivacity of expression; "I can assure your ladyship, that a foreigner, with any heart, stands in need of such a reminder." He passed on, and the disappointed trifler fell back. Eveleen was aware that he meant rather to disconcert ill nature, than to profess admiration; and receiving the tribute as a mere part of playful altercation, quenched her momentary blushes.

The travelling party, on reaching Rohesia, found every thing prepared for the rustic game, which was to be exhibited one day; and for a little piece—half scene, half song—which was to be played the next night, by Italian performers, in a theatre

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fitting up for the occasion. Lady Rhoda Brandon could not, with all her efforts, find an excuse for meddling with the arrangements of the first amusement; but upon the subject of the latter, she contrived to give both Lord Carraton and his niece extreme vexation. She insisted that, by an overstrained delicacy, they were losing an admirable opportunity of renewing amity between the two neighbouring families; which was the more extraordinary to her, since her brother knew how necessary it was for every prudent politician at the present moment to secure friends amongst all parties.

In addition to the earl's many condescensions previous to his Arcadian fête, no sooner was the Cornish sport proposed, than he had commissioned his steward to learn from Sir Fulk Trevanion whether its formation upon a certain space of ground which faced the Treverderet meadows, within its limits, were likely to be permitted by their owner, as, so encouraged, he would solicit the favour in due form.

The favour had been asked in a most polite note from the earl, and granted with equal scrupulosity of high breeding. What

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the haughty knight had thought of his supple neighbour's motive may be guessed: he had not forgotten the broad assertions of his nephew Dunbar.

Lady Rhoda would actually have gone, upon this, to thank Sir Fulk Trevanion personally, and to offer his daughter to her care whilst witnessing the novelty of an Italian opera; but, happily, her brother's greatest objects were at stake, and he peremptorily forbade all interference.

By the degradations she was thus inclined to stoop to, Lady Rhoda might be supposed to set little value upon herself and her dignity: on the contrary, pride and folly were so mixed up in her, that she believed no mean act could lower her in fact or in opinion. Those persons whom she considered as enemies, or obstacles, no principle of justice or moderation withheld her from vilifying and injuring; always maintaining, that to seek the interest of his or her family, was the first duty of every individual: — the parties she sought to gain, were the objects of her unwearied flatteries. Flattery, indeed, was her sole instrument; and, it is painful to own, that she calculated well upon nine tenths of the

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human race; only characters of extreme delicacy, resolute pride, or Christian simplicity, repulsing or disappointing her.

On the present occasion, Lady Rhoda gave way to a perfect delirium of impatient anger, which the presence and provoking jests of Lord Hungerford, exasperated beyond the bounds of decency. Her brother quickly and quietly left her: but his son, enjoying the amusement, continued irritating her offended self-love and favourite passion; until, at length, she uttered expressions, which in the period of the Popish plot, might fairly have led by-standers to imagine, that she knew her whole family had been sharers in it, and owed their continuance in life to her agency.

Almost persuaded that her aunt's senses were injured, Eveleen escaped from the domestic fray, hastening to calm her spirits by playing with, and caressing her cousin Diana's child (an infant of a few months, already a cherub in beauty); finding, in that sweet occupation, something akin to the chastened pleasure which she tasted in the society of Aurelia Trevanion.

The day of the hurling match arrived. Lord Villiers and Lord Hungerford were

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the opposers: and as the former had, by mere whim, taken his set of players from parishes over which many of the Treverderet tenants were scattered, Eveleen felt an interest in his success.

To persons unacquainted with Cornwall, it may not be uninteresting to describe its favourite sport: one, perhaps, which owes its origin to the Romans; whose warlike habits led them to preserve the image of war, in their lighter recreations. This celebrated Cornish game certainly presents a lively picture of defence and attack; it trains the bodies of the peasantry to strength and agility; their minds to perseverance and intrepidity; and educates their sight, to rapidity and precision. There are two species of hurling in use still: but the inferior sort, taking in but a few players, and being performed within narrow limits, not suiting Lord Carraton's popular purposes, was discarded for that, termed "hurling to the country." The latter is a match usually made between two gentlemen, whose houses, sometimes at the distance of miles from each other, are assigned for the goals. Each of these gentlemen musters the athletic youth of four or five

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parishes, in a given centre, whose office it is to dispute the possession of a silver ball, thrown into the air, and destined to be run off with by the lucky seizer, to the goal appointed for his party. He who finally succeeds in obtaining it, and carrying it to his goal, is the winner.

To catch this ball at its first fall, to struggle for retaining or regaining it, to outrun every pursuer, and, if thrown down, to send it with a vigorous arm into the crowd of his own party, is the business of every candidate.

Then commences the fire of the contest: whoever sees which way the ball is now carrying, calls aloud, and a hot pursuit begins. "Hills, dales, ditches, bushes, briars, plashes, bogs, brooks, rivers," do not stop them. Men on foot run at full speed after the flying possessor of the prize; leaping over every obstacle, and animated by hope: whilst mounted auxiliaries lurk in ambush, under copse, wood, or bank-side, to start out and ride off with the ball after wresting it from its holder. Then rush the whole troop of scouts, whose business it is to intercept the successful horseman, by cutting across places where only the lightest foot

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may venture; and by fronting him in cross lane or narrow bridge, often hurl the rider to the ground, and secure his prize.

Many miles are thus clamorously run over; the adverse parties doubling and turning with the dexterity of foxes, or more gallantly keeping on after the fashion of nobler game, in a direct line, until they attain their goal, ball in hand. The prize is then adjudged; the ball becomes the property of the winner; and the gentleman who numbers the successful candidate in his party, regales both winners and losers, with wine and wassail.

The ladies from Rohesia, and the adjoining country, were stationed, to witness this amusement, upon an eminence commanding the centre scene, where the game was to commence. Some were on horseback, others in carriages; and a few in the ornamented stand where Prince Isidore d'Este quietly contemplated the sport, refusing every invitation to enter deeper into the interest of it, than what arose from a simple survey of the contest.

Eveleen Hungerford, as she now and then glanced up from the open carriage where she chose to remain with her uncle

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and Madame Kreutzen, could not but regard the Italian prince with respect; the composure and dignity of his manner strikingly contrasted with the frivolous, yet immoderate gaiety of her cousin Hungerford, who was near him; and with the frantic excitement of Lord Villiers, who was riding furiously before, by the side of one particular horseman upon whom he had betted; his fine features, agitated by expressions of eagerness and apprehensiveness, which would have honoured a better occasion.

For awhile, Eveleen looked on the animated scene and manly exercise with that feeling of exhilaration natural to youth; at first she noticed only the skill and swiftness of the players; but when she heard the sound of loud betting, and unguarded oaths, and saw many a face alternately darkened and brightened by the same stormy emotions which agitated the handsome countenance of her cousin's husband, she grieved at the downward tendency of every human institution; vice ever intruding, where innocence might well have remained alone.

How little did she envy the serenity of of Lady Villiers, so unworthy did it seem

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to her in the wife of a man who, with some inherent good propensities, was fast smothering them all, and driving upon the very rocks of destruction! To awaken her fair cousin to this husband's danger, was a hopeless task; for Lady Villiers, accustomed to expect some vicious habit in every young associate of Charles the Second's court, was as well contented with gaming as with any other practice of the sort; and knowing herself and her lord surrounded by rich relations, cared not for a temporary shock of circumstances. She was not, therefore, to be roused into seeking some better object for her husband's ardent nature to feed upon: the force of an expulsive affection could not be understood by her, whose sole passion was that of taking precedence in great assemblies as a great lady; she had no idea of what a mighty sceptre she held in her hand — the child she had borne to her husband: with that, she could have commanded him ultimately to his own good.

Lady Villiers, by the side of the grave and graceful Prince d'Este, the first led into the stand, and the first led out, was as happy as her temperate nature was capable of: she only thought of Lady Villiers;

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never once of the fair face, and full fine form, to which that envied title belonged.

As a large proportion of the hurlers were tenants of Sir Fulk Trevanion, and as the Rohesian set were not backward in recollection of their old rivalries, Lord Carraton felt, throughout the whole day, too great an apprehension of some brawl occurring between them ere it should close, not to hail its termination with a sensation of relief; and when he heard that a Treverderet man was the winner, hastened to set the example of cordial congratulation.

Luckily the victor was the very man upon whose address and swift foot Lord Villiers had staked a large sum; and his extravagant cheerings, followed by a lordly authority of look directed against some murmurers, overbore all opposition, and quelled even the appearance of discontent. The park was then thrown open to both parties, where they were soon afterwards seen feasting with their wives and families, at tables ostentatiously spread with delicacies in addition to substantial fare. Lord Hungerford was amongst the gentlemen who refused to remain idle spectators of so much good cheer and good fellowship; and Lord Villiers followed his example.

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The heir of Rohesia found his invidious place next to the prettiest and youngest of the village beauties, whose continuous blush and downcast looks told too truly with what subject he was entertaining her, under cover of the noisy conviviality going on around. Villiers, less criminal in purpose, yet no less pernicious, in fact, was rapidly infecting one of the young Cornish gentlemen with his own force of excitement; by describing to him, with the eloquence of vehement feeling, other scenes of intense agitation and subsequent triumph, at Newmarket, and in the societies of the court, to which this rustic field was spiritless.

Whether Lord Carraton, as he walked graciously round the tables, recollected that sitting in the open air after inordinate exercise might be prejudicial to his son's health, or was sharpened by his own interest into observation of this suspicious gallantry to a miner's daughter, certain it is that he paused more than once behind the young libertine's chair, to entreat he would retire from "the very cold wind." Lord Hungerford, however, was immoveable; and so well did he play his part of the publicly social, and privately sentimental;

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so gaily did he join in the choruses of the simple rustics, and so perfidiously whisper soft flatteries in the ear of their village Grace, that his father at length desisted, satisfied with seeing him pleased (as he chose to fancy he was), and good humouredly inclined to cultivate the good will of the commonalty.

Lady Rhoda, and most of the ladies, remained in the house, contemplating the joyous scene from the distant windows. Eveleen Hungerford soon wearied of it; and as they had many days in prospect of successive amusements, chose to retire and steady her giddy whirl of remembered sights and sounds.

In passing to her own room she was attracted into Lady Villiers's apartments by the voice of the child; the murmurs of a cooing dove never had such a charm to Eveleen's heart as the innocent accents of infancy; and finding Lady Villiers there, indolently half undressed, stretched upon a couch, ere she should submit to the fatigues of a second toilette, she sat down beside her, taking the babe upon her knee, and dismissing the nurse. They were talking over the obstinacy of Lord Hun-

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gerford, who had flatly refused to believe himself an invalid, or to do more for himself than remaining awhile in the west of England, when they were joined by Lord Villiers. He was evidently elevated by wine, and came to ask his wife for money; having engaged to play at hazard with his dinner companions. Lady Villiers tried to put him off, out of sheer unwillingness to rise and unlock a casket in the next room; and Eveleen, regarding his present state with as much horror as pity, sought to divert him from his purpose, by calling his attention to his child.

The moment she had heard his voice in the gallery, she had hastily given the infant to Lady Villiers: it was not right that the husband should see his child in her arms, when its mother was unoccupied: now, however, she reminded him that his little boy was vainly holding out its face for a kiss.

Lord Villiers looked at the pretty creature a moment, then seized him in his arms.

"Now, my little Lackland," he said, "regarding him with much of a father's

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most passionate fondness, "what wouldst thou? a blessing, or a curse!"

"Fie, Villiers!" exclaimed his lady, smiling languidly — "a curse!"

Eveleen's gaze of fearful surprise questioned his meaning. Lord Villiers answered it in the same strain of inebriated levity.

"Why, has not that urchin made me hate some of the best fellows in the world, and begrudge myself every gentlemanly pleasure? till he was born, what cared I who was to be the worse or the better for my mad pranks! — now he frets me with as many vexatious thoughts as there are curls on that pretty head tire of thine, Dia. — Poor Dia!" he repeated, turning his eyes from his child to his wife, "I used thee scurvily, to give thee only the husks of a heart, when I wedded thee." — Lady Villiers simply smiled, directing a glance towards Eveleen, which was meant to tell her that Lord Villiers was not sober. Eveleen would have withdrawn, in delicacy to both; but Lady Villiers herself restrained her: whilst her husband went on incoherently, yet with strong appearance of feeling intensely; alternately reverting to an early disappointment in love, and accusing

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himself of having acted like a fool when he sought to stifle it under the forceful passion of gaming; and like a knave, when he suffered his family to woo Diana Brandon for his wife.

Yet did he mix so many caresses of his child with this distempered talk, and so many keen strokes of genuine self-disgust, that Miss Hungerford's pity for him rose to pain. She joined her entreaties, that he would not return to the park festivity, with the careless ones of his wife, who merely reproached him, though with perfect good humour, for being in so strange a temper after winning the great bet of the morning.

"Temper!" Lord Villiers repeated, and in a tone which told how ill his lady understood feelings with which temper had so little to do.—"Boy, boy!" he resumed, pressing the pretty creature's brow with a vehement kiss, "thou shalt follow the plough, or hammer horseshoes for thy living, rather than breathe the pestilence of that stew — a court; it has poisoned thy father to the core! What say you, Dia," he added, with wild gaiety, "would not you rather see this little rogue healthy and happy, and able to sleep o' nights, than

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such a winnowed anatomy as Hungerford, or such a bedeviled wretch as your husband?"

"Yet, this is *the handsome Villiers!*" he continued, looking straight forward at his own reflection in a glass: "yes, yes, I know I am called so; you ladies have creditable tastes! — now, to my own eye, yon is as villainous a visage as ever merited exhibition from the gallows. Come, Di — go, Di! — fetch me this money!"

Lady Villiers, as she rose slowly from her sofa, reminded him of what he had won in the morning.

"Ay, ay," he returned, "but that weight of gold has a long settlement behind it when Hungerford and I get back to town; just now I only want enough for a young chough here, who burns for initiation into our mysteries."

"O, Lord Villiers!" exclaimed Eveleen, unable to restrain her feelings, — "you, do this! — when you would save your son from such miserable habits!"

Her look and tone struck the infatuated Villiers; they nearly sobered him. He stood sullenly silent for a moment; and as his wife returned from the anti-room, put aside the purse she held out to him.

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Lady Villiers, in mere good-nature, would have pressed it on him. Eveleen did not speak; but her glistening eyes approved and thanked him; even whilst conscious of their suffusion, she turned away to conceal an emotion, which might not be sufficiently understood by either of her companions.

Lord Villiers sat down and placed his babe on the lap of its mother. "Why am I never to see my boy at your breast, Dia? It vexes me to see him sucking in, yonder coarse wench's humours, and smiling up at her, when — How can you bear to let another steal the sweet knave's smiles?"

"Lady Villiers never suspected your lordship of such an unmodish taste," Eveleen hastily said, "I'll warrant, or she would not have given up her office at any one's suggestion. — I suppose now it is too late?"

Lady Villiers replied to the simple question by a burst of thoughtless laughter; rallying her upon her ignorance of nursing, and her lord upon his preposterous wish that she, who had official duties to perform as a lady of the bed-chamber, should take the charge of her own child.

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Eveleen was tempted to ask, what necessity there was, for the wife of a nobleman to deprive herself of the power of fulfilling a sweet duty? but she checked the unwise impulse.

Ere she could shape a fit reply to her cousin's jesting, Lord Villiers, who was sitting opposite a window, started up, exclaiming, "What the deuce is going on there?—Hungerford and the foreign fellow and Lord Carraton are in a knot of talk!—Now Hungerford goes back!—His immensely-grave excellency stands still!—The earl is striding homeward!—and if that fellow in a riding-frock beside him be not—by heaven, I must know!"

Lord Villiers was out of the room the next instant; and Eveleen having ascertained that no fray was beginning in the park (the rustic company remaining seated there), re-took her place near Lady Villiers, purposing to insinuate into her, if possible, some of those ideas which were forcing themselves upon her mind.

Almost directly after she had said what her warm benevolence prompted, on the subject of Lord Villiers's unhappy propensity, and the delightful mode by which it seemed likely he might be weaned from it,

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she could have uttered as much sportive ridicule of herself as a scoffing enemy could have desired. It seemed to her that her spirit was really akin to her aunt Rhoda's, though, perhaps, meddling from better motives; that she was not unlike those quacks, who are always propounding remedies for other people's complaints, and would, perhaps, find it difficult at last to escape the odium of a busy-body. She did, indeed, say something of this to her shallow-minded companion, who, like most persons reasonable and unreasonable, was more inclined to follow counsel given, as if it were not counsel, than when demonstrated to be as wise as right: and Lady Villiers was actually considering whether she would not try to nurse her next child herself, when her lord hastily re-entered.

His face was all awakened:—"I was not out in my guess," he cried; "the fellow in the riding-coat was Barclay, express from the council chamber."

Lady Villiers asked if any thing were the matter?

"Only," he replied, turning towards Eveleen, "that I am like enough to have my wish: war! war! civil war, the——"

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"Now, heaven forbid!" exclaimed Eveleen.

"You are not serious?" questioned his wife.

"Faith, but I am!" was the answer: "Lord Carraton is sent for to the privy council. Argyll has landed in Scotland: people are joining him there."

Lady Villiers interposed an enquiry of what could bring Lord Argyll over sea, when he might be sure of being immediately seized and put into prison?

"Don't be too sure of that, Di!" returned her husband: "I presume the bold Scot comes to pull James off the throne; and to make us eat the pope, or disgorge the pope, at the sword's point: I care not which; but I conclude, Dia, that it will be thought our duty to fight him: so prepare yourself for buckling on buff coats, and binding up wounds."

"O, Lord Villiers, do not jest at any thing so fearful!" exclaimed Eveleen: "that earl's daughter — how I pity her! I hope no friends of ours are with him!" She thought but of her friend's brother.

"They say your neighbour's son, here, is amongst them: Mr. Trevanion ——"

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"Now, heaven forbid!" she repeated, unguardedly.

Lord Villiers at first looked surprised: then remembering what he had overheard her say to Madame Kreutzen in the churchyard, near Tintagel, reverted to it, and acknowledged her kindly feeling towards an unknown person.

Villiers was at heart amiably disposed; and the slight circumstance of having won his morning's bet by the agility of a Treverderet tenant, inclined him to take some interest in the absent heir.

Eveleen trusted to his nature; and frankly avowing her concern for the brother of her former school-mate, entreated him to use his good offices for the younger Trevanion, should that gentleman need them by falling into the hands of the king's troops in the case of an insurrection. She understood that only Lord Villiers (in virtue of a trifling office he held at court) was to accompany her uncle, who had already made due apologies to his illustrious guest, for leaving him to the hospitality of Rohesia without its master; and desirous of bidding Lord Carraton good bye, she hastened away to find him. His

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lordship, however, was too hurried for more than a hasty farewell; after which Eveleen retired to her own room, willing to recover from the shock of these evil news, ere called upon to mix, once more, with the thoughtless inmates of the house; to whom the fire of war, or any other destructive fire, blazing any where, so it were not on their own especial ground, was a matter of no concern.

The consternation into which Lord Villiers's abrupt communication threw her at the moment, had left her without presence of mind to do more than bespeak kindness for Arundell Trevanion, should his after situation require it. She had neglected to ask any particulars: she knew not what Argyll's real object might be; whether it was one which a man of integrity might be likely to forward at the risk of his life; and whether the persons said to be in his company were ascertained to be so. It troubled her beyond expression that she had suffered both Lord Villiers and her uncle to go, without entreating information upon these points: for poor Aurelia Trevanion must soon hear the news; and how bitter would be her friend's grief, when she could not offer her any substantial comfort!

A few blotted lines, placed by Miss Tre-

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vanion, two days afterwards, in their concerted depository, announced her knowledge of Argyll's ill-omened appearance, and her father's determination of going immediately to court to testify his loyalty: she supplicated for one parting interview, as she was to be his companion to London; and that her friend might afford her that solace without risk of being missed at Rohesia, or of encountering the persons working in either domain, she described to her a new way of reaching the Lady's Chapel, by a shorter road, and at an early hour. This was by an unsuspected, or long forgotten door on the Rohesia side, opening into a low passage under ground, which terminated in a vault or crypt below the chapel. Miss Trevanion owned that its existence was a tacit family secret; therefore, as such, she trusted the knowledge of it to her friend. Tradition reported that it had been, formerly, an open walk to the river side, frequented by the lovers whose history the chapel commemorated: probably, by that very way they had eloped; since the Lady Amabel, in later days, had the walk covered in, and the chapel erected, over what had then been a natural grotto.

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Miss Trevanion's directions how to find the obscure door at Rohesia were so particular, that Eveleen, almost delighting in the mere incident, hastened to say she would accept the invitation; perfectly assured that, at the hour appointed, scarcely a domestic's eye within the house would be unclosed.

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CHAP. XI.

On the day, and at the time appointed, Eveleen Hungerford hastened to render herself to the rendezvous appointed by her friend, although the hour was so early, that in passing through the moist morning air, her hair and clothes were saturated with mist. From the steep inclinations of the path she trod, she could note the home park at Treverderet covered with billowy vapours, through which its detached groves were dimly discernible. It looked like a sea: — its groves, island trees; its single pollards, the masts of sunken vessels standing up above the waters. Even in beautiful Rohesia the scene was unlovely, wanting the brightening sun: all the shrubs dripped with chilling moisture, and the very flowers looked dim; but Eveleen had not time for a second glance at these objects. Hastening to the spot Miss Trevanion's note had described most accurately, she paused, to survey and ascertain it.

The spot was marked by a little rill, so

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shallow that its sole office appeared to be that of washing the roots and lowest boughs of some beautiful firs which screened the bank in which the door of the souterrain was contrived, and which, feathering down to the very ground, kept it from any chance of casual discovery.

The evergreen foliage of these trees had hitherto prevented even Eveleen Hungerford's curious observation from perceiving its existence; as it was, it cost her some trouble to remove the linked fir boughs from the wild runners of the bank; and she effected it at last, after splashing herself from head to foot with the crystal water in which they were steeped.

Having successively lifted the lowest branches of the firs, she discovered the door, bronzed as it was, by such many-tinctured mosses as gather over stones in moist places. Miss Trevanion had previously undrawn the bolts within (for its opening on the outer side was by a spring), so that Eveleen found no difficulty in entering; a whisper, as she did so, assuring her that her friend was there: a small lantern, carried by the latter, lighted their rapid way along the low passage into the

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crypt, where a plain stone cross at one end showed it had been used as a place of more retired devotion than the chapel itself.

Miss Hungerford trod this gloomy souterrain with her usual awakened sense of the wild and extraordinary; looking round on the bare walls and dismal vault with that indefinable pleasure with which romantic dispositions regard every memorial of the past; but she spoke not, until they had ascended by a few steps to the chapel; which they entered by a trap-door behind the effigy of Lady Amabel.

On this spot the friends exchanged affectionate greetings; tender, and for the instant more joyful than ever, after so long a cessation of intercourse: but, on Aurelia's side, pleasure quickly melted away in tears. Alas! her pleasures of every kind were so invariably embittered by actual or probable evils, that such weakness might be forgiven in her! Her friend's sympathy was always extreme. — "O, my dearest Aura!" she exclaimed, smiling through humid eyes; "if I had not the lightest of light hearts by nature, what would become of me, to see you ever distressed thus!"

Miss Trevanion hastened to prove her

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present privilege for sad feelings, by briefly stating her father's hasty announcement of his intention to proceed immediately to London; in conformity with what he believed his duty, when an outlaw's forcible return into the realm, rendered it incumbent upon all persons of weight, to rally round the throne. Her father had told her, that he owed the early intelligence of this public danger to his nephew, who, however careless in his own concerns, was always mindful of what related to family honour; and her brother's name un-mentioned, led her to fear that Dunbar knew he was in Argyll's company. She was further inclined to believe this, from her cousin's urgency with her father to be amongst the first in his loyal attendance on majesty. It seemed as though Dunbar sought to secure a sort of counterpoise in the king's mind against any misguided act of Arundell's; the father's devotedness might plead for the son's rebellion, should the latter be doomed to fall into the hands of justice hereafter.

Whilst Miss Trevanion disjointedly repeated these ideas to her friend, she owned herself disturbed by warring hopes and fears, and incapable of following men's

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arguings upon the subject of jarring duties: she could not determine with herself what was the line of conduct she ought to be prepared for hearing her brother had adopted: he might, or he might not, be with Argyll. If the earl's cause were just, she could not doubt of his being with him, let the danger and unmerited disgrace be what they might; if it were not just—yet, alas! had not her father always given her to understand, that it was for Argyll's friendship Arundell had spurned his authority? True! but Arundell's views were sobered since then: in his latest letter he had spoken of contrition for past errors; asserting, that he entered into no new course without thinking how far it would please or displease his father; that he would never ask a welcome at his home until he came furnished with the means of disproving every scandal against him. All was a maze to the bewildered sister; who, in truth, from having lived so much separated from her brother, rather loved him from fond imagination, than long-gathered knowledge. Her uncertainty, therefore, of how he might act in difficult emergencies, was as pardonable as natural.

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Miss Hungerford more than shared her apprehensions, since she knew that the other was as yet ignorant of the history of the ring; a story which substantiated the fact of the disguised page; and added to it, that presumptive proof of what inclined her to fear that her friend's brother was closely knit with the fortunes of the Scottish earl.

The gift of a family jewel, as the ring had proved, tended to show that, whether virtuous or otherwise, the person to whom it was given must have had some powerful hold either upon Mr. Trevanion's affection or his compassion. The pretended page might be the daughter of one of Argyll's adherents; and, if so, as her nearest kindred were too probably in the present rash enterprise, what was so likely as that a lover of her's should be induced to join it? Nay, as Sir Fulk Trevanion had solemnly renounced his son, what terms could the young man be expected to hold with that father's opinions, when they ran counter to his own passions and principles?

Miss Hungerford had come to this interview, with the intention of communicating all that had passed between her and her

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uncle on the subject of Arundell Trevanion; but when she saw her friend's disordered state of mind, and reflected how little good was likely to result, both from adding to her bitterest fears, and reviving in her, painful suspicions of her cousin's fair dealing, for once she controlled her own frank nature, and decided upon keeping these things to herself, until she should gain surer light on the subject.

Without quoting more, therefore, of her uncle's free details, than his testimony to the current opinion of Mr. Trevanion's unblemished fame in society at large, she endeavoured to nerve her friend with resolution to withstand whatever shocks mere rumour might occasion her; urging her never, till forced by positive proof, to lose confidence in her brother's integrity of principle, however contrary it might lead him to the new paths of her father: never to give up her defence of his right purpose, even to her cousin Dunbar; but to maintain it steadily, yet modestly, even in her father's presence, if so called upon.—"It is indeed needful," she said, "that one person at least, should persist in bearing testimony to the early integrity of your

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brother; reminding Sir Fulk, too, of his dutious affection in times past. Unless tender memories are kept alive, how can you expect an angry parent's wakened better feelings will sustain the shock of those evil reports and fearful surmises about a banished son, which it seems ever the business of some enemy to circulate?"

Miss Trevanion's soft nature was not long of yielding to the bent her friend tried to give it: she promised not to distract herself with listening to reports, or by imagining possible griefs; but to devote herself to her present task of gaining ground in her father's love and confidence. Miss Hungerford then tried to excite interest and pleasure in the sister's heart, by saying, that, as her uncle stated the court opinion, it seemed the disguised page was neither Argyll's mistress nor Lady Harriet Wentworth; therefore, most likely some fit object of Mr. Trevanion's honourable attachment. Her kindly eloquence sought to invest this unknown person's image, with such attractions, as she deemed suited to the taste and feelings of one who could not but wish her beloved brother, cheered in his exile by some soft affection. But Miss

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Trevanion's favourite wish being quenched by such a vision, her bosom would not open to it; leaving her friend to guess at the source of those silent tears, which she soon saw her shed. They were, indeed, a tribute to extinct hope: yet, after they were shed, the disappointed pang subsided; and a bright gleam of hope that her brother loved where he was beloved, shone upon shaded thoughts. From this subject Miss Trevanion turned to another of great pain: the impossibility of holding any known correspondence with her friend whilst they should be separated, unless clandestinely. Eveleen Hungerford would not entertain the thought a moment: they could not effect such a thing without corrupting a domestic; and they ought not to hazard Sir Fulk Trevanion's total prohibition of their friendship, by an indiscreet request for the indulgence of epistolary intercourse: a proceeding rarely resorted to, in these days, except by near kindred, or long-standing friends. All the pleasure, then, which this right-minded young person would allow herself, was to know if there were any commissions of kindness which her friend would leave to her for performance.

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"Had you free entrance into Treverderet," Miss Trevanion answered, "I should say visit good Master Saulay for me, and see that he is had a care to: — but that may not be; so you will put him into your prayers."

Miss Trevanion then named two or three out-of-door pensioners, and commending them to her friend's benevolence, resumed other discourse.

How long she might be away from Treverderet, poor Aura had no means of ascertaining: her father's resumed sternness of manner since the Scotch news, although she believed it had no foundation in a changed feeling towards her, had chilled her confidence in his awakened tenderness; so that she could only look for happy hours again, when she should return into the neighbourhood of Rohesia. — That Eveleen might be still there was, of course, her fervent prayer. That she would be so, the latter promised, with that cheerful resolution which is born of confidence in our own power to will for ourselves, or to influence the wills of others: and having given no moment to talk of the late vanities, in which one had not been a sharer, they soon after

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parted: not, however, before Miss Hungerford had requested that her friend would leave the bolts unfastened within the passage door, to give her the freedom of visiting the crypt and the chapel, when she might wish to examine them more at leisure, and when other subjects of interest failed.

As no one ever came to the remote chapel, from Miss Trevanion's æolian harp having given it the reputation of being haunted by a wailing spirit, Eveleen knew there could be no chance of her being disturbed or detected there; so she had only to wind up her courage to the prospect of walking in darkness through the subterranean passage and lonely crypt, and she would have a romantic solitude to muse, or to read in, at will.

It was sweet to Aura Trevanion to believe that her friend would go to think of her there, by the light of that moon which they had so often of late looked on together: confirming her, therefore, in the security of an undisturbed possession of the place, she showed her how to undo the few fastenings; then embracing her, again and again, and mingling tears with her kisses, she suffered her to slip out from the en-

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trance door into the closest press of the fir grove.

Eveleen's heavy heart, when they parted, belied the bright smile upon her face. She was not of a spirit to bruise any broken reed; and as Aura Trevanion's drooping nature needed support, she had evaded the confession of her own fear, that Mr. Trevanion might, after all, be in the company of Argyll. Now that she had only herself to deal with, she felt the painful conviction, that he might believe himself not merely justified in taking up arms against the unconstitutional acts of the existing government, but bound to do so. Whether love or friendship mixed with higher calls, was of no material moment; the enterprise once embarked in, outlawry, imprisonment, even a stigmatised death, might await him.

And was it for a person deeply interested in the Trevanion family, to sit quietly down, and make no effort to acquire the power of helping them, if need came? Eveleen decided that it would be unworthy of her to do so; and she resolved, therefore, to cultivate, as far as maidenly propriety would allow, the esteem of Prince Isidore d'Este, whose relationship with the queen

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might come powerfully in aid of Lord Villiers's lesser kindness. Her uncle Carraton she knew was at present too anxious about securing his own place in court favour, to venture at interposing even a finger between an offender and the bolt of angry majesty.

It must be owned Miss Hungerford had to confess to herself, that, with such a purpose in view, she must keep strict watch over the blameable tendency, half vanity, half giddy mischief, which made her find pleasure in observation of the admiration she inspired. More than once, of late, she had caught herself smiling or blushing at the noble foreigner's resting eye: and aware that such appearances may be taken as challenges for a continuance of the notice which excites them, she tasked her memory to find out how often she had sinned in that way; and at the same time contracted with herself to act so frankly towards him, as to render it impossible for him to be entrapped into similar offerings or offences for the future.

Her part, henceforth, must be to cultivate his esteem; so that, if necessity compelled, she might safely and honourably draw upon his good services, without giving

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him reason to suspect her of wishing for an homage that could have no right aim; and in which, in fact, her heart had no interest.

The object in view was important, and benevolent, assuredly; but the road to it so dangerous for a young and charming woman to take, that, after longer consideration, Eveleen felt her confidence in its propriety fail; and she broke off, deciding not to pursue her plan (which after all might only lead her back into the criminal folly she despised), but to leave events to their course, and her favour with the queen's relation to its fate.

By this time she had nearly reached the portico of Rohesia, and hurrying to gain it, looked up at the sound of steps; she was surprised to see her cousin Hungerford advancing from the house, folded in one of his becoming travelling cloaks.

Lord Hungerford had been ill enough after the day of the hurling match, not to refuse being let blood, and had, indeed, kept his room two days, though with a bad grace. To meet him out, therefore, at so early an hour as that in which she was walking, astonished Eveleen; he looked discon-

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certed as well as she; and, for a moment, both were silent.

Lord Hungerford was the first to recover himself entirely. "Either you or I are the best or the worst folk in this house," he said, negligently, as they were passing each other. — "If I am about mischief, so must you; and if you are outstepping Aurora upon some benevolent errand, so be sure I am."

"I was not going to question your whim of walking in your sleep, — as it should seem," replied Eveleen, recovering her complexion, with an attempt at her ordinary playfulness. "The morning always tempts me out, and never hurts me; but surely it is not prudent in you, to leave your room for the outward air when it is all vapours. Do go back, and take your walk later."

"I have an appointment with Hebe herself," replied Lord Hungerford, and as he spoke, the expression of his features threw indescribable meaning into seemingly idle words; — "would you have me break it?"

"Nay, now, this poetical flight shan't save you; it is quite foggy lower down the

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hill," was his cousin's answer; — "judge by my hair."

"In truth, a perfect waterfall, and thyself draggled like a mermaid!" exclaimed his lordship, with provoking fantasticalness: — "Thy appointment must have been with a ploughman; for I swear thy locks could not have dripped thus, unless thou hadst been walking at cock crow: they are, in sooth, like a clue of golden thread, — most exquisitely ravelled. Fare thee well, then, my marvellous fair cousin: keep my secret, and I will keep thine;" and away he was going, humming the last verse of the gallant Lovelace's song, which he had just quoted.

The sound of a window, hastily rattled up above their heads, made both parties look towards it; and the face of Lady Rhoda Brandon appearing in the open space, caused Eveleen to spring at once under the sheltering verandah, and induced Lord Hungerford to halt.

Base as his errand was, and fearful as a less practised libertine would have been of suspicion and discovery, Lord Hungerford's contempt for every moral restraint was so consummate, that he scarcely heeded de-

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tection of a lawless pursuit, provided he were sure of his lodgment in the heart of his destined victim. He now stood with lifted beaver, and smiling arrogance; amusing himself, (so little had strong passion to do with his vilenesses) whilst the unhappy creature whom his rank and flatteries had filled with wishes warring against innocent thoughts, was waiting for him, with an anxiety which he well knew would rather forward than retard his future triumph.

Miss Hungerford hurried into the house, whilst he remained, looking up at the window, complimenting his aunt upon her night-gear; asking her commands to the milk-maids, as he was going, in consequence of her repeated advice, to drink new milk fasting, amongst the cows; and declining all answer to her voluble questions of "was it Eveleen he had been talking with, at such an unseemly hour?"

Without condescending to further parley, and leaving Lady Rhoda in a fearful fever of irritation, he wrapped his cloak round him and sauntered away; entertained with the miniature inquisition to which he foresaw his fair cousin would soon be summoned, and calculating the effect which

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his own interesting appearance, having one arm in a sling, would produce upon the simple village girl, who would be told that she was the cause of the fever for which he had lost blood.

Eveleen, unconscious of any real wrong in her actions, quietly recovered self-possession, and, ere burst in upon by her aunt, was sufficiently herself, to defend her ordinary practice of early exercise; and to say without embarrassment, how she and her cousin had encountered.

Lady Rhoda's natural infirmity of meddling in every one's concerns, had of late been augmented in its power of tormenting, by ceaseless suspiciousness of every appearance, however trifling; and the sound of her nephew's voice in the stillness of morning having reached her in bed, had hurried her out of it, to see him conversing with his cousin. A second only, was required to make her give their rencontre the credit of an assignation; so that at once galled by the idea of being kept out of a secret, and resenting all Lord Hungerford's foregone offences against herself, she was prepared to overwhelm her niece with reproaches for dissimulation, as well as for credulity in be-

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lieving such a general admirer of women would ever address a serious suit to her.

Eveleen's answer, and the good-humoured composure with which she waited to hear all her aunt's querulous mood dictated, at last pacified that restless spirit, and convinced her that so far from thinking of marriage with her gay cousin, she was persuaded that he had not long to live; confessing her astonishment that neither himself nor others saw that a mortal disease was already upon his cheek, and in his feverish spirits.

Lady Rhoda peevishly said, "there would be more fear of him, if he were any thing worth caring for;" and with this affectionate remark, dictated solely by offended self-love, retired to exchange her night-clothes for more fitting attire.

Eveleen Hungerford had soon no room in her thoughts for such petty occurrences as her aunt's frettings; she had seen from her window the equipage and outriders of Sir Fulk Trevanion's carriage issue from the dark avenue of Treverderet into the open country, taking the road to London; and she was impatiently calculating how long it might be, ere letters from her uncle to her

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cousin, or from Lord Villiers to his wife, would give her some certain account of the proceedings in Scotland. So truly was she interested in the fate of the Trevanion family, that she found it impossible for her to be as gay as she was wont. Yet did every species of amusement and of graceful courtesy court her into lively enjoyment. Lord Hungerford, vested with unlimited power of making himself popular, and sacrificing to Prince Isidore, and perhaps in mere contradiction of Lady Rhoda, refused to yield up to her the sceptre, which, as master of the revels, he wielded both in and out of the house.

Under his management, pleasure was crowded upon pleasure, without care of cost or trouble. One day it was a pageant of illuminations and fire-works upon the water; the next day, a hawking party; on the third, a sheep-shearing feast, in which peers and peasants mingled: dances and suppers on the green for the rustic company; concerts and masks within doors for the titled party. Lord Hungerford failed not, he said, to keep his father's object in view, of outflanking the Trevanion interest, and so gaining a degree of power

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in the duchy, likely to ensure Lord Carraton the same high station near the present throne which he had enjoyed under the last.

Lady Rhoda bounded to doing the honours only of all these entertainments, was like a charged gun, ready to explode at the slightest touch. In vain she opposed, contradicted, condemned every one of her nephew's inventions, to himself and to her easy-natured daughter; the latter merely smiled, and agreed with her, but continued looking on with perfect complacency: whilst Lord Hungerford went his course, in such triumphant spirits, that Eveleen told him one day, when he rated her for dulness, that his ceaseless activity to entertain, wearied his very guests for him.

Her remark pointed to the Italian prince, who, though too courteous to refuse appearing at little fêtes, given as he supposed solely in honour of himself, often retired from them early; or whilst others whirled away their afternoon hours in pigeon-shooting, or games of chance, was seen in grave discourse with one of his gentlemen under the quieter shades of the park.

The illustrious foreigner's mind certainly

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appeared much away from the scene around him; and more than once he had intimated an intention of following Lord Carraton to court. It seemed as if the prince did not hold Argyll's attempt in the contempt with which it was spoken of amongst the thoughtless pleasure-hunters congregated at Rohesia: he did not scruple to express his wish for a conciliatory spirit in the king's counsellors; and to lament that the Scotch earl's conscience had been so hardly pressed upon; when, if left free, he would assuredly have remained true to his former character of high-principled loyalty.

Eveleen Hungerford hailed these expressions with sweet pleasure; betokening, as they did, a disposition in the prince likely to take the side of lenity should she have occasion to seek it in one powerful at court, for a presumed follower of Argyll's. Her own conduct was now scrupulously watched by herself, lest at any time an eye-sparkle or a cheek-glow, should dazzle and mislead a man, whom it was impossible not to suspect of lingering, against his better judgment, where he knew his affections were entangling. Prince Isidore's exalted rank and different religion, were in themselves

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barriers between him and the niece of a British nobleman; but, independent of these, Eveleen Hungerford felt no spontaneous inclination for his tender preference; and she not only contrived, through the delicate agency of Madame Kreutzen, to let him understand her kind of engagement with Lord Woodvill, but evidenced, by her frank and equal manner to him, that his presence caused her no particular emotions.

Thus Prince Isidore staid on at his own peril; either trusting to his power of forgetting a lively sentiment whenever he should remove from its object, or not unwilling to take his chance of winning her affection, and bending his kindred's pride to receive her into their ranks.

Perhaps never could man have been more favourably situated for impressing an admired woman with a sense of his superiority over those he was then mixed with. His maintien (to use that comprehensive French term) full of quiet dignity and gracious decorum, his self-commanding habits of temperance in all things, his strict yet quiet observance of the ordinances of his church, his pursuits of a noble and serious nature, and the rich variety of his acquire-

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ments displayed in conversation, altogether contrasted admirably with the frivolous amusements, pernicious gallantries and midnight carousals of Lord Hungerford and the dissipated set which he drew around him. But so mysterious is the law of attraction for hearts, that Eveleen Hungerford saw all these excellencies, and felt conscious that it had wanted only her own will to attach their possessor truly and honourably, without feeling any regret on her own account, that they belonged to one whom a different faith would for ever prevent her from accepting, as the guide and partner of her life.

Time to her at this period, spite of her many graceful accomplishments, appeared distressingly slow; for a second week came after her uncle's departure, ere any public intelligence was received by her cousins, or communicated by the Italian prince.

The first accounts were as brief and unsatisfactory, as early news are, when they relate to such momentous matters as rebellion or invasion. It was said that Lord Argyll was marching from Kintire towards Loch Tarish, for the purpose of communicating with the ships belonging to his expe-

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dition ; and that Lord Ross, at the head of royalist troops, was advancing to meet him. Not even a skirmish had taken place between the hostile parties when the messenger left the camp, consequently the number and quality of the earl's company could not be ascertained. It was still then a matter of uncertainty, whether Sir Fulk Trevanion's banished son were amongst them.

Eveleen was obliged to school herself into patience for her absent friend's sake, and to sooth uneasy anticipations, by now and then stealing to the Lady's Chapel, to sit where they had sat together, either pondering over the future with something of her friend's pensiveness, or more cheerfully imagining her awakening to pleasurable emotion in extended and courtly society.

Except, indeed, when she visited the place, summer was wasting her silver nights and golden days upon lonely Treverderet, where choirs of nightingales sang, and sweet flowers bloomed and died, without heed of any. Fain would Eveleen Hungerford have transferred herself wholly to that romantic solitude ; not to weave sad fancies, but to follow unmolested her favourite course of peaceful occupation and elegant study.

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This, however, could not be; and, in truth, her own growing anxieties unsettled her habits of solitary employment. Lord Villiers had written in a letter to his wife, that she might tell Miss Hungerford young Trevanion was neither heard of, nor it seemed thought of; as the report went, that his stately father was going to marry his daughter to her cousin, a forward jester of the king's guard, and so make him the heir.

Such a report could not fail of awakening Eveleen's quick sympathy with what she feared must soon be her friend's situation if it were true; and throbbing to learn the fact from better authority, thinking she might with less suspicion enquire at a correspondent of her own sex, she urged Lady Villiers to comply with her lord's request of bringing his child to the capital. Lady Villiers, however, from habitual indolence (although ever talking of the journey), continued basking in fine weather and rural incense; for she was the great lady at Rohesia: excusing her delay of a wife's duty, by pleading the difficulty with which she had obtained a six months' leave of absence from attendance on Princess

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Anne, and her wish of enjoying the summer in Cornwall.

Lady Rhoda was so vehement an opposer of her daughter's departure, that Eveleen Hungerford would have discontinued suggesting its propriety, had not her dissipated male cousin frequently amused himself by repeating the court gossip transmitted to him by his town associates. This was of a nature to call so loudly upon the well wishers of the infatuated Villiers, that Eveleen could not forbear reminding his lady of the good influence she might possibly exert were she at hand to apply it.

From Lord Hungerford's unreserved communications, and the witty innuendoes of one or two of his guests, who had hitherto railed at Villiers for his disinclination to their favourite practice, it seemed certain that the ill-guided young nobleman was beginning to seek refuge from tormenting thoughts, in a habit hitherto unknown to him as an habitual one.

It was said, that he was much oftener seen in that state of disorder from wine, which whilst it banished feelings of remorse and regret, bereft him of the power of detecting fraudulent play, or of using his

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advantages of skill and coolness in play of a fair character.

Lord Villiers, indeed, was, at this period, just roused to look on the headlong career he was running, and to recoil from it in wish, without having the strength to stop himself. Unlike the profligate Hungerford, who literally "worked iniquity with greediness," he had never freely and fully abandoned himself to vice: for the moral taste in him was in proportion to his intellect; and that intellect convinced him, that the balance of enjoyment between virtuous and vicious characters, even in this world, is in favour of the former.

Lord Villiers, therefore, was one of the many thousand instances to prove, that moral taste and good sense may agreee in preaching to the enslaved will, but only a higher principle can set it free. The unhappy youth had been brought up an infidel; the pride of his nature made him eagerly imbibe that self-exalting doctrine; and then he stood aghast to find it the canker-worm of every noble action and kind affection.

The most corrupting delights of Charles the Second's circle were forced on, rather

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than sought by his handsome page. Villiers's natural tastes were delicate; and, happily, he loved early and passionately the only coy boy beauty at court. She died in the very flower of her youth; leaving him to think of the fair creature he had idolized, only as a clod of clay. The thought was terrible; and he rushed from its agonizing seizures, to the excitement of the gaming table.

Grief for the loss of an object not intrinsically precious gradually subsided: but a destructive habit was fixed; and the heart seared.

To purchase redemption from the infamy of not paying certain debts of honour thus incurred, Lord Villiers finally acquiesced in his family's wish, that he should marry the eldest niece of Earl Carraton. His young wife's easy thoughtlessness offered no resistance to his ruinous career; nor were her own habits, of a kind to force him into a consideration of what his were tending to. She neither wasted nor wanted; so that until she made him a father, her lord had no call to ask why she restrained her expences? or, on the contrary, how he could find funds for her profusion?

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Perhaps no earthly love is so likely to arrest a man in a thoughtless career as the parental one: Lord Villiers no sooner took his infant boy in his arms, than a tide of feelings, hitherto unknown to him even in imagination, gushed over his heart: at that moment he would gladly have laid down his life to have redeemed the estates he had forfeited, and the character he had thrown away; and, from that moment, the conflict between despair and remorseful wishes, began within him; which, if he had had a single remnant of religious education to rally back upon, might have soon ended to his honour and happiness.

Eveleen Hungerford, who had always believed her cousin's husband meant for better things than he pursued in town, and who had watched his fitful moods of self-abhorrence and self-defence, in the country with benevolent interest, conceived him to be now in that state of stinging pain which may be called the crisis of moral disease: it might end in the utter ruin of the immortal spirit; or the healing dew might fall, and wash away "that perilous load that weighs upon the life!"

Lady Villiers was ill qualified to assist

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in changing the throes of wild despair into the throb of gratitude: — she could not preach peace to the disturbed conscience, which knew not where to ask pardon, nor how to seek it; which, bounding its views still only to this world, thought but of compensation to an injured babe. Yet she was a wife, and her post was at her husband's side in all seasons.

Miss Hungerford, therefore, renewed her persuasions on the subject; and had just succeeded in obtaining her promise to seize the opportunity of Prince d'Este's proposed departure from Rohesia to visit the Scilly Isles, and take their cousin Hungerford's escort to London, when news arrived, which at once distracted every purpose, scattering the male inhabitants of Rohesia far and wide, and leaving the female party a prey to great and unavoidable anxiety.

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CHAP. XII.

THERE had been a time when Miss Trevanion would not have contemplated a visit to the principal city of her country, without that fluttering of the heart, and that busy working of the fancy, which are natural to youth and inexperience.

A court, an interesting queen (for such was Mary of Modena), new customs, new objects, new faces, perhaps new affections, would all have floated before her mental eye; but now, that eye saw only one set of images—family shame, family discomfiture, and family sorrow.

Anxiety was in her heart, sadness on her brow; and whilst sitting by the side of her father, in the same carriage with Mr. Becket, whose still, smooth aspect always suggested to her ideas of sinister machinations, and subtle self-seeking, she could think of little else than his possible share in her brother's misfortunes.

Nothing, however, positive, or even presumptive, could she trace out in her mind

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against this man; yet she shought it but fair to conclude, that as he never showed himself a friend of her absent brother's, he was assuredly an enemy. She could not understand the neutrality of quiet humbleness in an inferior; nor yet pardon indifference in the man who could not have many sympathies with the exile he was expected to wish back. Becket, after all, was unimportant to fathom, in comparison with her father. What was she to gather from his countenance? Its gloom deepened her own black forebodings, whilst its determined air of reserve awed her into silence.

Nothing repels sympathy, nothing drives us to such a distance from a suffering person, as this air of proud self-centredness. Miss Trevanion felt that she durst not pass beyond the bounds which her father's look prescribed to her. She guessed that he was yet revolving what line of conduct would be most consonant with the Trevanion dignity when he should appear in London. She feared he was weighing, too, the probability of being shocked, when arriving there, by some direful news about his son: she dared not question him; and his librarian never spoke until spoken to.

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The latter, first drawing forth a book, and then asking permission to open it, speedily set himself to read. Aurelia then folded her cardinal round her, drew its hood closer to her face, and, shutting out prospects and persons, delivered herself up to a train of agitating thoughts, checkered at intervals with inward—often, alas! impatient—appeals to the pity of heaven. Never went a sadder or more silent trio, through so long a journey, in so lovely a season, and over such a beautiful country. Two of the party at least, remembered that it was summer, only by being incommoded from the heat and dust. At their stated resting-places their meals were gone through generally in the same silence; or if any discourse were introduced, it had no reference to the time present. As they drew nearer the capital, Sir Fulk Trevanion, rousing up, succeeded in engaging himself with Mr. Becket in the discussion of certain topics, evidently in previous consideration between them; from which Miss Trevanion gathered that her father seriously thought of again trying for the barony.

It did not appear that any new document had been found, upon which to ground

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the claim afresh: Sir Fulk merely calculated upon discovering such, amongst some of the offices belonging to the crown, which in the former reign had been nearly inaccessible to him, through what he supposed the machinations of his opponent. Now that the tide of favour did not set so strongly towards this powerful rival (in consequence of a prince's accession to which he was not particularly acceptable), it did not seem extravagant to believe that facilities would be afforded, to one meditating a second trial of right with him, which had been denied formerly.

The register-office, and other depositaries of the state, freely opened to such careful and repeated search as Mr. Becket was sure of exercising upon them, promised a rich harvest. During the prosecution of the first suit, these channels had been almost stopped up to Sir Fulk Trevanion: persons belonging to them then, being found base enough, for secret favour's sake, to throw perpetual obstacles in the way of the secretary who had preceded Mr. Becket; and this gentleman's temper being irascible, had often added resentment to cupidity, in the array of motives opposed to his employer's success.

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The patience and perseverance of Mr. Becket were, therefore, highly valuable, and duly calculated upon by the knight at the present period; who condescended more than once to notice them, and to tell his complacent dependant that he was satisfied of his ability and duty.

Whether Sir Fulk did, indeed, lose his sense of irritation and misgiving in this idolized subject, or only tried by it to stun the bosom cry of parental apprehension; whether he had or had not decided in his mind that his son could not have joined in the desperate enterprise of Argyll, is doubtful; but the effect it produced upon his daughter, was sorrowful surprise at the composure, as she began to think it, with which he could speculate upon recovering an honour which his once-beloved son was never likely to inherit; nay, which might so soon be forerun by a dreadful catastrophe.

Her heart had room for no hopes, no fears, unconnected with her brother; and when these latter grew into positive agony, no reasonings, no remembrance, no thought of Eveleen Hungerford's sweet soothings, proved powerful enough to still them. That which this right-minded friend had ever

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besought her to fly to in seasons of distress, was her refuge at last — fervent, yet humble prayer.

A handsome house in the vicinity of the court having been hired for Sir Fulk Trevanion by his nephew, the travellers drove thither immediately upon entering the capital. Miss Trevanion looked with watery eyes upon the different bridges and public buildings, to which her attention was obsequiously called by Mr. Becket, as their heavy travelling coach jolted over the stones of London. A mind ill at ease is not readily excited to interest by any outward thing; so that, except when she passed before Whitehall, her languid countenance exhibited no signs of extraordinary emotion.

Upon that ground, now busily passed over by drudging and careless throngs, for one instant she saw in imagination, an apparition of the tragedy which was transacted there in the year 1649, and wondering to find it the residence of the present monarch, felt the circumstance withering to her own loyalty.

Dunbar Trevanion, with his usual open hilarity, received them at the entrance of the house he had procured, and furnished

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with suitable town servants. Miss Trevanion had to remember his late generosity both towards herself and her brother, and her last full conversation with him, ere she could suffer him to salute her without shrinking. In spite of his generous relinquishments, and her own resolution of never giving him with her hand an additional title to heir her father's lands, she felt a horrid presentiment that she should at last be his wife. Alas! she was conscious of her own timid character, and confusedly imagined compelling circumstances, some of which the future did indeed realize.

A tacit agreement seemed to have been made by all parties not to say a single word upon the subject, perhaps, most interesting to three out of the four. Sir Fulk's demeanour gave the tone to every one. He walked over the house, passed his remarks upon the changes in fashions and furniture since his last visit to the capital, enquired into the new ceremonials of court introductions, discussed the fittest time and mode of approaching the royal person with the state becoming a Trevanion of Treverderet, and heard, with expressed satisfaction, that several of his old acquaintance amongst peers

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and commoners were prepared to welcome his reappearance, and to show due attention to his fair daughter. Dunbar Trevanion suffered no trifle to escape him without mention, which, by putting the knight into good humour with himself, naturally increased his complacency towards the relative who communicated such pleasing tributes. He was careful also to keep in the background whatever topic might give a shock to this rising feeling of uninjured consequence, lest its sudden fall, might at once send his uncle back to gloomy retirement, before the other's scheme for securing his succession to Treverderet and every honour connected with it, was established beyond risk.

Quite as giddy as ever, yet with occasional phrases of deceiving fervency, the adroit soldier professed himself ready to smother himself under records and law papers from morning until night, provided his honoured uncle would trust such a scatter-brain to help him in the search. He then enlarged upon the gracious mood of his majesty, who had done him the grace, he said, of enquiring of him, when he was last on the court-guard, whether the knight

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of Cornwall were really on the road to Whitehall.

The sudden sparkle of Sir Fulk's black eyes went out as suddenly as it had shone. Some wringing thought certainly struggled for mastery of his heart with the stubborn pride there; but the cold gripe of the latter, held too fast for aught there to shake it; and dismissing the weak regret, as he termed it, for an unworthy son's forfeiture of every old and new distinction, he restored himself, heart and soul, to the darling object of his life's pursuit.

Miss Trevanion vainly lingered through two hours, in the hope of hearing some account of what was going on beyond the Tweed. No one had yet reverted to that scene of painful interest: she could not, however, believe that her father would maintain such proud contempt of a subject vitally important to their family character (if no longer so to his feelings as a parent), when left alone with Dunbar; and pitying what she supposed his constrained anxiety, pleaded weariness, and retired to her apartment.

Every thing there, however rich and commodious, was strange to her. The room

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wanted the welcoming look of home; the chairs and tables were all strangers; and the very bed, with its high French tester and its chilly downspread of white sheet, from wanting the smell of Treverderet lavender, rather suggested images of death than produced thoughts of sweet and accustomed rest. She put back one of the shutters from the closed windows, and looked out upon the river Thames, of which only an indistinct view was visible under a hazy sky. Had its breadth of dim water been quite still, it might have pleased her melancholy mood; but she could discern not only the dark forms of small-craft traversing it like so many black shadows, but heard the hoarse voices of angry boatmen, and occasionally saw the flaring lights of some nobleman's barge, as it rowed swiftly or slowly through the stream towards different landing-places.

Nothing there, spoke to her of times or of beings with which she had any near connection; and dejectedly reclosing the shutter, she sat her down and shed tears. Partly fatigue, partly an overcharged heart, were the causes of those tears: they relieved her, however; and when she lay down upon her

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pillow, she did it with a comforted expectation of certainly learning something on the morrow, which would put her fears to rest, or sanction her in abandonment to that desolation of spirit which seemed invincibly assailing her.

The morrow came, with its variety of reports and alternation of feelings. The honourable personages who brought their nieces and daughters to pay their compliments to the daughter of an ancient intimate, not being held in awe as household companions are, by the peculiarities of the leading member of a family, talked freely of public matters. Some of these blamed the Earl of Argyll; some defended him; others insinuated arguments in his favour. The stanch supporters of law and the constitution, shook their heads whilst remarking upon the new monarch's arbitrary appropriation of the revenue from the customs, which had been enjoyed by his predecessor solely by virtue of a parliamentary act; churchmen expressed horror at his having gone openly, nay ostentatiously, to mass, attended by all the popish noblemen of his court. To say the best of this act, it was unwise; to say the worst, it was an audacious defiance of the existing law of the land.

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Such discourses naturally involved occasional mention of Sir Fulk Trevanion's absent heir, whose exile from the paternal roof not a few seemed to consider a sufficient excuse for his probable attachment to the person and fortunes of the persecuted and patriotic Argyll; and others presumed to say, it would be well to recall him to a sense of duty by any moderate concession from his family.

Only those who were discreet enough, or indifferent enough, to abstain altogether from this galling subject, met with a second cordial reception at Sir Fulk Trevanion's house. He would willingly have crushed the theme for ever; though it was, in fact, eating into his very vitals, and corroding every wholesome thought. Something, he fancied, with distempered imagination, was capable of quelling this inward grief; and that something he determined to be the recovery of the lost barony. He, therefore, drove repining memories and relenting speculations far, far away.

A week elapsed before Sir Fulk Trevanion received the expected notification, from the proper quarter, of the time at which his dutiful respects would be personally

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welcome to the king. During that period he had studiously endeavoured to show himself in public, and at his own residence, with his ancient state of equipage and entertainment. The beautiful deer formerly collected in Treverderet Park, and now scattered over several others, had supplied funds for temporary show; but once back in Cornwall, the representative of the Trevanions, he thought, might easily withdraw into comparative shade. Till then it was the knight's aim to awe men into silence respecting his family concerns; and to keep himself from caring, as he termed it, for the possible actions of a son whom he had disowned.

Such a state of mind was too forced, too hard, for any union with tenderness; even towards an unoffending and loving child. His poor daughter drooped under it; and, although much courted by several young and agreeable ladies, whom novelty, or their own kind natures, attracted, often sighed for Eveleen Hungerford, the terrace cedars, and their moonlight hours in the Lady's Chapel.

Miss Trevanion's equally shy and romantic character, rendered her averse to

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cultivating these new acquaintances. Whatever was fondly regarded by her, she regarded with something of a lover's devotedness; conceiving a sort of jealousy of herself, for the sake of one cherished object. She knew not yet—for her confined life had not led her to make experience of it—the human soul's capacity of loving. Different persons, prized for different qualities, or different sympathies, are parts of Heaven's bounty to us: the current of kind actions, indeed, will be divided into several lesser streams, but the source itself will still be full for all.

Miss Trevanion, willing to have but one friend, held back from advances to intimacies, which would otherwise have afforded a pleasing distraction to a mind always too exclusively given to a single sad interest. Thus, she unwittingly induced her cousin to believe, that she was as anxious as himself to keep all temptation to a second marriage out of the way of her father.

The second day after her arrival, she had found an opportunity for exchanging a few confidential words with Dunbar, who had faithfully promised then, to bring her the first certain intelligence, which might,

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he hoped, allay their fears of Arundell's share in Argyll's enterprise; but a glance at their new abode, showed her that much private conversation with him would be nearly impossible; unless she chose to run the risk of seeming an encourager of his suit as a lover, should her father notice their companionship.

At Treverderet, there were walks and arbours, galleries and passages innumerable; besides a variety of living rooms, where two persons might hold confidential discourse for awhile, without suspicion of pre-concerted meeting. Here, although the mansion was suited to the station of a country gentlemen, there was no range of vacant apartments. Sir Fulk, in his study, must hear those who talked in the two entertaining rooms; and, except a slip of garden, open to the river (for their residence was in the Strand, then the abode of nobility), there was no spot of ground out of doors, for apparently casual rencontre.

It is surprising to find, when we are brought by peculiar circumstances to consider of it, how difficult it is for two persons, living under the same roof, to hold any secret intercourse, however innocent

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or laudable may be their purposes. There is always an apprehension of shame at the possibility of being detected, which renders them timid; and the accidental demands for companionship upon each individual of a family by other members, when they would appropriate their time otherwise, perpetually frustrates attempts at meeting. Miss Trevanion quickly foresaw the effect of these hinderances upon her own hope of occasional consultation with Dunbar; whose time, indeed, was so exactly divided between his duty as a soldier, and his affectionate attendance upon his uncle, whom he certainly followed like his shadow, that, except by a few whispered words of cheering now and then, he seemed destined to be of small help to his anxious cousin.

In this unsatisfactory way he had merely assured her that no one as yet had heard exactly who were the English gentlemen whom Argyll's published manifesto had declared were periling their lives with him, in what he called a just cause; but that the earl was gaining strength both as to position and numbers, being joined by several new adherents of rank and influence, and having fortified the castle of Ellengreg,

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at the entrance of Loch-rowan, where his ships, with warlike stores, were harboured. Thus, at that time, he seemed not unfit to cope with the king's forces, under Lord Dumbarton, which were hastening to prevent his approach towards the Clyde. For all this, however, no serious apprehensions were allowed to be uttered within ear-shot of the court; and Dunbar, whose greedy expectation of fortune hung now upon the favour of the king's sultana, and the king's confessor, was too cautious for direct utterance of any thing like anxiety. His secret understanding with these two powerful persons was carried on with each separately: Lady Dorchester furthered his views from mere liking of his flattery and buffoonery; Father Peters knew him well enough to be sure that he would give no trouble to the encroachers of church and state, were he inducted into Arundell Trevanion's seat; and assisted by them, he had nothing to dread but a sudden flight of his uncle's fancy for a fair partner, or some underhand contrivance of the suspected Becket's.

To render the first unlikely, Dunbar's efforts were now all directed. To immerse

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Sir Fulk in the business of the barony, yet to keep matters uncertain; to multiply conferences and treaties between the knight and the king's agents to such a degree, as to leave his mind no room for softer thoughts. In this he was only too successful: the knight's whole soul appeared given to the one subject.

It was obvious that Lord Carraton's favour would no longer be an obstacle in the way: for the present king, not being of a temper to relish the trimming policy which the earl had practised under more indifferent or sturdier rulers, showed himself intemperately inclined rather to turn a strongly-bent adversary into a friend, (as he considered the head of the Trevanion family,) than to accept the half-faced fellowship of a man who, reserving himself for possible changes, was but a poor addition in times of ticklish difficulty.

It was not, however, Sir Fulk knew, in James's power or inclination, to transfer the contested honour, unless some legal proof of its lawfulness were placed before the world; but it was enough for our knight, that his sovereign would no longer bar his way to the seeking such proof: and when-

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ever he saw, therefore, the splendid barge of Lord Carraton passing his river windows, on its float to Whitehall, he smiled loftily at the vain parade, and the secure state-counsellor.

Well had it been for Sir Fulk Trevanion had he rather preserved his sullen retirement from honours or mortifications, remaining under the shadow of his own cheerless woods, than roused up to expectations which could only be realized in busy society!

Shattered and scarred as many of his nobler faculties had been by previous injury, a large remainder of true dignity would yet have left him his own respect. Now he came suddenly and desperately forth at the call of false honour, into scenes, which, once in, he could not wholly quit without ridicule or shame; and his present means of costly living exhausted, he must either fly the field once more, or raise more funds, by those apparent sacrifices which he had formerly deemed disgraceful for a Trevanion to have recourse to.

But a passion for an unworthy object, of whatever sort it be, insensibly bends the loftiest mind, and, if not broken off from,

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finally lays it in the dust. Sir Fulk Trevanion, for ever brooding over the recovery of the barony, — and, it must be owned, rather in a vengeful temper, than from the jealousy of family fame which had at first actuated him to rebut the stigma cast upon his ancestors, — showed by the facility with which he listened to his nephew's suggestions (as tending gradually to approximate him more to the court and Roman catholic party), that his final and hearty accession to them, would not be a marvel.

Dunbar Trevanion had his own views better ascertained, than his uncle's, and more warily pursued. It would not have suited him to see the family fortune further wasted upon the absolute prosecution of a mere suit at law; but it was necessary to throw away a part to secure the whole; and while he let Sir Fulk muse away certain imagined notions of his, about marrying again, by pursuing a very different object, he trusted it would get him so far into the toils of the subtle Father Peters, as to make any suggestion of the king's as powerful as a command: — besides this, the nearer Sir Fulk drew to the present court, the further would he be from probable reconcilement

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with his exiled heir; and the more secure Dunbar, in whatever advantage his machinations had obtained.

All this, however, was as yet neither known nor suspected by a large proportion of former intimates and admirers of Sir Fulk Trevanion; who therefore hailed his personal appearance on the great theatre of public life, believing him qualified to maintain his independence, whilst endeavouring to soften the animosity of the two parties in church and state, who were already at daggers' draw. These gentlemen formed a sort of guard of honour to the knight, far superior to the rich retinues of Lord Carraton's hirelings.

When Miss Trevanion was told, in the morning of the ninth day after their settlement in town, that upon that evening she must prepare for presentation to majesty, it may not be doubted that she felt strange emotion. Pleasure she did not expect; — notice she did not wish for. She scarcely knew what brilliant yet unattractive scenes she was going to witness: having a confused recollection of all she had heard about the late monarch's coronation feasts; tales, rather calculated to shock modest youth, than to excite any wish of sharing them.

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Her heart too was heavy with old and new griefs: she began to feel alarm at the unusual expenditure of her father (who was indeed stretching his present means to their utmost upon his equipage and occasional entertainments); she was troubled to think how likely he was to ingulf himself again in the ruinous affair of the barony; and she still nourished much regret for the loss of that other family honour, the hereditary knighthood, which Arundell's absence from the coronation had forfeited for ever to the Trevanions. Happily for her, she was not further depressed by seeing her father in want of sympathy. She did not penetrate the disguise with which he covered his jealous consciousness of contumely from many causes:—little aware that the stately figure passing before her with proud composure, and set off to the best advantage by a dress of the noblest fashion, was that of a man all storm within.

Many times during that day had Sir Fulk Trevanion, keenly remembering his former discomfiture and shattered fortunes, and recalling the hateful scandal yet uneffaced from his son's name, suddenly resolved to throw up all his hopes at once,

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and so escape the torture yet to come, of breasting and overbearing, contemptuous courtiers. He knew he was about to appear for the first time in the great world, after twenty years absence from it, like the defeated combatant in a war-field; that he would meet there his successful opponent, and see him clothed with the honour which he considered stolen from himself, but which, from being legally adjudged to Lord Carraton, current opinion decreed to be the latter's right. He was going, too, under the secret fear that his banished son was, too probably, mixed up, at that very moment, with what he termed a rabble of rebels, and obnoxious to the most disgraceful punishment. He felt, moreover, that he was braving all this mass of mortification, for nothing higher in view than his own signal triumph over an adversary. Sir Fulk Trevanion had sufficient nobleness to be ashamed of occasional littleness; and perhaps the galling sense of that now present with him, most unjustly, but too naturally, exasperated his resentment against him, who was a principal cause of his latest disgrace, the loss of the white-spur knighthood.

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Although he had kept all these thoughts and feelings from his daughter and his nephew, (yet well did the latter guess at, and aptly apply soothers to them,) during the day; and although at setting off for Whitehall, he assumed his most lordly port, so anxious was he that his daughter should conduct herself with due dignity, that, as they were about to alight at the gate of the palace, he whispered, whilst he took her hand: —

"Clear your brow, Aura; remember you are the daughter of Trevanion of Treverderet. Let me not have cause to blush for my only remaining child."

The direful import, and fearfuller emphasis of these few sentences, wellnigh caused the unhappy sister to fall back into the carriage from which she was descending: she knew what she was to understand from them, — a repetition of the dismal sentence passed upon her offending brother after his last affecting letters; and as if some one had struck her heart with an actual blow, she vainly endeavoured to rally her faculties and her spirits to resist it.

A lucky press of persons, and of sedans conveying privileged personages into the

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very hall of the palace, allowed her time for remembering that this expression was only a repetition of what she had before heard from her father; and that Eveleen Hungerford had taught her to think it no unrepealable denunciation: that her only chance for getting it softened or recalled, lay in her own exertions to please their resentful parent; and that with such a view, she must rouse herself into self-possession and maidenly dignity. She therefore did erect her head, and clear her brow.

Aurelia Trevanion was a creature nursed in lonely indulgence of fancy and sentiment: forced, therefore, to make her own pleasures, as she too often did her own miseries, and cut off now from all intercourse with Eveleen Hungerford, she was fain to connect her loved idea with the scene she was entering. The court and Miss Hungerford were naturally associated in her thoughts; so that as she trod the way leading to the state rooms of Whitehall, her bosom heaved with the sweet fancy of following in her steps.

Upon entering the principal saloon, her sight was at first dazzled by the blaze of lights, and the number of figures in va-

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riously-formed attire ; all standing or moving ; none being seated, except the royal family. — Stars, garters, diamond-hilted swords, and jewelled stomachers, for awhile bewildered her attention from their wearers: but at length she was able to examine individual countenances, and note manners; and, by degrees, to form a just conclusion upon much of what she saw.

It must be owned that the decorum, and perhaps the dulness, of the august circle surprised her ; for, except a solitary card table, and occasional strains of music from an inner room, there was no amusement going forward.

The court of James II. was certainly made up of the same elements as that of his late brother, but a different mind had reduced these, into far different order.

The queen, a young and amiable woman, whom an early disappointment had absorbed in a gloomy religion, conscientiously repressed any thing likely to issue in licentious excess. Her own dignified deportment restrained the unzoned manners of those ladies who had been the houris of Charles II.'s paradise. Faces and figures which had then rivalled a bacchante's in wan-

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ton frolic, and offensive undress, were now gathered up into maidenly or matronly quietness of attire and demeanour. The men also found themselves obliged to assume a deportment in harmony with the increasing austerity of the new monarch; who, eager to atone for his own past and present indulgence, by the cheap exercise of tyranny over other men's consciences, was using every method of recommending the faith he professed, by an outward show of sanctity and morality; and at the same time of winning the good opinion of those respectable country gentlemen, hitherto driven from court by the mockeries and vices of his predecessor's favourites.

Amongst the most distinguished for hereditary influence amongst that mighty class, James Stuart had learned to consider Sir Fulk Trevanion. He had felt that family's power, shrunk as they were after the foil of the barony, in the matter of the exclusion bill; when Arundell's active opposition, had drawn after it that of the largest proportion of his Cornish neighbours.

To keep this young agitator away, and to flatter Sir Fulk Trevanion into blind

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alliance with the court party, so as to engage on its side all the power of his interest in the dutchy, was the private policy dictated to James by Father Peters. Lord Carraton's Cornish influence, this man justly represented, was greatly inferior to his untitled rival's, although his superiority of outward appearance there gave a false brilliancy to his name. The earl's hereditary strength lay in the country whence his family were derived, and where they still held their chief residence; not in one which they only visited occasionally, where they had but one estate inherited through an intermarriage.

James felt assured of Lord Carraton's support; protestant as he styled himself; since Lord Carraton could not live out of the atmosphere of court-favour: and his resentment, therefore, at a little graciousness to a rival, was not a thing to dread.

In the luxurious boudoir of Lady Dorchester, although James never saw the person there, he heard now and then something carelessly said of his young officer of the guard, Captain Trevanion (whose father, the stanchest of royalists, had fallen in the battle of Worcester); he was thus induced to think it would be well if that active, de-

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voted, and portionless cavalier, were placed in the situation which his dangerous cousin had left unoccupied.

The snare was too playfully laid before him, not to catch the witless monarch; without the slightest suspicion of the caressing mistress, who mingled with her good-natured zeal to advance a poor fellow whilst anxious only for her royal protector, the most poignant jests at the fashion of the officer's cloak, and the affected grace of his shoe-tie,—he listened to her suggestions, as tallying with those more seriously proposed to him by his confessor. From both persons he learnt what bait was most likely to draw Sir Fulk Trevanion on to the desired point; and, in consequence, he caused it to be intimated to the knight, that whenever he could come forward with new grounds for a second trial of the disputed title, he would command his attorney-general to give it a revision.

With this tacit understanding, therefore, between the monarch and his subject, they were to meet this evening.

CHAP. XIII.

THE king being at cards, persons come for presentation remained at a distance, until they should be summoned by one of the lords in waiting. Sir Fulk Trevanion used this time in exchanging courtesies with several acquaintances, not met before; and Aurelia, accepting the protection of her cousin, kept aloof, observing and enquiring.

In this way she saw and heard the histories of all the distinguished frequenters of the court; and found occasion for many a wondering question. Lord Carraton's complacent features and finished air of breeding, pleased her in spite of herself; yet it was solely because he was kindly represented to her by his niece.

"And who is yon, in that rich suit, holding his feathered hat with so good a grace?" she asked, looking towards a young man of seven-and-twenty, who was approaching the king with peculiar grace of motion, but extreme impatience of countenance.

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"Why, for the suit," replied her cousin, with caustic levity, "that belongeth to the cunning fellow who fashioned it; for I'll warrant it not paid for; and for the wearer, he is the Lord Villiers, the most notorious gamester and profane swearer in town. See him at the dice, and you would take him for a raging devil out of hell: very unlike the lofty gallant he affects now. What think you I heard him saying, as I followed up the stairs?—why, that Bishop Lake was the godliest cheat in the land, and your father the goodliest fool."

"How, Dunbar? you heard this of your uncle without resenting it!"

"Cry you mercy, fair coz!" was the laughing response; "wouldst thou have me win the cap and bells, by wrangling with a madman? Villiers is just short of perfect phrensy of late; for he quarrels with himself one minute, and knocks a man down for joining in the jest the next; and, besides, he has not nerve enough for fair meeting in a gentlemanly broil. What think you of the chicken-heart that fell off his horse in a swoon, because he rode unawares among the people collected under the scaffold where Russel had just suffered?"

"Were not this young lord what you say of him," returned Miss Trevanion, "one might charitably fancy him pitiful."

"Pitiful, in good faith!" echoed her cousin, sneeringly, giving her antiquated phrase, its later usage of meaning—"a cowardly spirit, that cannot brook the sight of blood! he got of a sudden upon the droppings from the luckless head, and that sent him off his fine Arabian, like one pistol shot. His friends put it about, that 'twas because Lord Russel used to fondle him when a boy: but such a ruffianly profligate's sensibility, is somewhat too much of the marvellous."

"O, Dunbar, do not hold such talk in these times!" interrupted his cousin, in a low but energetic tone; "and for this wretched young lord before us, let us rather pray that he may continue to loathe the sight of blood; so may he escape the commission of some sort of sins at least."

She turned her face away from the direction of the person she was observing, thinking for that instant of Argyll and his followers, whoever they might be; for whom, too probably, such a fate was wait-

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ing as that which had befallen the virtuous Russel.

Afraid of losing that tranquillity of demeanour which she knew to be required in the presence of majesty, she suffered herself to notice the most pleasurable part of the scene to her,—the distinguished appearance of her father. He was standing very near the royal card-table, waiting until the game was finished, when he was to have the honour of kissing the king's hand.

As she looked upon his noble figure, slightly bent by time, and his fine features deprived of youthful glow and fulness, she fancied every one must feel something of that reverent emotion with which an ancient castle is beheld, whose partial ruin enhances its interest. Whilst she was watching his stately mode of paying homage to his sovereign, as the latter got up from the card-table, a very different aspect caught her attention, and she enquired the person's name.

"The Bishop of Bristol," replied her cousin; "that same godly cheat, whom the profane Villiers is forced to believe acts up to what he preaches. Thou art a little of a devotee, Aura—so look at him well;

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he is said to be the holiest liver under a mitre."

Miss Trevanion, instead of following her cousin's suggestion, modestly lowered her eyes; somewhat desirous of knowing what the prelate was saying to a gentleman in his company: they were evidently continuing an animated discussion, and not very heedful that they had an audience in the groupes near them.

"Do you not feel yourself," interrogated the bishop, "that the soul *has* mighty wings which she cannot spread here? Are you not often struck at once with the fulness and feebleness of the human mind, which can imagine so much and substantiate so little? Our own musings, for instance: when thoughts crowding after thoughts keep rolling onward, as impossible to be recovered by us in their first shapes, as the voluminous clouds of an evening sky, which we see gathering and passing away? Thus the brightest imaginations of men, perhaps, are lost! Even the — divine Shakspeare, I was about to call him — the matchless Shakespear may have left us but the wrecks of his glorious creations."

Miss Trevanion heard no more, for the

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excellent prelate passed on; but his countenance remained stamped upon her memory. Mild, yet firm; eagle-eyed one moment, dove-eyed the next, as the natural man and the christian man prevailed within him whilst speaking; with tones which claimed kindred with Eveleen Hungerford, he pursued his unostentatious way to the door. He had come to beg a boon of mercy for a penitent offender, and having obtained his suit, and thanked the royal donor, retired from the saloon.

The ideas which this sight of her friend's most honoured relative awakened were too delightful not to leave their bright track in the eyes of evening grey that had followed his departing steps; so that when Miss Trevanion was summoned for presentation to the queen, she was taken at her happiest moment.

There is a sadness of aspect not painful to observe even in youth; that which tells of cherished memories, rather than of blighted hopes. This softened melancholy hung on the deeply-fringed lids of Aura Trevanion's downcast eyes, as she successively bent her knee and her slender throat before the king and the queen.

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Curiosity had been much raised about all the Trevanion family; every one had expected to see Sir Fulk Trevanion's daughter majestic in figure, and over-informed in countenance with the lofty spirit of her race. They were agreeably surprised, therefore, to find her in the person of a young creature, very simply attired, replying in a low, sweet voice to the gracious questions addressed to her; then curtseying with as much grace as simplicity, and retiring back into the circle whence she had been drawn. That virgin air of modest reluctance to become a gaze, which is so rarely seen in the haunts of idle pleasure—added to the unstudied harmony of her dress, with her complexion and shaded eyes—had from the first rendered Miss Trevanion's appearance interesting; but now greater emotion drew out at once all the faded colours of that pensive picture, and made her for an instant beautiful.

This apparition of former beauty did not last—it disappeared whilst it was looked on. In a few minutes the vivid crimson on Miss Trevanion's cheek went out, leaving the face wan, and the eyes rayless. The countenance then settled into deep dejec-

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tion; no vestige remaining of what had attracted the gaze of men sated with the richness of joyous beauty, yet incapable of feeling the melancholy charm of its union with despoiling care.

In her modest confusion she had yielded her hand to her cousin Dunbar, that he might lead her back into the line of courtiers and their ladies who were waiting for royal notice. The king was still receiving the homage of Sir Fulk Trevanion; and addressing him as he glanced at the cousins, said, in a jocular voice loud enough for general hearing, "That fair hand is so well placed just now, methinks it were pity to withdraw it."

The knight bowed in silence: his daughter saw his bent head, but no more. Her own looks were all disordered for the instant; and whether her father's countenance had expressed willingness to comply with the implied suggestion, or resented, as he would have done to an equal, this obvious dictation, she had to learn.

Such a hint, given to a thorough courtier, must have been acted upon as though it were a command. One not of the court, but who was seeking a particular grace

there, might be tempted, for the sake of such an object, to comply with the public requisition.

Miss Trevanion's various conversations with Eveleen Hungerford had enlightened her upon several matters, of which otherwise she would have been ignorant. One of these was the gratuitous power, which even titled seekers after place and distinction, bestow upon a monarch. Appalled now at what the king had said, she precipitately withdrew her hand from Dunbar's, and gliding silently behind her father, remained there, waiting for the conclusion of his dialogue with majesty.

Ere Sir Fulk was released, for now the Prince of Denmark had joined the colloquy, Captain Trevanion, having taken time to calculate the result of what he was going to do, drew close up to Aurelia, whispering, with an air of cheerful humbleness, "Do not fear, my cousin: I have promised not to use any of my advantages."

He retreated as he spoke, leaving the beguiled Miss Trevanion penetrated with a sense of his generosity, and of her own unworthy lothness to trust him with her whole confidence. Dunbar's sudden approach and

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agitating speech at once deprived her of the little colour left in her cheeks and lips; so that a by-stander hastily asked if she were ill, and chose to withdraw for air. Whilst faintly declining the offered kindness, her eyes met the deep set, dark blue ones of Lord Villiers; for it was he who asked the question, and who though returned to his fatal and feverish habits in town, had not forgotten his promise to Eveleen Hungerford.

Hastily averting her face, she turned from him, thinking his look of pure concern was one of insolence or licentiousness; her cousin's brief and exaggerated summary of the young nobleman's abandonment to every species of evil now fresh in her memory: and it must be owned, that although more aware than ever of Villiers's claims to extraordinary personal beauty, she did not say to herself, as might have been expected,—

> "If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
> Good things will strive to dwell with it."

Aura Trevanion was not of a temper to be bribed into toleration of any vice by the graces of the practiser: she yet contem-

plated certain actions with the lively abhorrence of virtuous youth, untempered by that merciful feeling which follows our better acquaintance with our own frailty. If she felt momentary regret, of which Lord Villiers was the object, it was, that he had any relationship with Eveleen Hungerford, and that such a man was a husband and a father.

Her father's offered arm soon afforded her the support her cousin appeared afraid to press upon her acceptance. He attributed her paleness to womanish apprehension about the way she might be thought to have acquitted herself; and anxious to see her bearing, throughout equal to what he believed demanded of her birth, hastened to reassure her, by repeating in under tones several favourable things said of her by the queen.

Miss Trevanion rallied herself into smiles, although recollections of the king's inauspicious suggestion hung a dead weight at her heart. She could not but feel gratified by the reception given to her father both by the sovereign and his courtiers; little aware of the valueless nature of the latter's notice, since it merely followed that

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of a master, and had no reference to the worthiness of its objects.

Sir Fulk Trevanion was now moving towards the door of the state saloon with his daughter, intending to get quietly away before the general breaking up of the company; although he knew his nephew was gone certain rounds of duty about the palace, which would detain him from accompanying them.

Being stopped by the hasty entrance of one of the privy council, the knight loitered to hear what news he brought. The nobleman evidently addressed the king, in a suppressed voice.

"Let me see it now!" was the demand of the always rash and indiscreet James. The paper was presented to him; which after having read over more than once, the monarch looked cheerfully round, saying,—"Gentlemen, we have here an authentic list of the Scotch rebel's companions. As the father of our people, we are glad to say that there are no new names in it: — each and all of them were foul with treason long ago. My Lord Carraton, Sir Fulk Trevanion,—you are of the west country: I congratulate you, that no Cornish men are amongst my enemies in Scotland."

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Sir Fulk Trevanion was on the point of exclaiming, "Is this assured, Sire!" but, timely checking the irreverent impulse, he remained silently grasping the arm of his equally agitated child. The king slightly noticing the profuse acknowledgments of Lord Carraton, was now informing the queen aloud, that the list was found upon Argyll's secretary, who having been taken in Orkney, and brought up to Edinburgh for examination, had unwillingly, but fully, verified its accuracy.

At this public intelligence, Miss Trevanion must have fainted from sudden joy, had not her senses rallied back upon seeing her father's countenance change, and his hand slacken its grasp: he drooped towards her shoulder, exclaiming, "Lead me out!" The door, near which they were standing, led into an outer chamber, of which the windows were open: the trembling daughter, summoning all her strength to her assistance, succeeded in getting her father upon one of the projecting seats, where the air blowing in upon him, gradually brought back the colouring of life to his deathlike face.

Miss Trevanion, as she hung over him,

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did not speak; for she felt with him the humiliation of being known to have such an evil to dread, as that which had just mercifully vanished. When she saw him recovering, and Lord Carraton approaching as if to offer assistance, she whispered, — "Had we not better go, dear sir? I can walk home, if needful: some one comes this way that—"

Sir Fulk understood her tone, and, starting up with renovated powers, looked and moved as if no feeling had unmanned him: — "It is a fair night!" he said aloud, as if continuing discourse with his daughter. "Let us not lose it in waiting for Dunbar. I have half a mind to return by water."

He took his daughter's hand, and though her amazed look at his instant self-possession gave her the air of one walking in her sleep, he persisted in leading her up to pay farewell compliments to one or two of his friends; he himself courteously noticing each ordinary acquaintance as he passed them on his way out.

By good fortune their coach was in attendance. They were no sooner seated in it, than Miss Trevanion's surcharged heart gave way; and an irrepressible flood of tears showed how great had been her ap-

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prehensions, and how signal her relief. The knight allowed her to weep without interruption; perhaps he was himself wiping off some natural drops; and, perhaps, these were recalled by his daughter's pathetic repetition of "Pray forgive me, honoured sir! forgive me!"

Perfect submission to his will, always touched the heart of Sir Fulk: his feelings, when left to themselves, were inclined to kindness. A single hand, nay, any able hand, could play certain passions within him, until they overpowered all gentler ones! How well Dunbar had plied him that evening with plausible hopes, and pernicious flatteries, even their victim did not guess.

"I am not displeased with this emotion, Aura," the knight replied, resolutely steadying his voice. "If you feel, with me, joyful at our salvation from another family disgrace, there is nothing blame-worthy in it; but I must not fancy these tears flow for any weak regrets. I have none,—that is — I will have none."

Miss Trevanion's convulsive sigh rose with her father's smothered one. "*I* dare not," she faltered out, "plead this blessed

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absence from Argyll's rash enterprise, in proof of better thoughts, better measures—" The forbidden name trembled upon her lips. — " O, my father, if your own gracious mind would but ——"

" I guess what you would say, Aura!" interrupted her father, coldly: it seemed to cost him an effort, however. " My just anger is not incapable of abatement; but amendment may come too late to avert the sure consequences of the offender's own faults. I am, in a manner, pledged to certain actions; and what change in the person you allude to — what contrition can restore to me the family privileges he has forfeited? Could a whole after life make up to me for the years of secret bitterness and mortification he has caused me to endure? — his first league with hot-headed zealots — the public scandal, of which I know him to be the theme — the loss of our hereditary honour — the very violence I am now forced to put upon my own nature, in appearing under all these stinging thoughts here at court — a public stage — to be the gaze and guess of every fool there? — He can never repair the mischief: — he has drained his father's life's blood."

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"O say not so! say not so!" exclaimed his daughter, losing her safeguard of self-control in the dreadful image he had conjured up: "this blessed night proved that he has not preferred Argyll to his father: — he is not in the earl's company: the king himself, in a manner, assured us he was not — perhaps the king meant it to show he wished him well."

That unfortunate misapprehension at once drove away the softening imaginations in which the knight was indulging, from his daughter's first happy remarks: — he shook all off, exclaiming, "Poor fool! you read his majesty ill! I am in possession of the king's wishes concerning our family; and this gratuitous grace ought rather to quicken me into complying with them than to urge me into disobeying them. Arundell — beshrew his name — may earn a dying father's pardon if he will — but nothing else now."

Miss Trevanion shrunk back with a shudder, and a stifled cry. Both were silent some moments: at length recovering herself, with desperate resolution, she said, hurriedly, "Distraction has made me bold, I think. O, tell me, honoured sir, am I

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forbid to hope that if the poor offender should return, confessing his offences against your revered person, convincing all men of his honour in the matter that first kept him away, and renouncing all part or or lot with people of his own way of thinking, who come forcibly back to their country — if he does this, am I not to hope that he may be reinstated in his home and your heart! Your only son, dearest sir — my mother's first ——"

"No more! no more!" interrupted the knight, in a sharpened voice, between anguish and anger; "your brother must be changed throughout, ere he and I can ever be as we were wont. Upon repentance, the past might be forgiven; but what is to guarantee me, if he remains an intolerant alarmist, from domestic brawls in the future? — no thought, no feeling, alike: he would insult the very monarch to whom I am prepared to pay a subject's full duty; and from whom, in return, I confidently look for a restitution of one ravished right, at least. Am I, for the mere name of son, to give up all my own especial hopes and purposes? Not so, by this outraged heart!" and the knight struck his breast with no light hand.

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"I presume not to question your hopes and purposes, honoured sir," Miss Trevanion resumed, in a sadder tone. "I will not venture to plead more, for what I can never cease to desire; but may I ask permission to learn, if occasion should ever offer, the state of that person's affairs, and of his mind? May I say, that whenever he can clear his reputation in the matter of the page, you will be pleased to know it done? and, after that, will you permit me to hear from him sometimes? Except when he was so unfortunate as to offend you, I, his sister ——"

Here she was interrupted by her cousin Dunbar, who, raising his hat, as he bent to the coach window, said, with an air of animated pleasure, "I have run after you, sir, to say, the king has gotten the list of Argyll's followers, and no name we care for is in it. I saw the paper myself. It was shown to us men of the sword and spur, that the right game should not 'scape us."

Sir Fulk calmly answered, that he was present when the important document was opened; and his nephew, coupling his ejaculation of regret at being behind-hand with good news, with a gay reproach to his

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fair cousin for being so soon wearied of a royal assembly, wished them good night, and retired.

His unhappy cousin was left murmuring at so ill-timed an interruption, though acknowledging its kind purpose of making her share the happy tidings he was telling her father. Sir Fulk was chafing under certain recollections dependent upon Captain Trevanion's seemingly-light, but well-calculated, allusion to a spur. Had the young man been a wizard, informed of what was going on between the father and daughter, when he got up to their slow carriage, he could not have hit upon any thing more powerful for stifling reviving tenderness. His bold feint of appearing not to know that his uncle and cousin had heard the news, which he wished both to believe him forward to report, completed the triumph of his deception. As he sprang gaily from the coach side to regain the footway, which was thronged with lackeys and pages, attending their master's sedans, or lighting their walk home with blazing torches, Sir Fulk fetched a deep sigh.

"That ought to have been my son!" he exclaimed.

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Miss Trevanion did not speak.

"Have you no regard for your cousin?" the knight resumed, somewhat drily, "that you comment not upon his intended kindness but now? Methinks it should find especial favour in your eyes."

"I do esteem my pleasant and kind cousin with all due affection," returned Miss Trevanion: with trepidation. "I hope my conduct towards him is not wanting in aught that a modest kinswoman may properly make show of?"

"I find no fault with it, Aura!" returned her father. "In truth, I have anchored my trust upon you — yea, and much of my purposes. I would repay Dunbar for his signal dutifulness and affection to my person; and show the world, that I have one child who feels in all things with her father."

Sir Fulk paused. Miss Trevanion, aghast and trembling, faintly articulated a hesitating "Sir?"—and he resumed.

"You heard what the king said, this evening?" — Again Sir Fulk paused; but his daughter gave no sound: he went on.

"You know, now, what is expected from you. I would have a son to continue our

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honourable name, and to heir Treverderet. Speak, Aura! — I command you, speak!"

"Sir! — honoured sir!" Miss Trevanion wildly repeated, her trouble and disorder increasing, as she saw no avenue by which to escape—"my cousin does not think of me! — I give you my word he does not. Look at me, dearest sir!—such a poor, spiritless, faded creature as I am now, — what a cruel recompense to *him*!"

Sir Fulk interrupted her sternly. "Your cousin *has* thought of you, it seems: — I know it, for I forced the stale secret out of him. Why you withdrew your favour from him I will not inquire: but this I insist upon your attending to, now that I tell you, a more generous, self-sacrificing kinsman lives not, than your uncle's son, Dunbar Trevanion. He is a proper man on the outside; — within, all honour! He loves and reverences me; — he adopts all my feelings and inclinations; — he furthers all my plans, even when they are to his own detriment,—for the money I may spend upon the barony again would otherwise have been his at my death; — our blood runs in his veins: — what then can you have more in a husband? Think of it,

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Aura! for remember I tell you, that Treverderet shall have no other master, when its present wretched possessor is in his grave!"

At another moment tears would have crowded into Miss Trevanion's eyes, at his concluding words; yet more powerful feelings were shaking her than what can arise from distant prospects of loss or sorrow. "If it be, indeed, your will, dearest sir! that Treverderet shall pass away from one bred in it, be it so, and let Dunbar be the chosen person. I do believe he is quite worthy of any grace you can show him: — I do think he himself seeks nothing beyond your good liking: — but, for your daughter, O let her live and die single! She asks for nothing except leave to devote her days to the duty of waiting upon and pleasing her only parent, and if she is to outlive him, the humblest means of existence —" Here tears gushed out profusely, and throwing herself back in the carriage, she yielded to them without the power of repelling them.

Sir Fulk had a long contest with his feelings before he could say, with such severity of tone as he deemed likely to prove ef-

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fectual, "I guess not in what way a man's children, now-a-days, suck in the poison of self-willedness. Forty years ago, no maiden of your age would have presumed to dispute a parent's wisdom in wisely bestowing her in marriage. — Prove not too near a-kin to your brother, Aura. I marvel what difference there is between a weeping refusal to obey, and a braving one."

"Not a refusal, honoured sir!" exclaimed his daughter, trembling between filial awe and sisterly yearnings. "I know it is my bounden duty to do your will: but a child may plead with an earthly parent, may she not, as she is allowed to do by her heavenly one? — Oh then, let this cup pass from me!" and as she spoke, she sunk upon her knees in the coach.

Sir Fulk's mood was not happily hit by his poor child's hasty pressing towards one point: he bade her re-seat herself, and not quote Scripture to him as though she presumed to think he required reminders of that sort; adding, that he was ready to hear any sound objection to his nephew's principles or habits, if she could find such; and if not, he must repeat his expectation, that she would set her mind to please her father.

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Never did Aura Trevanion stand in greater need of her absent friend's infused spirit than at this critical moment: for in the crush of those hopes which the late scene at Whitehall had raised in her, her whole being was thrown into disorder; and thoroughly dispossessed of prudence, she gave every thing up for lost, exclaiming, after she had drawn two or three gasping breaths, "I can but die of a broken heart!"

Miss Trevanion inherited much of her father's disposition, with tenderer sensibilities. Like him, she was pertinaciously attached to whatever object had once fastened strongly upon her heart: happily, however, her affections were better directed than his; although her mode of persisting in them was often censurable from want of judgment.

Sir Fulk regarded his daughter an instant with a smile of ghastly disdain.— "Beware, child," he said, "how you heat your fancy with reading poems and romances. — By my troth, you have no mind to leave me in the fancy of your being a puritan! The language you hold, is fitter for the mouth of a fantastic stage-player, than for that of a discreet young gentlewo-

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woman. If you would please your father, honour yourself, and shame one that is, perchance, hardened to shame; you know what course to take: — if not, who is to gainsay me from giving Treverderet another mistress?"

Miss Trevanion bent her head, and swallowed many a choking sob ere she could say, in piteous accents, "that she desired only to see her father happy."

Another silence then ensued: at length Sir Fulk resumed, — "I had believed this of you, Aura, and had begun to reckon upon you, as I once did upon another broken reed. — Reed, call I him! — Oh no! — an iron, that pierced into the side that leaned upon him!"

Miss Trevanion's quick feelings were changed by the penetrating sadness of her father's voice; alarmed lest she were actually sinning against the most sacred of earthly duties by obstinate pleadings for her own wishes, she said, fervently: —

"I am ready, sir, to respect and honour, to the extent of my ability, whomsoever you may please to set over me; and I will strive to be to her —"

Sir Fulk broke in upon her coming words,

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with a voice like a thunder-clap, — "Think you, that I mean a second wedlock? — Peace! — peace!" — He paused; then resumed, more calmly, — "But if I choose to find a wife for Dunbar, that I may see the children rising up that are to maintain our ancient house, who is to gainsay me?"

Miss Trevanion caught at the avowal, and, perhaps too eagerly, besought the knight to continue in that purpose, since her cousin might then ally himself where equal birth and powerful relations might strengthen the hands of the Trevanion family.

"I am to understand then," asked her father, with assumed composure, "that you please not even to attempt liking your cousin?"

Miss Trevanion made many efforts to speak, ere she was able to imagine any form of words which might express willingness to attempt what her father desired, and yet not bind her to the positive sacrifice. "It is not from misliking of Dunbar," at last she said,—"for Heaven knows I have much reason to think greatly of him, — but I sincerely desire to live single, both from choice and from —— O, pardon my bold-

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ness, sir! pure anxiety never to have any worldly reasons for wishing to keep those apart, whom I still trust to see one day reunited; and this, honoured father, is the whole extent of my present undutifulness. If you please not to allow of my spending my life in studying your comfort only, then I must submit, and try to think —"

"It is all I require of you, Aura," interrupted her father, as a glare of passing flambeaux, showed him her pale face and quivering lips; "apply yourself, with a good conscience, to consider Dunbar lovingly, for he must not have a lifeless present in your hand; and if, at the expiration of whatever time he may think needful for his courtship, he shall have failed in weaning your obstinate fancy from—I know not what vain castles — why remain in them — and he shall find a worthier bride elsewhere."

Sir Fulk had barely time to finish this conclusive sentence, when the stopping of their coach at their own door, brought them within the hearing of their servants.

It was very late, and perhaps the knight wished to avoid further discourse; for abruptly wishing his daughter good night in the hall, he parted from her and betook

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himself to an hour's examination of his secretary's proceedings through the day.

Miss Trevanion, with the distempered eagerness of one who feels she must have relief from the pent-up sorrow she dare not indulge openly, hastened to her room, and hurrying through the task of undressing, fastened the door against her maid, and threw herself into bed. Then, indeed, she gave free vent to lamentation and recollection.

It must be confessed that, for the first hour, she was incapable of separating her distracting thoughts, or drawing any consolation from those passages of her father's discourse which did really tend to sweeten the bitterness of others. Every feeling was in agonized recoil from the very thing which she had so lately felt it her duty to endeavour at performing. She saw no other prospect than the dreaded marriage; herself, in after years, mistress in Treverderet; obliged, perhaps, to see her husband maintaining the rights of their offspring against the claim of her brother or of his children.

This image was intolerable; and were it not mercifully provided that when mental

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suffering becomes too intense, the pressed spirit is driven by it into finding some refuging thought, Aura Trevanion's reason must have given way.

She suddenly recalled what her father had said of letting Dunbar choose a wife for himself, should she continue averse; and recalling too her cousin's generous conduct in the past, she caught with transport at the hope thus afforded.

To throw herself again upon his best feelings was of course her immediate purpose, although she feared that her father would consider it an act of bad faith in her, were he aware of it. But again she ventured to trust that, in reality, the sin would be greater were she, knowing her own unalterable purpose, to suffer her cousin to engage his affection to her, or to delay his search after a more suitable object.

She then dwelt with thankfulness upon her father's disavowal of any matrimonial views in his own person. A second mother was, in truth, an evil she had dreaded with a superstitious degree of horror: nevertheless she had truly meant to have yielded her a daughter's duty and obedience, should such a new relation have been brought over her.

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To be relieved from that apprehension was itself a joy; and the gratitude which a longer and calmer survey of all she had just escaped from, caused, alleviated the abiding pang with which she decided that her utmost hope now for her brother, must be limited to that of seeing his reputation cleared to the world, her father inclusive.

"Be it so, Arundell!" she repeated to herself, on her tear-steeped pillow. "If they shall have gotten all from thee (she thought of Dunbar and some wife of his), your sister will cleave to thee, in weal or woe, or in hardest poverty — ay, and go with thee, too, if she may do so: — her loving service may be all she will have to give, either to thee or thine. O, my brother—my brother! who belongeth to thee? Shall I love those thou lovest? — Am I to believe that thy heart hath chosen its partner? — and if it hath, will thy wife let me love thee as I do? —Wilt thou thyself be unchanged? — O, if evil men and evil courts should have —"

Here Miss Trevanion checked the infirmity of her nature, melancholy misgiving. She remembered what Eveleen Hungerford had more than once tenderly said to her, by way of counteracting a tendency which not only dishonoured those for whom Miss Tre-

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vanion was troubled, but gave herself acutest pain.

Whilst striving, therefore, to rest confident in her brother's unchanged character, by reverting to his principles of action, she was naturally led to recall those incidents which developed the excellences she loved; and in the secret mazes of many a pleasing memory, she gradually sank into tranquillising sleep.

Restless until she should obtain from her cousin the generous promise which she hoped for in return for her full confidence, Miss Trevanion, the next morning, ordered him to be admitted, should he present himself before the return of her father from a friendly breakfast with an old acquaintance at Chelsea.

Dunbar came, as she hoped, purposely to settle the matter of a pleasure-party, at which he was now sure of being present on the ensuing day. When Mr. Becket retired from the breakfast-table, he followed his cousin into the narrow garden, where they walked up and down the railed path by the river, conversing on the subject so interesting, from different reasons, to both. In this conversation Miss Trevanion was

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so explicit, so earnestly entreated her cousin to leave her quite out in his views of matrimony, that he had some difficulty in persuading himself she was sincere; so does the evil mind ever judge others by itself! He could not imagine the existence of such indifference to worldly fortune as she professed; nor believe she had, as she asserted, submitted her heart to the necessity of seeing her brother's portion transferred to him by his marrying at his father's suggestion. It seemed so improbable to him after Sir Fulk's declaration of an aversion to second nuptials! Some remembrances floated through his brain of a certain conversation at Treverderet, in which her agitated manner, whilst the Hungerford family were spoken of, had awakened a suspicion of her taking an interest in them, which might be grounded upon some romantic plan or expectation connected with them. Whether she had fallen into a secret understanding with Miss Hungerford, or a weak passion for Lord Carraton's specious heir, he guessed not; but he thought either of these things might be misleading her on the present occasion; since money, with reference to so wealthy

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a race, was scarcely a consideration. Dunbar sifted her then in a variety of ways; and at length was obliged to conclude that she really had no entanglement of the heart, and was sincere in desiring no part of her brother's forfeited inheritance.

He was not so mal-adroit as to lose this opportunity of exalting his own generosity by a forced avowal of a passion, "scotched, not killed," he said; yet bravely vowed to crush its late reviving hope, once and for ever, to do her pleasure. He then set the seal to his worth in her estimation, by saying merely that he hoped to act with as pardonable a craft as she was doing towards his kind uncle, and that for the latter's ultimate peace; for unless Cupid should play him the trick of leading him unawares into the very quicksands of love, he should go over so much ground in pursuit of a fitting wife, that plenty of time would be left for Arundell to come home and repossess himself of his father's affections and his own heirship.

"Upon these intents of mine, sweet coz," he concluded, cheerily, "I give you my word, and must be permitted to kiss your fair hand: so be not shy of my com-

pany to-morrow, or next day, or any day; since my uncle must not suspect me of slackness in obeying the gracious hint he gave me but this early morn in a note I got from him; when he bade me remember what the king had said of thee and me. We must throw dust in the royal eyes too, or your father's suit will halt for it; so courage! try to endure my madcap love-making. I will but seem to court thee; lest my agreeableness, after all, should be too much for thy womanish resolution."

Miss Trevanion vouchsafed more than one smile to Dunbar's levity: she was too well contented with the noble feeling couched, as she fancied, under it, to quarrel with the phrasing; and yielding him her hand to salute, bade him leave her to finish her hour's loitering alone.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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